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The LEADING EXPONENT of NEW THOUGHT

Mind

SCIENCE ★ PHILOSOPHY ★ RELIGION ★ PSYCHOLOGY ★ METAPHYSICS

Vol. XIII
No. 1

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CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

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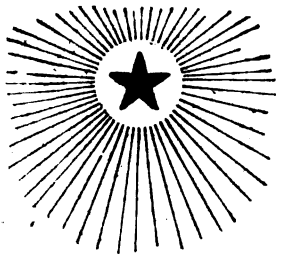

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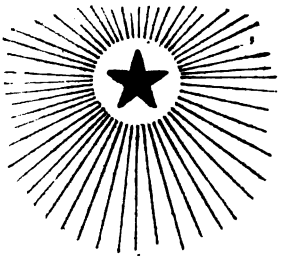

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By CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON

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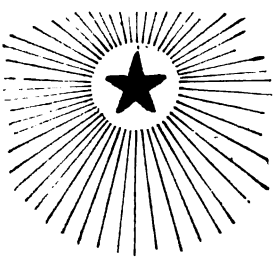

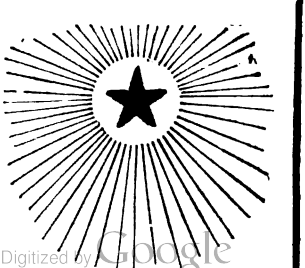

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Faithfully Yours
Charles Brodie Patterson

"There is one mind common to all individual men. Every man is an inlet to the same and to all of the same. Let a man then know his worth." —EMERSON.

Mind

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BREATH VIBRATION.

BY CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

Only as man learns to vibrate in harmony with the great Spirit can heaven be realized. Heaven awaits the complete harmonizing of all energy, and if one soul is out of tune with Infinite Love the resulting discord postpones the consummation of God's holy purpose.

Love is literally the fulfilling of the law, for only as we rise to the plane of impersonal, all-inclusive love do we abide by the law of the Universe. As Browning has well said: "All's love yet all's law."

As has been explained in a previous article it is through Meditation that we are enabled to come into intimate relation with God's heart of love, and only in this way can harmonic vibrations be established.

Many people in seeking health begin at the surface, and think that by certain physical exercises they may be made whole; but perfect vibration of mind and body must originate in the soul. Verily, "if thine eye be single, i.e., if your eyes are filled with the light of love, thy whole body shall be

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full of light." The right feeling begets the right thinking, and this in turn will shape itself in word and deed.

It is beginning to be understood that this question of Vibration underlies everything in the Universe, and that we must thoroughly understand the subject if we are to act intelligently

Perfect Vibration can only be established through conscious relation to the invisible world and from thence we receive the power that makes us whole, mentally, morally and physically and then only as we use the power thus given, do we continue to receive it.

Through concentration we learn to conserve and apply force, but only its right use will keep the mind's channels free for a continual influx of power. So in this matter of giving forth the life that is in us we must give it wisely, in a self-controlled and thoughtful way. Spreading our energies broadcast may be as injurious as the indiscriminate giving of money or food. We have no right to weaken others by our own prodigality, but should always aim to give forth our powers in such a way as to enrich the recipient and if possible awaken in his mind a desire to investigate the source from whence the inner wealth may be drawn.

In the past we have all been more or less conscious of discordant effects on both mental and physical planes and our efforts to restore harmony have been of the most materialistic kind. We have tried to develop the physical and mental control, and have ignored almost exclusively the inner life of the soul.

Let us drop the external things of life, ignoring all worldly interests and props, and rest in the idea of God being our support and our life. Instead of cultivating deep breathing, by recourse to physical or mental exercise, let us exercise ourselves into faith, hope and love, thus going to the very heart of things,

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and trusting in these realities to express themselves fully through perfect physical and mental vibrations.

For many years people have felt that breath control was an essential thing, and they have been striving to acquire a knowledge of it.

Intuitively some have discerned this truth and their inner knowledge expresses itself through a perfect breath control.

The civilized races do not use more than about one-fifth of their lung capacity. Has a mistake been made in giving us far greater capacity for breathing than we can use, or are we making the mistake of neglecting the full use of our powers?

Remember that an organ that is not fully used cannot be strong and that weakness is soon followed by disease. The lungs are necessary to physical life and if they are necessary at all we should use them to their fullest extent. When we use our breath aright we will find many things changed: Less effort will be required to walk or run, less effort in our work, but a wonderful ease will be ours and coughs and colds will trouble us no longer.

As a result of "truth in the inward parts" the physical organs will act easily and strongly and through perfect vibration the whole body will become light and will work like a perfect piece of machinery. Some day we will realize that it is the spirit of mental heaviness that obstructs the bodily action and makes the outer man heavy and inefficient.

A knowledge of harmony is more comprehensive than we have thought; the music of the spheres will yet prove to include all activity physical, mental and spiritual.

In the control of breath it is better to begin on the superficial side, aiming at mental and physical control rather than not to begin at all. If our desires are pure we will certainly be led from mistaken methods to the true one. Because of reflex action certain physical conditions will sometimes

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awaken us to a consciousness of the more important spiritual activity.

For instance, by assuming a certain position of the body we become conscious of a feeling of lightness and strength, and an incorrect posture will, in time, cause a feeling of weakness and fatigue. The aim should be to poise the body so perfectly that the arms and shoulders will be perfectly free.

In standing, hold the body erect through the use of the intercostal muscles, draw in the abdomen,—do not raise the shoulders or throw them back, for in doing this you interfere with the free action of breath and arms. Every normal condition of the body is one of ease and grace. There is nothing graceful about the thrown out chest and abdomen.

In order to take the right physical position the mind has really been responding to certain ideals, and so we are led gently into a consciousness of inner activity.

The real human center for breath is from the diaphragm. By holding the hand on the diaphragm the mind becomes centered and you will begin to breathe from that point. Breathing from there with correct bodily position will bring every cell chamber of the lungs into use.

If we consider the question of breathing from a medical point of view we regard the oxygen which enters the blood through the lungs as the chief purifying agent. But as we study life we are forced to the conclusion that there is something much more vital than oxygen in the air which we inhale; there is in all things—in air as well as in minerals, plants and animals—the Spirit which alone truly vitalizes and sustains.

Furthermore, I believe that the time is coming when we will know how to get a large portion of the nourishment needed for our bodies directly from the atmosphere. Having experimented in this direction for a great many years the writer is

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thoroughly convinced of the truth of the above statement. The time is coming when new light will be thrown upon that saying of Jesus, "I have meat to eat that ye know not of." It might be said that in the elements there is not enough to nourish the body, but the point is just that there is a something—a soul, if you please—that abides in the elements as well as in all bodies.

Science is rapidly being forced to the conclusion that in every atom there is a living principle, a vital energy; and it is this life essence, not the outward form it assumes, wherein resides the sustaining power.

It might be asked: "Why, then, are we given organs of digestion if we are to derive our nourishment in the way suggested?" But do we not know that wonderful changes in organism occur throughout all planes of activity, and that certain organs endure only while the need for them exists?

Many men have thought that inhalation of the breath was the important thing, but on the contrary the manner of exhalation is far more important. If you form a vacuum the air must flow in, but if you exhale only one-half or one-third of the atmosphere in the body, the pure air coming in is limited in its work because of the impure residuum left in the body. The outgoing breath corresponds to our desires—to our highest aspirations; the incoming breath is the response to the desires. When we make the demand there is the supply, and the supply will always be in proportion to the demand. A real effort then should center itself in true desire not with the thought of receiving. Yet mankind has been centering thought faithlessly on the other side, refusing to believe that our heavenly Father is more willing to give us good things than we are to ask Him.

Superficial desires will result in superficial breathing, while growth as regards one's ideals and activities will result in true diaphragmatic breathing. One can change the circulation of

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the blood at will by correct breathing. Cold hands and cold feet can be relieved by rightly controlled breath. By correct breathing perfect circulation may be established and the whole body be thoroughly and evenly nourished.

Sometimes you meet people whose hands are dry and hot, and in other cases the hands will be found cold and clammy: now these different conditions reveal different rates of vibration,—where there is heat and dryness the vibration is too rapid, where the hands are cold you may know that there is a low rate of vibration indicating a loss of vitality.

Health depends upon the establishment of perfect vibration: it should neither be very rapid nor very low. It is the sincere conviction of the writer that it is just as easy to be strong and well as to be the reverse; but we must earnestly desire and inquire into this matter of wholeness or holiness.

It is well to understand what is meant by breath control. There should be no break in the breath from the moment that one begins to exhale until every particle of it has left the body; but the true control must come from within; it must center in man's inmost being, and then it will be expressed in his physical activity. The order for the establishment of harmonious vibrations is first right feeling, and then right thinking, this will in turn result in correct breathing, and this in harmonious action.

If the life is centered in love, the right thought will shape itself. Yet as some find the inner exercise of the powers very difficult, and as there is undoubtedly a proper use to be made of reflex action I have found that some are temporarily helped, that is, guided toward the inner consciousness by what may be termed the Sun breath. Take this thought, that this whole solar system, the world and all its physical forms are one with the sun, that there is really no separation between our bodies and the sun, the very same elements enter into both and force

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is constantly radiating from the great center to us. Stand in the full light of the sun and breathe quietly yet freely, keeping the thought of the sun in mind and realizing your oneness with it; remind yourself that its force is playing through you and that you in turn are responding to its ministry. But now let us go further and say that the sun is the symbol of Deity, and that as the physical activities center in the sun so does our innermost energy of soul draw its power from the Sun of Love. At this very moment we are one with God and are sustained by Him.

That passing from the physical side of life we take up the Spiritual—the thought of the great central sun, the great soul of the Universe, and realize that the individual soul is one with the universal soul. There is no separation between your soul and the soul of the Universe. You are one with that soul, all you have is from that soul. In that soul you live and move and have your being. You are one with the great Universal Soul.

The first result of these exercises will be to change the vibration of the mind and body. This is but the beginning, and only gives temporary results. As we go further, however, it will be found that the gain will be permanent. Much that is necessary at one stage of life is unnecessary at another, although it has been useful in aiding us to development. Every experience has its meaning, and we must not look upon any experience of the past as useless. Everything serves a purpose. Things which help to-day may not a year from now. We say that we shall do the same things next year that we are doing this. We must get beyond this. We must let go of many things that have been helpful to us, and take hold of new ones to aid us. The world hates change, and people are ever looking for things of a permanent nature, but do not find them. Change is necessary, and when it comes we must choose

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as to whether it is good for us, and take it up or lay it down, as the case may be. It is important that we should know the things that have become useless to us. Do not allow prejudice to prevent you from trying new things. Endeavor to get help from them, and if you cannot, lay them aside. Get all the good in them you can and then put them away. We should be willing to do this through life. Our minds should be so free from prejudice that intuitively we should perceive that which is good, and be guided more by this intuition than by more external things.

Realizing the truth of the foregoing we will begin to breathe strongly and easily; then, too, will we be enabled to do all things with ease and power for it is through true breath control that the power of concentration is developed, and it is through this spiritual breath that man becomes vitally related to the Source of Life and Power.

CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON: A BIOGRAPHIC SKETCH.

BY REV. R. HEBER NEWTON, D.D.

It is fitting that the series of biographical sketches of the leaders of the New Thought should close with the present life-picture. A most incomplete series indeed would that have been which failed to include the man who is, perhaps, the most remarkable figure in this remarkable movement. Others are his peers or even, it may be, his superiors in certain of the qualities which, however, in him blend into such an exceptional personality—at once healer and teacher and lecturer and author and editor and business manager and executive officer. It is well that, waiving his native modesty at the request of his friends, the editor of MIND has consented to sit for this imperfect pen-portrait in the pages of his magazine.

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Charles Brodie Patterson was born in Nova Scotia, in 1854. Educated in the Pictou Academy, Nova Scotia, he engaged in mercantile pursuits until he was thirty-one years old. To this early experience is doubtless due not a little of the business ability which has been so well utilized in the various enterprises which he is successfully carrying on in the interest of the cause to which he has given his life—that business skill which is so rare in the mystic. His health then failing he cast about him for help; and, not finding relief from the regular physicians, he was induced to look into what was then known as Mental Science. This was the day of small things for the movement which has since then grown to such large proportions. A knowledge of the secret held in it was confined to small and scattered circles, chiefly in the mother state of reforms, Massachusetts.

Prominent among the teachers of this "new way" at that early date were Mr. Julius Dresser and Dr. W. F. Evans.

Like him who came to the revival meeting to scoff and remained to pray, Mr. Patterson attended lectures of Mental healers out of curiosity, but was profoundly impressed by the thoughts wakened through these addresses, and was led to a recognition of the truth bodied in this new movement. He then studied the subject more fully under the direction of Mrs. E. G. Stuart, of Hyde Park, Mass. Recovering through this old-new truth his health, he felt constrained to help others into a discovery of the power which he had found for himself, in himself—in that inner self which is "The Self of the Universe."

This friendly helpfulness opened out so many and such appealing opportunities of good that he resolved to abandon business and devote himself to the work of mental healing. He began this new career in Hartford, Conn., and from the start was eminently successful. While located there he founded a society known as The Metaphysical Alliance of Hartford. He

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was chosen its first President and has continued to fill that office ever since.

In 1893 he removed to New York, where he has continued in the active practise of mental and spiritual healing; ministering incessantly to an ever growing clientele of the sick and the suffering.

True to the example of the Good Physician, his Master of Life, Mr. Patterson did not confine his work to the labors of healing, but busied himself in the toil of teaching; seeking, as did the Great Exemplar, to make all healing a self-healing, by illumining the mind, by imparting knowledge, by rousing the will, by inspiring the life, by purifying the soul—a task of spiritual renewal as well as of physical renovation, of spiritual renewal as the sure secret of abiding physical renovation; thus to "save his people" not alone from their sicknesses but "from their sins." From the start, he taught classes and gave lectures. The interest in his instruction thus aroused, spreading ever its widening circles of influence, invitations began to pour in upon him for similar services in different centers; until his usual tours of class-teaching and lecturing now carry him throughout the country, from New England to the Gulf States, and from the Atlantic cities to the towns of the Pacific Coast. Special lecture courses have also been given in London, Paris and the Channel Islands; and more extensive lecture tours, solicited by friends of the movement in England, are only awaiting that most difficult of provisions for a reformer—leisure.

Mr. Patterson's characteristics as a teacher and lecturer are quietness, simplicity, clearness and directness—qualities which render his class conversations and his discourses singularly helpful.

Mr. Patterson has been equally busy with his pen during these years of healing and teaching and lecturing. He was the editor of the Library of Health, which was issued during 1897,

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'98 and '99, in a monthly series. His books comprise "Seeking the Kingdom" (1888), "Beyond the Clouds" (1895), "New Thought Essays" (1898), and "Dominion and Power" and "The Will to be Well" (1902).

These works have had a large circulation in this country and in Europe. "Dominion and Power" and "The Will to be Well" are published by Geo. Bell and Sons of London, as well as by the Alliance Publishing Company of New York, through which all his writings are given to the home constituency. A pamphlet entitled: "What the New Thought Stands For" has also had a large sale, despite the difficulty of putting pamphlets into circulation. In his books the same characteristics which have been noted concerning his spoken utterances appear. There is no fine writing in any of them. The author has a message to bring the world, and he gives it as simply and straightforwardly as possible This absorption in his message lends a charm of its own to his style. In his books, as also in his lectures, one also notes the rare sanity of his mind. He does not deal in exaggerated statements of the truth which possesses him. He is never carried off his feet by the enthusiasm of the prophet. He does not become "the fool of ideas." There is in him a poise of mind, a judiciousness of temper, a moderation of statement not always found in writers of this school. He has that most uncommon of gifts in a mystic, commonsense.

Not content with the roles of the healer, the teacher, the lecturer and the author, he early realized the importance of magazine-work in the spread of a new movement. In 1897, he founded the monthly magazine MIND, of which he is the editor-in-chief. Among the host of papers and magazines brought forth by the New Thought Movement, MIND has been undoubtedly the most widely circulated and the most influential. Its circulation has grown steadily, until now it

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enjoys the rare distinction among its kind of being self-supporting. The early business training has stood the seer here in good stead. One and another of the smaller fry of periodicals spawned by this movement have been swallowed by MIND —which shows no signs of having reached the limits of its digestive powers. It is the high aim of the editor to make MIND a magazine which shall represent not his own individuality alone, nor yet the idiosyncracy of any sect within the movement, but the movement itself, in its many-sidedness; expressing the consensus of thought among the many widely differing individualities of the prophets of this new good-tidings.

Nor have these varied literary labors exhausted Dr. Patterson's power of working with his pen for humanity. Thoroughly identified with the New Thought movement, he has not shut himself up within it—thereby isolating himself from the other great world movements of our age. His breadth of human sympathy has kept him in touch with the efforts made by reformers along other lines than those which his own special work has followed.

His saving common sense has forbidden him the mistake of attempting to shut human interests and activities within water-tight compartments, each of which is closed off against the others. The practical character of his mind has constrained him to turn the energies liberated within him in the new-found consciousness of the Indwelling Life into the realm of every-day affairs, to correlate the mystic's sense of power into the reformer's energy of social melioration. Standing with his feet squarely upon the earth, while his head is in the heavens, he has, in so far as in him lay, kept the New Thought movement from the error of a cloistered spirituality. He has made it an ethical force in the great world's struggle after righteousness. Other noble teachers of this new-old gospel, fearing to trust it

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out in the evil world, have dissuaded its followers from active participation in the social reform work of our age. They would keep it pure by keeping it secluded from the currents of earthly life—the fatal folly of the spiritually minded in all ages, and in all lands. Himself in deep sympathy with the efforts of our generation to build up a Republic of Man, which, as in Plato's dream, shall be an organized "Justice," he has recognized in Christian Socialism the practical outcome of the recovered theology of the Indwelling God; the effort of religion, now seen to inhere not in ecclesiastical forms or theologic speculation but rather in the felt life of God in the soul, to make a world whose ethical forces shall be the expression of this renewed spiritual energy. In the new found spiritual power within the soul of man he discovers the ethical force for which the weary world is waiting. The man who makes himself over again, even in the body, through the life of the Indwelling God, must needs turn to the great world, to its realms of industry and social life and public affairs, to make it over again—to heal its diseases, to cast out its devils. So, Mr. Patterson, seeking an organ for this secondary work of the New Thought Movement, so forcibly presented in that magazine only the other day by Dr. Thomas, obtained possession of *The Arena* in 1898, and, as senior editor, has carried it on since then; gradually improving it and steadily enlarging its circulation until now it promises to be a worthy champion of the cause of Right against Might in the impending social struggle, the fitting organ in our country of a true democracy.

In addition to these varied activities, Mr. Patterson has turned his early business experience into still further developments of the New Thought cause. To establish a publication house for the literature of the movement, he founded The Alliance Publishing Company, in 1897, whose headquarters are now in the Windsor Arcade, Fifth Avenue, between Forty-sixth and

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Forty-seventh Streets. Through this agency are issued MIND and *The Arena,* the different books of Mr. Patterson and various other publications.

Feeling the desirability of creating a central home for the New Thought, where its representatives could meet in leisure, under favoring circumstances, for fellowship, and whither might come from all parts of the land those who should desire to look into "this new thing," Mr. Patterson's attention was drawn a few years ago to the possibility of establishing a Summer School, in some lovely country region not too far from New York. After searching in different directions, he settled upon the spot known as Upland Farms, near Oscawana Station, on the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, about thirty miles from the city, as furnishing the desired conditions for such a Summer School. It is a beautiful region, about a mile and a half back from the river, rising several hundred feet above it, studded with glorious trees, from under which superb glimpses are caught of the lordly Hudson. Here was purchased a large tract of land, containing some farm buildings capable of adaptation to the needs of the proposed institution, and furnishing an ample supply of choice sites for the settlement which he foresaw growing up around the central buildings. In the summer of 1902 Upland Farms Alliance Summer School was opened, leaping into instant success. A varied and attractive program of talks and lectures was provided for the months of July and August, which were given in an extemporized hall. The applications for admission far outran the accommodation prepared. The second summer saw a still more interesting program, a much larger attendance, with a yet greater number desiring to come who could not be cared for. There was an aggregate attendance during July and August in 1903 of two hundred people.

Already some of the leaders in the movement are planning to

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settle, either for the summer or for the entire year, in the vicinity of the school, which already promises to more than realize the most sanguine expectations of its founder.

This genius for organization led Mr. Patterson to a yet larger institutionalizing work several years ago. Recognizing that the tendency of the movement, by the very strength of individuality out of which it grew and which it cultivated was to push out in all tangential directions, to separate into the minor bodies gravitating round its different leaders, and forming scattered coteries bound together in no organic union, Mr. Patterson conceived the idea of a great central organization, elastic yet coherent, which should bring together the diverse elements of this new "ism" in an organism expressive of the breadth and fulness of the movement. Towards the close of the year 1898, he arranged for the issuing of a call for the formation of the International Metaphysical League. A meeting was held for this purpose in Hartford in February, 1899. A two days' session brought together on a common platform many of the best known men and women engaged in the work of spiritual healing. The league was then and there formally organized with Mr. Patterson as its President.

A second convention of the league was held in Boston in October, 1899, with a yet more representative gathering of the exponents of this gospel, a richer program of papers and addresses, and larger audiences attending upon the meetings. Mr. Patterson was re-elected President of the League at this meeting. The third session was held in New York in October, 1900, and was also very successful.

Circumstances have stood in the way of the proposed conventions for 1902 and 1903, but it is fully expected that the autumn of 1904 will witness the resumption of these annual gatherings.

Even this brief survey of the many and varied activities of the subject of this sketch must suffice to show that he is a man

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richly gifted, endowed with a blending of faculties rarely found in one and the same personality—a man standing four-square, like the city of God which he is striving to rear upon this earth. Wholly apart from the recognition of his power which has come to him in the movement into which he has thrown himself, Mr. Patterson has won from the larger world its acknowledgment of his abilities in different lines; as is witnessed by the fact that he is a member of the English Society for Psychical Research, a Fellow of the Society of Science, Letters and Arts of London, a Fellow of the American Geographical Society, a member of the American Academy of Political and Social Science, as well as of many other educational associations.

The inner secret of the power which manifests itself through these varied activities lies in the character of the man, a character which impresses itself upon all who come to know him. A simple, sincere, and sympathetic soul, free from selfish scheming, devoted to the good of mankind, maintaining within this strenuous life an unworldly spirit, in habitual communion with the unseen spheres, breathing their serenity and calm, walking by faith, working through hope and living in love—such is the man whom his friends admire, honor, and hold in warm affection.

DEATH is the reminder we sorely need that this world of the senses is not all our life, that there are realities beyond sight and hearing: nay, that these unseen, unheard things are the more real because they are not temporal, ever changing from one estate to another, but are eternal, abiding, always the same. —*Charles Hargrove.*

CHRIST is a mediator, not in the sense of interposing between us and God, but as showing us the Father, and leading us, too, into the sanctuary, where we may worship and listen for ourselves.—*James Drummond.*

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SCIENTIFIC RETRIBUTION.

BY HENRY WOOD.

Back of every passing dogma, however arbitrary or unreasonable, lies hidden some important truth. The world has not been so ignorant or mistaken about vital issues in the past as we are inclined to assume. The great change in human opinion is not so much in the character of its conclusions as in the method by which they are reached. Virtue always has been regarded as profitable and vice as disastrous. But the outcome of any given course of life and conduct is now seen to be logical and even scientific. The former supposed arbitrary and capricious divine dealings with men at present are interpreted as in accord with the absolute processes of natural and spiritual law.

The radical swing from the belief in a formal objective Judgment Day, penal sentence, and imposed and fixed punishment, has so far vanished that many now disregard the relation between cause and effect and indulge in an easy going sentimentalism. It is true that the optimism of the New Thought in regard to final human destiny is so pronounced that it can hardly be overstated. The consuming divine love will never be thwarted until reclamation for every soul shall prevail to the uttermost. But this view of the final goal may hide the thorough searching process through which the victory is to be won. There is no limit to the inherent beneficence of law, or to the inclusiveness of the eternal growth of divinity in humanity. But the various routes which lead toward full spiritual development pass through experiences of significant import.

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Having left behind the spectacular and formal tribunal, many feel unconcerned to the degree that they take it for granted that hell has been wholly abolished. It is true that as a place, and as a fixed and vindictive estate, it has gone never to return. But it is the God-made hell that really has departed, while the one which is man-made—terrible in its psychological severity—is yet but very little recognized. Hellish states of consciousness—real though not endless hells—are in process of building on every hand. Each one is busy in the elaboration of such a close fitting destiny of some kind that there can be no uncertainty. Whatever bitterness it may contain one will be conscious that it is solely his own creation.

The law of cause and effect, sowing and reaping, was most distinctly taught by that supreme discerner of truth, the Founder of Christianity. Heaven and hell, and all the states of consciousness of intermediate degree were set forth as logical, self-formed conditions. Only the literalization and misinterpretation of Scripture ever transformed his teaching of them into arbitrary verdicts to be pronounced at a general and dramatic judicial inquisition.

It is interesting to trace the rise and formation of the literal and dogmatic theological thought which in the seventeenth century found expression in the noted Westminster Confession, and which soon after was attired in more poetic form by Milton. From the early part of the fourteenth century, down to and including the seventeenth, the dramatic instinct was very strong, and religion—except in the monastic movement—was expressed in spectacular and external forms. The word pictures of Dante, from the fourteenth century and forward, stood out before the world with terrible sternness. That noted Latin hymn, the Dies Iræ, with its blood-curdling sketches of the woe and anguish of the last judgment, brought out in numerous translations and thrilling musical adaptations, made

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a wonderful impression upon the religious consciousness of centuries. The morality and miracle plays together with a terribly suggestive hymnology also added their quota of influence to the tributary contributions which finally joined to make up dogmatic theology. A wise philosopher said, "Let me make the songs of a nation and I care not who makes the laws," and it contains a profound truth.

Although ostensibly founded upon the Bible there is no question but that the dramatic and poetical influences which have been noted, had vastly more bearing in the formation of religious tenets than the sacred Scriptures. The dark shadow of pietistic abnormity which had its rise in the psychological forces enumerated, became embodied in hard and fast dogmas in the seventeenth century and were fastened upon trembling humanity with unrelenting authority. An arbitrary salvation was promised only upon condition of an imposed belief of impossible rationality. But with all of its incongruity and severity, it had an indispensable evolutionary place as a terrace toward a further upward advance.

It is presumable that its logical climax was reached in the work and personality of Jonathan Edwards. Let us not blame him for he was a great logician, conscientious and terribly in earnest. His premises, then almost universally admitted, could lead to no different conclusions than those reached by him. His great talents were consecrated to the work of the rescue of sinners from impending condemnation due—not to inherent causes—but to the wrath of an "angry God."

From that time, substantially, the arbitrary element which burdened religion began slowly to diminish, and ever since, notably during the last two or three decades, the primitive gospel simplicity has been in a process of restoration. Religious faith has grown more reasonable, logical, and scientific. The whole process of human spiritual development is now seen to

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be natural and in accord with all the analogies of the divine economy.

But the fulness and sanity of this larger view have, as yet, only come into the consciousness of the minority. While many theoretically still hold to the arbitrary views formerly imposed, a far larger number, perhaps, feel that all retribution has been virtually outlawed and that, after all, character is not so very important. Prevailing sentiment says, "get the most out of life possible," with the impression that "death" will bring rest and peace, if, indeed, it does not furnish the gateway to an arbitrary even if unfitting paradise. But the awakening from the present dream of sense consciousness may bring some unpleasant surprises.

The present philosophy of the subconscious mentality and the persistence of every thought and mental picture is a startling proposition. It presents a new and scientific aspect of what constitutes both salvation and retribution. Every creation of the imaging faculty is like a photographic negative which stamps its quality, not upon paper, stone, or steel, but upon infinitely more durable material. Whether working under control or running undisciplined and disorderly, its output is continuous. Its crowded pages, though temporarily hidden, and now sleeping, in due time will be made living in the sunlight of consciousness. An occasional exhibit in some great emergency, like an arrested drowning experience, when the thoughts and multitudinous delineations of a life time are flashed before the ego is positive, even though incidental, proof that not an impression has been lost.

The scientic and psychological hell will consist in one's having to sit *vis-a-vis* with his own disorderly and ugly psychical photography. He is linked to his own art museum, even with its own side-gallery of monstrosities, and can find no release except by an age-long and laborious process of displacement.

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Every off-hand drawing of the unreal, which one has made for the real, has solidified and can only disintegrate by slow degrees. The green thoughts of jealousy and dark cloudy patches of anger, lust, and avarice will stand out in glowing distinctness until crowded out of the field of vision by concentration upon positive ideals. The forms which have so thickly peopled our mental chambers will play their tragedies on the stage before us. However repulsive they are only our own creations.

The biblical imagery of hell—the unquenchable fire—when interpreted in the light of spiritual law has amazing significance. All this is *in us*, and not in some far-away abode which has been reached as the result of a judicial sentence delivered before a great assembly which has gathered at the sound of the last trump. If we are to be judged for "every idle thought" the necessity for high and pure thinking becomes supreme.

To-day is the judgment day, even though not yet made manifest. The sheep and the goats are our thought productions and they are continually passing to the right hand and to the left. Very sensitive and prophetic souls—in advance of the great majority—have a present keen foretaste of the working of this great law, but its full exercise, even for them, awaits the next plane of living. Then with a full awakening and coming to the front of the great subconscious accumulation, will the deeper volume of benedictions and condemnations be realized.

In the present embodiment, while we are equipped with a physical and objective organism having its functioning apparatus in full play, the conscious mind seems to be almost all. Through its intelligent activity we are to fill the subconsciousness with sound and indestructible ideal entities. If one build his abode of "wood, hay and stubble," he will suffer loss. If he link himself to the false and external, when these are swept

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away it will strip him bare and leave him barren. Every man must "work out his own salvation," for it is the divine in him—and not outside—that worketh in him, "both to will and to do."

Not merely the present consideration of bodily healing but vastly more, the searching test which is in prospect, pleads with us to lift our conscious creative forces into the realm of the positive and abiding. The swing of human thought has been from the hell of vindictive torture to the other extreme of a sentimental, lax and illogical salvation.

Man must awaken to his own divinity. Nothing less than this will thoroughly reform the character of his own creations. So long as he thought of himself as naturally and inherently "a sinner" his creative product was in and about sin and evil, even though all the time he feared and tried to avoid them. Instead of "thinking no evil," it ever stood out before him as a terrible objective reality. We study to apply scientific methods to everything objective—from ions up to cosmical phenomena, but are only just beginning to scrutinize our own constitution with the same careful accuracy. With an inherited divine capacity we are turning out subjective worlds of our own, and all these stamp and reflect their quality upon the whole universe without.

The new understanding of the philosophy of the subconscious mind will be the turning point toward a new spiritual dispensation. Instead of "being good" from a veneered repression and fear, men will learn to act from the center, and the good, the true and the beautiful will seek outward manifestation. Expression will replace repression.

Turning now to the larger view, we find that God is "all in all." Notwithstanding the seeming sternness of the philosophy which has been outlined, evil is but a temporary creation of man to educate him, through contrast. Good is at the foundation and is the only positive entity in the universe. Unlimited

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optimism is logical. The subjective hellish experience is negatively beneficent because it finally will save men from themselves, and repel them from their own false creations. Nothing less severe would do the necessary educational work.

A salvation that costs nothing would have little value. Birth into higher conditions is always attended with travail. But asceticism has no part. Educational penalty is not ideal and not to be sought. The rough and unnecessary pushing of penalty may save us with considerable friction but how much better to let ideals gently draw us!

The idealistic philosophy of the New Thought points out the way of a direct and scientific salvation. If full divine realization and harmony can be reached by way of a path strewn with flowers why take one which is bordered with thorns? Let us not wait to be goaded from behind by the compulsions of self-kindled penalty.

Let every one carefully survey his own consciousness and watch the significant drama which is on the stage, mindful that it is only a light rehearsal of what is to follow later. Such a subjective study should not be at all in the line of a morbid introspection for it is rather the intelligent supervision of an inspector. There in full activity is the subtle loom which is weaving a destiny.

IF, in addition to the desire to live day by day aright, we wish to add some pledge, can it not be that self shall sink into insignificance, and that the good, the happiness, the welfare of others, shall come first?—*Selected.*

WHEN goodness separates itself, it is only half good. A virtue which is not active is in danger itself of turning to vice. Jesus was not too good for publicans and sinners. How many of his disciples are?—*J. F. Dutton.*

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THEOSOPHY.

What it is and What it is not—A Brief Introduction.

BY A F. T. S.

And that Spirit is the Self of all that is; this is the real, this is the Self. THAT THOU ART!—*Chhandogya Upanishad.*

O, my brethren, God exists!—*Emerson.*

One can scarcely open a newspaper or turn the leaves of a magazine nowadays, without seeing some mention of Theosophy, or the Theosophical Society, or the Theosophical Movement. Since it is brought so constantly to the notice and attention of the public, people are beginning to ask what it is. Is it a science? Is it a religion? Once in a while we hear some one who knows nothing whatever about it, but only thinks he does (because, perhaps, he once read a newspaper review of a lecture) say glibly, that it is nothing, in fact, but a revival of Spiritualism. Some one else, equally well informed, may say it is Fatalism, and still another that it is Buddhism. But there are those who have seriously questioned, and they should be as seriously answered.

That newspapers and magazines, whether favorable or otherwise to the philosophy, will give space in their columns to its elucidation, proves that it has become a subject of growing interest, a factor in the progress of liberal thought.

The word "Theosophy" is from two Greek words, and means, freely translated, "Divine Wisdom." Now, if Divine, it must be all-embracing, must include all truth, ethical, scientific, philosophical, religious.

Let us ask and answer, as simply as possible, some of the questions which are sure to be the first asked, when attention is newly directed to Theosophy.

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Is it a science? Not in the ordinary acceptation of the word. Not as something which can be tested and proven true, only by the phenomena of the material plane—phenomena of which we become aware through the sense perceptions alone. But a science which teaches that there are other planes—mental, moral, psychic, spiritual—each one governed by laws as orderly and as inflexible as the laws governing matter.

Huxley says that the object of science is to discover the rational order that pervades the Universe. But the science of Theosophy declares that material science alone, much as we owe to it, cannot disclose to us the rational order that pervades the Universe, for it deals only with the material plane, and a study of the Universe must include a study of all planes; that the laws governing the higher planes can be studied and understood, and that a study of Man, and his relation to these, will alone disclose to us the rational order that pervades the Universe. For the fundamental teaching of Theosophy is Unity; or, in other words, that all that exists is but varied differentiation of the one all-pervading Spiritual Essence. Now, if each one of us is a part of the Great Whole, then the study of Man must help us to an understanding of the Universe. If we turn our attention at once to the Universe as a whole, we may well shrink from the problems that confront us. But, if we first study man, as part of the whole, and necessarily divine, being part, we arrive at our conclusions, step by step—verify our experiments one at a time, and by knowing ourselves, know God!

Theosophy never relaxes its hold upon science, and by explaining the laws governing higher planes, makes clear many reasons for purely material phenomena. Most of our leading scientists now admit that the materialistic explanations of phenomena are not the be-all and end-all of science. Tyndall, in one of his lectures upon Sound, said that evidently here (when

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he reached a certain point) we need other senses, finer senses than those we now have. At this point Theosophy offers to advanced physical science the suggestion that the evolution of the investigator will be as necessary a factor in the pursuit of Truth as the perfection of the scientific instrument.

The Theosophical Society has, then, as a part of its mission or purpose, the bringing of its truths to the materialist; to the man who, without investigation, except along material lines, has determined that the Universe is nothing more than physical manifestation. Theosophy says to him to look first of all within, to study the operation of his own mind—the interior planes of his own being, and that if he does this he will, with persistent effort, discover causes and effects, the existence of which he has never dreamed.

How many of us have ever tried to watch our own method of thought? How many to control it? How many to discover any of the laws which underlie and absolutely govern the phenomena of the mental plane? Yet its laws can be studied, and can be understood. So Theosophy says to materialism, Stop denying! We do not ask you to believe, but only to investigate yourself, and the inner planes of your own being; to experiment, with Theosophy as a working hypothesis, and to verify for yourself.

Is Theosophy a religion? It is not, in the sense that we ordinarily understand religion. It imposes no dogma as necessary to be believed under any kind of supernatural penalties. It is nothing which is revealed to infinite man by an Infinite personal God, and therefore necessarily to be believed. It is, however, truly religious in its essential quality.

Consider for a moment the meaning of the word religion. Literally, it is to "bind back." Now, we often hear in orthodox circles the expression that some one has "found religion." In the light of its literal meaning, this should indicate that he

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has found the way to "bind back" the personal nature to its divine source—to trace the link that binds Man to Deity. In all ages, and in all systems of religion, there has been teaching as to how to know God. Theosophy is a religion in that it asserts not only that man will become divine, but that he is divine, and that he may consciously hasten his own evolution; may consciously "bind back" the personal and the finite to the impersonal and the Infinite.

One of the first questions which certain persons ask is, what effect will a belief in Theosophy have upon the Christian? So far as its ethical teaching is concerned, none whatever; for the ethics of Theosophy and Jesus are the same. But there has crept into what is called Christianity, so much of materialism, that the spirit is more frequently than not, overpowered by the latter.

The Bible, clearly, has been much abused and greatly misunderstood. Otherwise, we should not see some four hundred different sects, each proving its position by the Bible, each satisfied that it alone is right.

Rev. Dr. Greer, rector of St. Bartholomew's New York, in some remarks recently* at the Baptist Social Union, in that city, said: "We Episcopalians have had a good deal to say lately about Christian unity; but if you look at us real hard, you will find out that our unity means that we want you all to believe as we do." Commenting upon this the *Nation* observes: "So say Presbyterians, Congregationalists, and the rest; and all the looking 'real hard' at each other has made it clear that church unity at present is only a dream. This has been obvious all along to the harder heads in the various denominations, who have not been at all deceived by the solemn courtesies and brotherly correspondence which meant nothing, and of which they have grown very weary."

*1896.

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If the Bible were correctly understood, we should not see two sects as far apart as the Roman Catholic and the Universalist, yet each basing its creed upon its own interpretation of the Bible.

All of the ancient Scriptures and religions had an exoteric and an esoteric teaching. Jesus said to his disciples: "Unto you it is given to know the mysteries of the kingdom of God; but to others in parables." If one studies carefully the four Gospels, and notes the many references to the Kingdom of Heaven, one will be surprised to see that in only very few instances can it possibly be construed into reference to a place or locality, but always far more reasonably, into meaning a state or condition.

"The Kingdom of Heaven," Jesus said, "is within you;" and in another place, "I will give unto thee the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven," that is, the solution of the mystery of your own interior nature.

So the message of Theosophy to the churches and creeds is to point them to the inner, spiritual meaning of the Bible Scriptures, the meaning that at once is clear, when we admit the relation of man to the higher planes, because of that one underlying principle of Unity. Theosophy, being at the same time both religious and scientific, is always reasonable. When a religious truth is presented which need not be blindly accepted, but upon which one can reason from scientific data, one has, as a starting point, a firm foothold. What may seem to the casual reader to be a statement of ethics, and no more is, to the student of Theosophy, practical instruction, "for, as he follows it, he soon perceives its relation to facts and laws which he is enabled to verify, and what seemed to him the language of devotion merely, is found to be that of science; but the science is spiritual, for the Great Cause is pure spirit."

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The Law of Reincarnation: Its Purpose and Its Evidences.

Death is certain to all things which are born, and rebirth to all mortals; wherefore it doth not behoove thee to grieve about the inevitable. —*Bhagavad Gita.*

Man is explicable by nothing less than all his history.—*Emerson.*

Theosophy, we have said, imposes no dogmas necessary to be believed under any kind of supernatural penalties. There are, however, three important principles underlying the philosophy, of which we affirm that they appeal to the reason and are susceptible of reasonable proof; that they explain the mysteries of life, and that impartial investigation leads to conviction of their truth. These three principles are, Universal Brotherhood, Reincarnation and Karma. A belief in the first of these is the only article of faith required of members of the Theosophical Society.

When persons begin the investigation of theosophical lines of thought, and learn that while we proclaim no creed, yet (most of us) believe in Reincarnation, they are apt to exclaim, first of all, that they do not want to come back for other earth lives, and that the theory is unreasonable. This means that it is, to them, new and unexplored. Let us uncover its unreasonableness, if it exists:

What is meant by Reincarnation, and what is its purpose?

Reincarnation means the repeated incarnation of soul in a human body—repeated experience of earth-life for the soul. It must not be confounded with a belief in the incarnation of soul in lower animal forms, which has no acceptance by Theosophists. Evidently before one can tolerate this as even a reasonable hypothesis, one must believe in incarnation; must believe in the existence of the soul. Now, most persons, of whatever creed, belief or state of mind when asked point blank WHY

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they believe it, are unable to give the slightest reason for the faith that is in them. Out of fifty persons to whom the question is put, there may be one who will give a ready answer.

Theosophy accepts no authority except the voice of the Divine in man himself; hence, it is not enough to believe in immortality because we read it in some book, or have it upon the authority of some one else. In that way, one may obtain information, but not knowledge. "To know is to become personally acquainted by interior experience."

Setting aside, then, all experience not ours personally, what reasons may each one of us, however unassuming on spiritual themes, have for believing that there is that in his nature which persists—that which survives the death of the physical body?

We know that the way in which this body gains impressions is through the five physical senses of smell, taste, touch, hearing and sight. But do we know anything that we do not learn in this way? Evidently we have other means of gaining knowledge. For instance—and we will take the simplest example possible—I put my hand into the fire, and it is burned. I receive the sensation of pain through my sense of touch. But I avoid the fire hereafter because I am able to reason. Because I can exercise a higher faculty than the sense perception. Because there is that which functions through my brain (which latter is only a physical instrument), and which enables me to think, to reason, to judge and to will.

Starting again from this point, do we obtain all impressions from one or the other of these two ways, either through the senses or through the mind?

What is it, in every one of us, that responds to the lofty sentiment expressed in a beautiful picture or poem? What is it that recognizes nobility of action or of character? Emerson says: "We grant that human life is mean, but how did we find out it was mean?" There is that in each of us which re-

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sponds to its own. The senses can register only the vibration of sense; the brain-mind can register only the vibration of its plane, and soul alone can respond when soul speaks.

That these higher faculties can function independently of the body, is evident from the many instances which we have of mind reading, thought transference, psychometry and the like. How is one otherwise reasonably to explain the fact that in the hypnotic trance, when the body (brain) is in a state almost of paralysis, there may be greater activity of the mind, and a wider and sublimer range of consciousness, than with the body in its natural condition? This would seem to indicate that body offers limitations to consciousness.

Theosophy says, not that man *has* a soul, but that the true man *is* the soul; or, to put it differently, that the soul is the true man.

The body is not man, but is only his physical expression—the physical instrument of the true man or soul. Theosophy explains the incarnation of the soul as being for the purpose of gaining experience—individuality—through earth-life; for the soul, although omniscient upon its own plane, is not so upon this. In order, then, to accomplish individual evolution, the real man must keep returning to earth-life until this is effected. The same necessity which brings him here once will bring him again until that necessity is fulfilled.

Now, this necessity is growth of character. How many absolutely perfect characters—rounded out and spiritualized—do we know? Not many. Any of us will bear considerably more development before entering into a purely spiritual life. If we have not yet exhausted the resources of physical experience we have no occasion for that which is more spiritual.

Reincarnation cannot be proven as we would prove an example in addition or subtraction, but it can be proven in its appeal to the reason. The evidences that appeal to our reason are

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about us everywhere; but we are so accustomed to them, that we do not take them into account. One can speak of the case of Blind Tom, the ignorant negro, of whom every one has heard, or of Josef Hofmann, the wonderful boy who, at eight years of age, could compose symphonies and direct orchestras. Genius? But genius has to be accounted for, and can only be explained as the inheritance of former lives, the result of the cultivation of talent in previous existences. But one need not seek proof in these unusual instances, nor accept as final the positive statements of the great number of persons who remember past lives. More convincing proof lies near at hand.

Every child that is born into the world comes with a character of its own. What mother will admit that any two of her children are exactly, or even very much, alike? On the contrary, she will tell us that each one of her several children must be differently treated; that the discipline that works admirably with one would be disastrous with another.

I have in mind a family of five little girls—we all know such families—all born within a period of nine years. During that time, and under such circumstances, there was not much opportunity on the part of the mother for growth or change of character. The father was closely confined in an office during those years, and was probably much the same in character when the last was born as at the time of the birth of the first. Yet no one of these children bears the slightest resemblance in character to any other. One of them is naturally an artist; another a musician; one takes naturally to slang and mischief, while the next one, born only a year later, is as refined and dainty as a flower. What a marvelous father and mother those must be who could so differently endow their children! Are we to go to earlier generations to trace the source of these peculiar traits? Then, how account for Nature's ignoring the parents? With that explanation, there enters an element of caprice in-

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admissible in a universe governed by law. The truth is that every one of these characters is the result of past experience. Every single character makes itself clearly manifest in spite of the parents' training in this life, which is, in the case of the five, the same in quality, and only varied as necessity demands. One cannot ascribe these differences to pre-natal influence, for it then directly becomes necessary to account for the dissimilarity of twins. In that case, we see two individuals, born under precisely identical conditions, and having precisely identical heredity, sometimes physically alike, sometimes unlike, but always differing in intellectual bias and in inherent character.

(*To be continued.*)

THE GLAD NEW YEAR.

The glad new year, a welcome guest,
Returns with smiles of love the best;
  He scatters hopes as free as flowers;
  He says: "The good of good is ours!"
He says: "The present time is blest!"

Across the snows, where gold beams rest,
He ventured on his noble quest—
  Of seeking bloom for withered bowers,
    The glad new year!

The glad new year, our life will test,
And duty done give days new zest,
  And show the worth of manhood's powers;
  O rose leaves on our path he showers—
    The glad new year!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

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MAN, THE CREATOR.

BY EMILY WRIGHT HOOD.

Some time since, the writer had the pleasure of hearing Professor John deliver his lecture entitled: "Did Man Make God, or God Make Man?" which is intended as a scourging reply to and refutation of the doctrines of the late freethinker and humanitarian, Robert G. Ingersoll.

In the light of modern understanding it is seen that God made man, but man's evolving consciousness in its earlier stages placed God outside of man, whereas God is all-in-all, and, as the permeating life force, takes an active part in our everyday affairs. However, man's varying conceptions of God throughout the ages may have created, in a measure, a temporary ideal or image of the Creator.

In magnifying God, the Creator, he has belittled Man, the Creator. Man makes his own physical expression through his use of Universal Law, just as he makes a cake through law. The ingredients for the creation of physical expressions are all about us in the infinite ether. Our brain is our thought machine, into which we are continually pouring some psychic concoction that will later manifest in the physical. We all desire perfect physical expressions, but the importance of perfection in our mental picture gallery has been overlooked to a great extent, hence we fall short in all degrees of incompleteness in the outpicturing.

We create conditions, and conditions determine our environment. "Seeing is believing" is an old saw pertaining to the material plane. On the spiritual plane the order is reversed—we must *believe* before we can see demonstrations of spiritual

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power. As for those who do not care to see beyond the material, let them alone. They will live on, getting experience, until they arrive at the desire for conscious knowledge of higher planes.

One who has seen the spiritual significance underlying the most trivial affairs does not despise the small duties of life. They play their part in the molding of character and the weaving of destiny, and we may rest assured that when the foundation of a noble character is laid the soul will be ready for greater accomplishments. We must be faithful over the few ere we can be ruler over many.

There are men still living on the brute plane. You will see them now and then lashing animals. Suppose men of higher intelligence should lash men of lesser mentality because they did not know as much as themselves! What if a learned attorney should strike a truckman because he was not versed in legal lore! Animals cannot express their feelings in speech, but they have a language of their own, and do express themselves to those who have sufficient intelligence and love to interpret their ways and means.

Men who desire war are still denizens of the brute plane. We love the military because it comprises the pick of a nation's physical specimens of manhood. There is inspiration in marching bodies of men to the rhythm of martial music, but there is a symbolism in this phase of war life that belongs to higher planes. It is symbolical of the harmony in which men should always move together. This is what stirs our immortal souls: the rest is wreck, ruin, and conquest.

The hero of the brute plane is the man who can slay the greatest number of his fellows. (And when we say "his fellows" we include the animal world.) The hero of the mental plane is the man who can best succeed in accumulating the coin of the realm. But the hero of the spiritual plane, to which

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we are slowly but steadily rising, is he that can give the most of his substance and himself.

If you would know what a tremendous force you are dealing with, stick your fingers tightly in your ears sometime when alone and in the silence, and, with eyes closed, listen to the rushing waters of that mighty current, the River of Life!

Many malicious people would be surprised to know that they were so considered. Irony and sarcasm are often closely related to malice, and barbed shafts sent out will act as the boomerang that returns to its sender.

The daily papers, devoured by millions as God's truth, fairly reek with injurious auto-suggestion. They aim to feed the masses on sensations in their startling headlines and detailed accounts of man's perversion of God's force. Yet the majority of the masses who read them would ridicule the idea that they are thus stowing away in their subconscious minds a list of horrors that engender *fear,* the greatest enemy and bugbear mankind has every known.

Man, through fear, is not only vanquished in accomplishment, but through the Law of Attraction, the correlation of forces, draws to him the very thing he fears and wishes to avoid. Said Job: "That which I greatly feared has come upon me." "Fear not," "Be not afraid," are Scriptural admonitions too little heeded in an age when man believes himself under the dominance of material laws.

Spirit, like Nature, abhors (or will not permit) a vacuum. We must not only cast out fear, but must replace it with faith and love. A man may be without fear, yet meet disaster through lack of these opposing powers. Let us ever hold this thought: "I give thanks for that Perfect Love which casteth out fear." The divine essence of Pure Love is at least the highest universal power of which we can conceive.

There are many to-day who find more religion in philosophy

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and metaphysics than in the vain repetition of the churches. Theology calls man a "miserable sinner." The New Thought regards him as an evolving god, and believes in the efficacy and creative power of so imaging him in mind. Let us idealize our real, and we shall the sooner realize our ideal. This is the true science of spirituality.

The modern invasion into the spiritual realm, the growing consciousness of spirituality as a force supernatural, that is, above or higher than the natural—as a force that will, as Christ said, "remove mountains," is resented by the devotees of natural science, who seemingly prefer to remain in bondage to natural laws. Those whose broadened vision enables them to see that spiritual laws transcend material laws, can "Be still and know that" this force ("I Am") is "God."

It is said that people given to habitually speaking untruths grow to finally believe their own perversions. What better argument could there be in favor of incorporating Truth into one's consciousness by habitually repeating (mentally or otherwise) statements of Truth? It is when we reach the point of Realization that effects are readily produced.

The vibratory center is within, and it is the force of these vibrations that produce effects without, as they go forth laden with well directed currents of life and love from calmly conscious Mind. This vibratory force, used unconsciously in the past, has caused mightly effects, and made history all down the ages,—history of which, for the most part, we cannot be proud as we look back, except as we see it in the light of evolution. But now, having arrived at the conscious plane, what mightier effects may not man cause, as he weaves on the loom of time the fabric of his *spiritual* history!

WHAT is being religious but always seeing God's infinite love in everything, and loving him all the time?—*J. F. Clarke.*

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MENTAL CONCENTRATION.

BY CHARLES H. RING.

In observing the progress made by the civilized world in the latter part of the nineteenth and the first part of the twentieth centuries it almost seems as though the word "Impossible" were used merely as a figure of speech. Some of the most fantastic and extravagant theories which were a few years ago deemed preposterous by the leading scientific men of the world have not only evolved from the realms of theoretical reasoning to the plane of practical demonstration; they have become indispensable to the mechanical and scientific departments of our civilization. We have found it to be such a short step from seemingly impossible theories to the practical demonstration of those theories that we should no longer denounce as absurd any ideas of improvement or progress, even though they may seem extremely visionary to us. I therefore beg of you to refrain from passing hasty judgement upon the following argument and hope that the same may be looked upon in an unprejudiced light.

In looking back through the history of the world in general and also in viewing the conditions upon this sphere as they exist at the present time, even the casual observer cannot help but notice that concentration has been and is almost invariably an indication of power both in inanimate and animate nature.

When large numbers of people concentrate in any particular locality and form a city, that city becomes a power and the power of the city generally depends upon the degree of concentration of the country's population. We also see that when an army wants to make a powerful stroke at an enemy, it concen-

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trates its forces as much as possible. Probably all of you have used a burning glass on some bright, sunshiny day. Put a piece of ordinary paper upon a wooden table and place them in the bright sunlight. The paper is simply warmed a little. Now, take a burning glass and focus the sun-rays upon a small spot in the paper and the heat produced by those concentrated rays will burn a hole right through the paper. If you could have a hundred glasses focusing the sun's rays upon just one spot the probabilities are that the concentrated rays from all of them would produce a heat in that one spot sufficient to burn a hole in the table.

These few illustrations will suffice to clearly demonstrate that concentration is almost invariably an indication of power, and that the acquisition of power generally depends upon concentration.

The average individual gives very little thought to the fact that the concentration of the mental forces is productive of power. Suppose, for an experiment, you should interview a thousand persons, the kind of persons that you meet in every day life, and should ask each one to concentrate his mental forces in one thought upon one particular object to the exclusion of any other thought but the one in question for the space of one minute. I venture to say that not twenty-five out of the thousand would be able to perform this feat. This inability of the average person to control his thoughts shows a deplorable state of undevelopment due to neglect of proper cultivation. This is something that should be studied and practised just as much if not more than any other line of study. The ability to concentrate our thoughts is the first step towards obtaining control of the powerful forces that lie latent in every human being.

Now, in order to develop this power one must be more or less patient. The first thing one must do is to practise thought

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control. The mind of the average man very much resembles the veriscope machine. The thoughts emanating from the mind are constantly vacillating from one subject to another just as the pictures thrown from the veriscope upon a sheet are constantly changing from one form to another. This vacillating thought must first have our attention.

As soon as you find your thoughts in this condition you must put on the brakes and come to a temporary stand-still. You must get the mind in a quiescent state. Then, when you become calm and feel that you can think clearly upon any one particular subject, bring up the subject and let your thoughts dwell upon it. I know of one very good method of practising this which I have often employed with great success.

When you feel that your thoughts are getting the better of you and that you cannot hold onto one thought for any length of time, just shut your eyes and imagine a large, black, abstract disc in front of you. At first you will see in your mind's eye myriads of thought forms coming into this disc from all directions. Experiences that you have recently had will take form and push themselves towards the center of the disc. Now, you must throw out these thought forms as soon as they enter, and, if you can get the space cleared, don't let any of them pass the circumference. Keep a perfectly blank space in front of your mind's eye. If you can keep your mind in this blank, passive condition for a few seconds and can feel that your mind is in a peaceful and quiescent state, then it is the time to bring up before your mind's eye the object upon which you want to concentrate your mental force.

However, to obtain satisfactory results one must concentrate in a very calm and quiet manner. The thought vibrations must be harmonious. It is very much like using a telephone. If you get right close up to the instrument and talk as loud as you can into it, the person at the other end of the line will

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not be able to understand you at all; but if you talk moderately and in a natural tone, the person at the receiver will hear every word distinctly, provided, of course, that the line is in good working order.

Of course this power of proper concentration cannot be developed in a short time. The mind has to be trained for that just the same as in any other line of development. One cannot begin too early in life to develop this power. A child old enough to go to school is old enough to be taught to think of one thing at a time and to practise thinking of one thing at a time at regular intervals during school hours. School children would soon get used to this practise if it were in vogue generally and they would consider it in the same light that they would any other study. It would be of great value to them, especially as they would, with constant practise, rapidly free themselves from the vacillating thoughts that continually infest the average child's mind, and would thus increase their mental capacity by eliminating this constant waste of mental energy.

It can be readily seen that this economizing of mental energy is of great importance to our faculties.

Those of you who are using your brains every day in your various occupations know that when you finish a hard day's work your brain feels very tired. In reality it is only a part of your brain that is tired and needs rest. If, for instance, you have during the day used any particular faculty a great deal, it is that part of the brain in which that faculty is seated that is tired. Suppose that you have been figuring out mathematical problems all day and go home feeling tired and overworked. It seems as though you never would feel rested again. You keep right on thinking about those problems upon which you have been working. Suddenly you notice a book lying on the table. The title attracts you and almost before you are aware

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of it you are deeply absorbed in its contents and have forgotten all about the hard mental work you have done during the day Your brain is working while you are reading this interesting book, but you are using a different part of your brain. The part that was working during the day is now resting and you are using the part that had not been working. Thus the different parts are working and resting alternately.

Now it can be easily seen that if, during the hours of consciousness, you can control your thoughts and keep them from wandering off in every direction against your will, you can accomplish more work and obtain much better results in your daily labor and you will feel much less tired at the end of your day's work than if you allowed yourself to think of a lot of things that didn't have anything to do with your work and that you didn't want to think about but simply could not help it because the obnoxious thoughts would constantly keep pushing themselves before you and interfere with your work.

The brain needs rest just as much as any other part of the body. It is the medium through which the mind finds expression in thought just as much as your hand is the medium by which you can express your thoughts in writing with the aid of pen or pencil.

The brain naturally becomes tired from constant work just as the hand becomes tired from constant writing; but, if you can develop thought control to such an extent as to be able to concentrate your mind upon one line of thought at a time, thus working only one part of the brain and allowing the other part to rest, then when you are through with that particular line of thought allow the part which has been working to rest and work another part of the organ which has been resting, the entire brain will be in good condition by the time your day's work is done.

One great benefit to be derived from this is that you do not

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have to waste so much time in sleep. A man who uses all parts of his brain in mental labor all day long because of his inability to control his thoughts, naturally needs more sleep than the man who uses the different parts of his brain at different times and allows the different parts to rest at different times.

This economy of thought without doubt saves an enormous amount of wear and tear on the brain. Consequently the brain should last much longer by this economical process than it would with the kind of use it is subjected to by the average person.

The development of thought control should lengthen our lives almost indefinitely, and we can easily see how much more a man can accomplish in a life-time of several hundred years than he can with only sixty or seventy years to figure on. There is absolutely no limit to one's possibilities if one can develop these mental forces and subjugate them to one's own will.

WEALTH.

To dwell in peace with those who are about you every day;
To be gracious in most commonplace affairs;
To remember that politeness to intimates is good;
To love children and be patient with their faults;
To have sympathetic friends;
To entertain within your home those dear to you;
To see across your board the face of one you love;
To have pictures and music by the masters in your home,
And thoughts of wise men in your libraries,—
This is wealth: this is vast supply. JOSEPHINE CONGER.

TRY to care about something in this vast world besides the gratification of small, selfish desires. Look on other lives besides your own. See what their troubles are, and how they are borne.—*George Eliot.*

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A SCIENTIFIC ASPECT OF SUCCESS.

BY JONATHAN EARLAS.

Every orthodox religious creed has expounded the doctrine of the vanity of human desires, wishes and riches. Striving to teach the people that they must not desire what they do desire, because all is corruption and vanity, and of no avail; dilating upon the evils and iniquities of the material possessions of this world; expounding the theory of the "rich man, the camel and the needle's eye;" extolling the weak, pernicious doctrine of Resignation instead of Action, energy, work and strength; striving to mould the people by precept instead of teaching each to learn by his own experience if human wishes are, indeed, all vanities; teaching a religion of sentiment instead of reason, of emotion and blind faith instead of a wisdom religion; making religion a sentiment instead of the "Science of Living wisely and well."

From the lowest type of the negro race to the highest type of the Aryan is a long step, but both are men and the line of demarkation where the one race merges into the other cannot be drawn. So is it with material and spiritual things—science merging them one into the other—the lower but a stepping stone to the higher.

Why then may we not have a Wisdom Religion?

Men are beginning to think for themselves and now it behooves orthodoxy to find a practical, wise, scientific religion of brotherly love, wherein material things in a material world are given their proper place. If opulence, riches and magnificence are vanities and evils, then Nature in her bounteous magnificence, opulence and beauties is a base travesty on her

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Creator. If Nature is our great storehouse of learning, then why overlook and proclaim as evil *this* phase of her?

Let us rather learn to emulate her opulence as well as all other aspects she presents to us.

Some, nay many, have done so and found enjoyment, peace and happiness even, and what one has done all may do. There is as direct a road to prosperity and success as there is to any science.

"It is the bounty of Nature that we live, but of Philosophy that we live well" said Seneca; and Balzac has said "A constant desire is that which shapes our future." Then, regarding success in its colloquial sense as relating to a wholesome desire for financial prosperity, rather than in its specific sense—of a successful result to any undertaking—the first consideration is of course assumed, that one desired to better one's condition financially or change from non-success to success.

A successful man even may desire greater success and may be wise enough to know that if his methods in the past have brought success then those are the methods to pursue in the future for more or greater success.

But to get a practical understanding of the methods he *has* used, and to get a real and true knowledge of those he has really successfully used, so that he may continue to so use them is the practical and scientific problem. So, therefore, both the successful and non-successful man need to know the scientific working of the law of cause and effect that makes for success.

The very first essential then for one who desires to materialize his wishes and desires is to recognize that the thoughts of a man are in reality material substance; the refined essence of a fluid which in one of its cruder manifestations we call electricity.

One readily recognizes or understands that a man's thoughts build his personality and character, and throw around and

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about him a sort of enveloping raiment (or rays from the mind) like unto the aroma of a flower that attracts or the noxious odor of a weed that repels, all except those of its own kind. We know that we like one person and dislike another; feel attracted to one person and repelled from another. Why? We have not been able always to express reasonably or scientifically, and always it is accredited abstractly to the personality or character of that person. He either had or had not reached our standard of development. His personality was harmonious or inharmonious with ours.

If it is then personality or character that is the attracting force that draws people to us or us to them—or *vice versa*—the magnetic force that we feel instinctively. What is then personality or character, from whence do they originate? Is it not from the character of the thoughts we think, that they grow? This we can all easily understand, for although we but hear the spoken word or see the deed done, yet do we not know, without stopping to reason about it, that the word must first have been thought of before expressed, that the deed must likewise have been thought of before action was taken. The subtle thought preceding the swiftest, seemingly most thoughtless word or act. Therefore, the fundamental reason for a certain personality or character is the thoughts of a man.

They are the mainspring and motive power for all words, deeds or actions. They give expression to his face, mold his form and shape his destiny or path through life (because of his effect upon others of attraction or repulsion, for no man lives to himself alone).

Shall we not then say that thoughts are real substances? Although as unseen as electricity are not its manifestations all about us everywhere? Wherever we look do not the works of man—a material evidence of the thoughts of him—appear on all sides? Can as much be said for electricity—called the most

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subtile and potent material substance known? Neither can we perceive it (electricity) with any of the five senses—we can only see, feel, hear, etc., what it can *do*, its onward manifestations, not it, itself. What is greater, what alone has dominated it, in so far as it has been dominated and made subservient?

What but the *trained thoughts* of man alone!

Have we not each within us then, some of this subtile fluid, more subtile, and more potent than electricity; this dominating power of the universe; and have we not a brain to generate more at will?

But the key to this dominating power, what is it? It is the *will* (active) to *train* the generated thought.

Is electricity powerful and subserving unless trained and properly directed? Is it not otherwise rather destructive if evidenced at all?

So also would necessarily be the stronger, subtiler fluid, thought. Electricity is generated, condensed and concentrated and then sent out to accomplish. So also must thought be, to be of special value, first generated, then concentrated (or given particular and special attention) and properly directed toward a desired end or aim.

Does electricity ever fail of accomplishment if potent enough and properly directed? Would thought then, if sufficient had been accumulated—of one particular kind or character—and concentrated to form a magnet of power and strength fail of its purpose if properly directed? Would the law of attraction of the universe respond to one, the weaker, and not to the other, the stronger?

Assuming then that we accept the first premise and recognize that thoughts are indeed material substances, and knowing that an accumulation of substances of any sort or description make a magnet for attraction—as all material substances draw to themselves like atoms, according to the well-known

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law of attraction "that everything seeks its kind finally"—we reasonably and readily can comprehend how the accumulated thoughts of a man (thought being the most subtile and therefore most powerful substance) must necessarily make a magnet for attraction of great and far reaching power. Therefore as a man's thoughts are concentrated and trained to a certain desire so also does he develop a power to draw to himself the realization of that desire; as they are varied and diffuse so has he varied and diffuse experiences, attracting to himself things and conditions of a varied and diffuse nature. The dominating conditions showing the thoughts most generated and accumulated of one kind. As witness any scientist—a naturalist, who alone finds the obscure fauna and flora. Were not the fauna and flora there for other eyes to see? But the thoughts of others were not of fauna and flora, therefore their eyes were not attracted to them: the geologist who is seemingly led to or attracted to the particular formation sought; the inventor, to whom new ideas seem to come suddenly, inspirationally; the litterateur, whose plots appear like a vision. Also the financier, who seems to have a talent for money getting above other things. The miser thinking of nothing but gold and money therefore attracting nothing else. The old adage "Rich as a Jew," is it not typical of the characteristic acquisitive thoughts of the Jew, all other thoughts being subordinated to those of money?

Does not the success of these in their own specialty show the potency of an accumulation of thought along certain lines, or a concentration of attention on a special objective aim? Things of a nature like unto those of their *expectant* desires are what they attract—expectant because if the desire be not expectant it is doubting, therefore negative or neutralizing. If the desire be strong enough for the accumulation of constant favorable thought and not neutralized by any thoughts of doubt or of an adverse nature, the result cannot fail to be a

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magnet of great potency and strength to draw to itself those things akin to itself.

Doubting, negative or adverse thoughts neutralize of course those of an auspicious, affirmative or positive nature and accomplish nothing. Vacillating thoughts are like building many structures at once, and actualizing any, only after long delays or actualizing many in a small way.

That condition, then, which has most been dwelt upon, and upon which most thought has been expended and accumulated will certainly actualize first and continue to actualize and materialize whether wealth or poverty, wisdom or ignorance, health or illness—it matters not which to the inevitable law o fattraction of the universe, and unless the particular kind of thought be changed the condition naturally grows and developes more and more whether favorable or unfavorable.

Recognizing then the fundamental principle that thoughts are material substances, what is then the practical course to pursue to actualize success?

Assuming that one desires financial success, as to-day money is a symbol of power. Every act done, every desire one wishes to see materialized, one must think of as being successfully accomplished.

See it in its full fruition mentally or imaginatively, as you desire it should be. Think of it as being possible, probable and actual. Whenever the thoughts are turned upon that particular desire let them be always thoughts of success to it—expectant thoughts. Use the will and generate thoughts of success in relation to it. Generate, accumulate and concentrate thoughts of success upon it. Never permit a thought of doubt to be generated without immediately setting resolutely to work, to generate by force of will, thoughts of a positive and affirmative nature, even though at first it may be necessary to make them spoken words that the ear may hear audibly and thus make a

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double impression on the brain. Repeating many times over until the positive, affirmative thought has become forceful, which will be evidenced by a feeling of encouragement and hopefulness.

The greatest aid and shortest way to realization of ultimate success, is to cultivate the *habit* of doing everything well, however small. Giving it undivided attention while doing it, and bringing every thing, even the most simple task to as near perfection as possible—bring it always to a successful issue or termination. Doing with your heart what your hands find to do, thus building gradually step by step and making of yourself a magnet of an accumulation of successes that will soon be of sufficient strength and power to draw any desired success to its self.

One may not be able to accumulate sufficient positive thought to attain to any desired aim in a day, nor a week, nor even a month, nor perhaps even a year, as no one can think on one subject continuously, to the exclusion of all others sufficiently long to actualize immediately, and those accumulate negative thoughts of previous times must of necessity draw to themselves *their* like, until the accumulation of positive thought dissolves and displaces them. So although the same old undesirable conditions may manifest in the face of your successful thoughts for a time, finally, with courage and persistency the aim must and will be attained according to the effort used.

If the habit of successful, courageous, strong, healthy, wholesome thinking is once found on all points and upon all conditions that present themselves, it can be readily perceived that one would develop an attractive power that would draw all things whatsoever desired.

That the desires be righteous ones, not only from an ethical point of view, but because of the consequences to one's self, is, of course, always important, although a sufficient accumula-

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tion of thought directed against a neighbor's goods would be active quite as certainly as against an abstract desire. But on the other hand, while building a magnet to draw to one a neighbor's goods, one must of necessity at the same time be building a magnet of hatred, animosity and unkindness toward that neighbor each time his goods are desired. Consequently this latter magnet will be the most potent from the very nature of its primary position as instigator, and while the neighbor's goods may be acquired, one will also draw to one's self something of evil of a like nature to hatred, animosity and unkindness from some source, that will neutralize and more than neutralize any unrighteous gain. There is abundance in the universe for all, and the way of attainment is no more difficult than any other means of education. "Facts, the causes of which can not be seen, are not necessarily supernatural" Balzac has said. So "A constant desire is that which shapes our future." The task of realization and actualization is not an easy one, as training the mind and will in any direction is never a sinecure, but like anything of value must be striven for.

YOU are not simply a reservoir *into* which so much truth, goodness, greatness, is to be poured, there to remain forever. You are a channel through which God is transmitting his life and love to other men. That you are, or you are nothing.—*J. F. Dutton.*

EVERY power that is put into action goes on to a determined limit, assigned by God. His judgments are not judgments that wait like thunderbolts under his throne, ready to dart forth when he shall command; but they are accumulating in the soul of every man in the relation in which every man stands to his fellow-men.—*W. H. Channing.*

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UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD.

BY ANNIE KNOWLTON HINMAN.

Adown the corridors of Time hath rung
The cry of universal brotherhood.
The Pulpit and the Press have caught it up,
But they, too oft, have struck the baser notes,
And failed to reach the higher tones—Nature
In all her efforts shows economy
And constancy, but we our energy
Have wasted oft, and oft inconstant proved.
In wildest speculations sought to show
The origin and end of life. Priestcraft
Has horrified us with the thought of death
Perchance to hold us in abeyance lest,
Through knowledge gained, we may unwilling tools
Be proved within their hands—"There is no death
What seems so is transition," more truth this
Message doth embrace than many sermons
Upon the multitude oft forced. The past
Should die. Its dogmas, sin and creeds we swift
Should relegate to dungeons dank. Let die
The yesterdays in which we called ourselves
"Worms of the dust," created by a God
We, in our image, made, who stooped to breathe
Into each human form a soul. Let die
The yesterdays in which we placed upon
The Christ our own responsibilities—
It is not strange that under teachings false
We long have narrowed down to self.

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Perverted truth to duty gives no high
And honored place. Duty in sense divine
Embraces fellow men. Mosaic grand
Is life, bereft of any part ruins
The symphony of color and of form—
Impact with broader minds has taught us much.
The sullen voice of multitudes compel
Us from mere "Worms of dust" in majesty
To stand as "Sons of God"—Stern capital
And labor fierce have struck the tocsin dread
Of war. Dogmas and creeds stifle our growth.
We basely handle questions of a race
Whose hated color makes us frown upon
Their every deed, while these same acts
Beheld in social tramps of the "Smart Set"
We quietly pass by because the ring
Of gold deafens us to the piteous cries
That come from human lives these men have wrecked—
Dead yesterdays! upon thy ashes let
Us rise to higher planes of consciousness.
Thus premised and through effort strong we yet
May lay of Universal Brotherhood
The corner stone.

THE surest criterion of our advancing in real excellence and perfection of character is our acquiring a disposition to think less of ourselves and of our own happiness, and more of that of others.—*Dr. Priestley.*

WE are in danger of looking too far for opportunities of doing good and communicating. In reaching for rhododendrons we trample down the daisies.—*Marion Harland.*

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REINCARNATION: A CRITICISM.

BY AN EPISCOPAL CLERGYMAN.

In the November number of this magazine the doctrine of reincarnation was vigorously assailed and defended in two opposing articles. I beg to say that neither of them was satisfactory and convincing. The first writer identifies the doctrine with the Oriental form of it, thus tacitly assuming that this is its only form. It becómes, then, an easy task for him to raise objections and arouse prejudices which make the doctrine unpalatable to the Western mind, and hostile to the Christian faith which has contributed so much to its enlightenment.

The second writer undertakes to defend it on philosophical and scientific grounds. He is hampered, however, by the same assumption that the doctrine stands or falls with the Oriental conceptions of it. There is no attempt on the part of either writer to discover whether the principle that underlies it is really dependent for its support upon the speculations of Eastern sages, or whether, apart from these, it does not claim for itself a place in our modern thought, and whether it has not something to contribute to the better understanding of even the Christian faith.

The one fatal objection, from the Christian point of view, to the Hindu doctrine is, as stated by Dr. Peebles, that "it knows nothing of the divine Fatherhood—nothing of forgiveness. The basic foundation of this Karmic-incarnation is retaliation."

Unless there can be found provision under a broader doctrine for the growth and fatherly discipline of human souls, and room for divine help and intervention in their behalf, such as Christianity proclaims, it must of course be rejected.

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The corner-stone in the Christian faith is its doctrine of a resurrection of the dead. A prime feature of this doctrine—hitherto largely overlooked even by the church—is that such resurrection is an essentially redemptive act. It has long been hideously distorted into a prelude to an endoubled damnation.

What is needed, therefore, if reincarnation is to find any place in Christian thought, is to find the point of contact between it and the resurrection-promise that "in Christ all shall be made alive," but "every man in his own order."

When Christians recite their creed "I believe in the resurrection of the body," they assent to the truth that man is to live again in embodied life. The Bible knows nothing of any other possible forms of embodied human life than just these two, the earthy man, and the heavenly man; the Adamic type, and the type of which the risen Christ is the first fruits. It is manifest that the large majority of mankind, when they pass out of this life, are not fit to rise into the rank of perfected and glorified manhood, which is the heavenly. This mass of imperfect souls Scripture assigns to sheol or hades, which is an outcast condition with respect to both the possible states of manhood, the earthy and the heavenly. And yet it also gives promise of an ultimate resurrection of the unjust. St. Paul affirmed before Felix his "hope toward God that there shall be a resurrection of both the just and the unjust." And Jesus had declared that for those who "had done evil" there would be an *anastasis* of judgment, that is, a recovery to life under judgment and corrective discipline, such as characterizes this present life in the flesh. The New Testament throughout assumes that the only arena upon which men can fight the battle of life, and rise above the animal and sensuous plane into the spiritual, is this flesh and blood nature. They must be "judged according to men in the flesh" that they may learn to "live according to God in the spirit."

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The recovery, then, of imperfect souls from hadean banishment requires some form of renewal of trial under the conditions of the earthly life. The Oriental mind long ago perceived this, and hence its doctrine of reincarnation. Christianity also acknowledges this necessity; but, with a deeper knowledge of man's being and of the constitution of the human race, it does not require this endless succession of incarnations by which the religious faith and aspirations of the Hindus have been weighed down. It introduces into its conception of humanity a fraternal, redemptive, and corporate feature by which a choice portion, rising first into the freedom and glory of perfected manhood, become the representatives, the helpers and saviours of their brethren who have fallen by the way. Jesus is the Captain of this salvation. In His own triumph He "led captivity captive," that is set free a multitude of captives. And by the inworking of His Spirit, imparted to men, an elect race, a church of the first born, a royal priesthood has been gathered through the centuries, who, as members of His body, repeat in their measure the victory of their Head; each one as "baptized for the dead"* contributing something toward the redemption of the dead. Christianity makes much of the solidarity of the race. It views the whole of humanity as one great organism, in which the dead continue to hold place with the living. The generations of the dead are not cut off from the one body of mankind. The generation which is now fighting the battle of life on the earthly plane stands as the representative of those who have gone before. The race is incarnated in them. And those whom we call the dead share in the fruits of their victories.

While, therefore, it may be true that, in the long progress of past races up from the animal plane of life, a doctrine of successive incarnations may best explain their progress, it must

*The reference here is not to the ritual act.

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give place in this advanced state of humanity, and in this Christian era to a doctrine which recognizes this corporate principle of one standing for the many. No principle is plainer in Scripture and more consonant with human experience than that the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children. No less is it wrought in the constitution of the race that the spiritual triumphs of the children transmit blessings backwards to the fathers. They achieve their deliverance.

And this they do because their being has been transmitted to them, its traits and dispositions with its faults. The children, coming into this heritage, take up the battle again where the fathers laid it down. This is virtually their reincarnation, but without a necessary loss of their individuality.

For, according to the Christian conception, the inmost self of every man is divine and imperishable. Its individuality survives all changes even of personality. Personality, according to its etymology, pertains to expression—the region of the outward man. But this bodily region may be invaded and occupied by other spirits than its rightful possessor. The Scripture name for these is demons, wrongly translated "devils." For, in its Greek origin, it is the name for departed human spirits, who are ever seeking to clamber out of the darkness and vacuity of their hadean state into embodied life. Even our psychologists are now telling us that these personalities of ours are not the simple entities we have supposed them to be. It was a quaint remark of Oliver Wendell Holmes that "some day we shall discover that this body of ours in which we journey across the isthmus from ocean to ocean is not a private carriage but an omnibus." Mr. F. W. H. Meyers, in his last volume on "Human Personality and Its Survival of Bodily Death," has much to say about the splitting up of personalities and the obsession of the living by the dead. All this is in accord with the view that, while the integrity of man as an in-

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dividualized spirit cannot be destroyed, the personality through which this divine element in man seeks expression may pass through changes and complexities until even its continuity is jeopardized. The human *person* is immortalized only as it becomes spiritualized. But, as we have seen, the hope and power of salvation for the lost lies in the victors in this conflict. And in the train of each conqueror there are captives whom he has released. In his incarnation he has represented not simply a single soul who failed in the past, but a group of such, who have attached themselves to him in his earthly trial and share in his success. Here is found the truth which underlies the old and world-wide belief in reincarnation. Here is the explanation of the Scrupture doctrine which holds living generations responsible for the sins of their predecessors. And here is the only ground for an intelligible interpretation of numerous prophetic promises made to generations who must needs go down to sheol under the judgments of God for their sins. Through the future triumph of a conquering seed, they would find release and share in the fruits of their victory.

Any attempt, therefore, to reconcile the truth underlying the old-world doctrine of reincarnation with the Christianized thought of our day must recognize these principles.

1. The organic connection between the dead and the living in the one body of mankind. "God is not a God of the dead but of the living, for all live unto Him."

2. There are but two types of life in manhood made known to us, the earthy and the heavenly. A disembodied ghost is not a man.

3. The uplifting of mankind from the lower and animal plane of life to the spiritual and celestial is achieved through the triumph of the divine and spiritual element of man's being in a selected and conquering seed who become the channels of this quickening and deliverance to their human brethren. Upon

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a church of the firstborn rests the right and duty of redemption for the later born. "They without us cannot be made perfect."

4. These risen ones, however, are more than *representatives* of those for whom they stand. The stream of their life is made up of rivulets from the lives of those who went before them. In their personalities they gather up what is worth preserving in the shattered personalities of perhaps many who failed in life's battle before them, and who are able, in ways unknown to us, to identify themselves with them in their struggle toward the goal. Moreover they are helped in the burden of this conflict by the victors who before them wear the crown of life and who have become kings and priests unto God.

5. The whole mystery of human life, of its sin and its recovery, its probation present and future, the mystery of judgment and of resurrection, of heaven and of hell lies concealed in the depths of this struggling, warring and aspiring humanity by which we are surrounded and of which we form an integral part. In the upward struggle of the race to rise out of the slough of sin and death the living and dead are joined together. The redemption and salvation of the individual is bound up in that of the race to which he belongs.

6. The intrinsic superiority of Christianity to all previous forms of religious faith must be perceived and thankfully acknowledged in that it shows how God has implanted a redemptive and restorative power in the constitution of the race and in the law of its evolution, making the survival of the fittest the means of blessing and ultimate recovery to the less fit.

7. The Karmic law by which "whatsoever a man soweth, that must he also reap" must be balanced by the Christian principle that when, under the judgments of God for sin, a soul is brought to accept the punishment of its iniquity, and to cast itself upon the grace and power of God for recovery, its faith is counted for righteousness; not in any bargain-like way,

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but because righteousness is essentially right rhythm of being between man and God, which faith begins, and which is not possible without it. Faith, therefore, becomes the supremely righteous act and the spring of a new and righteous life at the very fountain of man's being.

THOU TOO.

BY ISABEL GOODHUE.

A radiant wonder now,
This grace of living white,
Long weeks ago, in slime and ooze,
Awoke, and longed for light.

Awoke, and restless, yearned
Within the embracing sod,
Drew life from Life, and stands to-day
A lily on the clod.

Swings free in sun and breeze
With petals all unfurled,
A rare, sweet word of love pronounced,
To bless the happy world.

Rejoice, whoe'er thou art
By upward longings prest,
Nor chide the voice within thy soul
For its Divine unrest.

Love weaves thy robe of joy
Who wrought the lily's white,
Thou too shalt mount upon the clod,
And glory in the light!

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UNITY OF VIBRATION.

BY MINNIE S. DAVIS.

Standing up before the universe, the living man sees in it just a great, sane, living body, corresponsive throughout with his own body—the microcosm exactly balancing the cosmos.

The inmost nature of Nature is seen to be human nature. And the knowledge of it—natural science—is like knowing a man, a genial, resistant, cosmic-tempered man.—CHARLES FERGUSON.

Telepathy, a comparatively new word, is the art of thought-projection or thought-transference and corresponds on the psychic plane to telegraphy on the physical plane. We talk of thought-transference as though it were a new discovery, but indeed it is not so, it is more a rediscovery of what has been recognized and acted upon by philosophers and mystics of all ages. It is said that some of the old masters of occult philosophy taught in silence; that is, their pupils dwelt with them in the solitude of the forest or some secluded retreat, and in daily companionship quietly absorbed the wisdom of the masters. Mind bended with mind and the wisdom of one became light and knowledge to the other.

The Society for Psychical Research has proved to the satisfaction of most thinking people that thought-transference is one of the normal activities of mind. At first it was considered a rare occurrence taking place only under favorable circumstances; a scientific possibility to be proved by careful experiment. But these experiments multiplying on every hand, both by the wise and unlearned, have shown conclusively that thought is dynamic and acts by the one universal law of motion.

When in our conception of the universe we have a realm of mind and a realm of matter governed by distinct and oft-times discordant laws, we miss the unity and harmony of the

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Whole. God is Spirit, and Spirit means breath, and breath is life and gives life. The One Source of life we must admit is Spirit, and that is breathing through all things, animating all creation, moving in and upon souls and atoms by one unchanging law.

Thus we perceive that the law of Being is identical with that of Motion. If we acquaint ourselves with the principles of light we have the key to those of sound, heat and electricity—*we have the key to the law of thought.* With this view of things confusion vanishes and the multitude of realms and laws resolves into a vision of beautiful simplicity and the cosmos is moving in rhythmic harmony under the one perfect law of motion.

How then is thought transferred? We can illustrate it by the telephone. You wish to speak to a friend in a distant city. You speak through the transmitting tube of the telephone and the sound vibrations made by your voice coming in contact with the mechanical arrangement of the instrument are changed into an electrical current which is conveyed without the delay of a second to the magnet at the point which you design to reach, where it is translated again into a sound vibration and your friend hears your words in your own voice. It is mind that sends and mind that receives the message. You think the words you wish to speak, and thought, being dynamic, sets up vibrations in the brain which are directed to the larynx, and here the movement becomes vocal and the sound enters the tube of the telephone and the message speeds on its way. The sound movement acts upon the listening ear causing it to vibrate characteristically, that is, in harmony with the words spoken, and these vibrations are sent to the brain. Here is the crowning wonder; mind, the presiding genius of that marvelous structure, the brain, interprets the movement and hears and understands.

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Wireless telegraphy is one of the latest wonders and before long it will be generally recognized that verbal messages can be sent in the same way. Thought is its own carrier dove. These revelations of later science assist us in the interpretation of the more purely psychical phenomenon of thought-transference. The law is the same as in the transmission of the voice by the telephone. You think earnestly of another and make him the arresting point of your thought. You may do it intentionally, or unintentionally, but the law is operative and he gets more or less of an impression of your thought, according to his state of receptivity. The telephone sometimes works imperfectly and at other times communication is shut off. So with the mental telephone. Then as one often hears messages passing by and going to other offices, so minds sympathetically open to your thought often get an impression of that which you directed to another mind.

How many times one makes a remark and the other exclaims, "How did you think of that? I was just on the point of expressing the same idea!" Many people, sensitive to thought-impression, often get the main point of a letter before it comes to hand. The author of the letter while in the act of writing is sending thought-waves to the one who is to receive, and the real message, which is mental, is communicated before the visible symbol called the letter is presented to the eye.

Again you find yourself thinking earnestly of a friend from whom you have not heard for a long time, and lo! the next mail brings you welcome tidings from him. You may call these cases coincidences, but if we live in a universe in which nothing can happen contrary to law, then even coincidences are fraught with meaning and point to that law as their interpretation.

Our dreams are often the confused remembrance of our waking thoughts and experiences, but sometimes they can only be explained as the result of thought-transference. A lady who

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lives in a luxurious home dreamed one night that she was having a rag carpet put down on her nursery floor. As the chamber devoted to the use of the children was well appointed and in order she could not imagine from whence the dream should come. But before night the key was given her, "Mrs. R., I promised my daughter that I would ask you if you had any old garments which you could give her to cut up into carpet-rags. She is making a carpet. I wanted to ask you yesterday, but felt reluctant to do so, but last night she made me promise to speak to you about it."

Here is the solution. Determining to ask the lady about the carpet-rags had made a strong impression upon her mind, which was transferred to the mental sphere of Mrs. R., and in the night consciousness, blending with her thoughts of home and children, made the dream-picture.

Another lady dreamed over and over that her beloved little nephew was falling and hurting himself. In the morning came the message that the little fellow had fallen out of the carriage and broken his collar bone. Of course when the accident occurred the friends thought of the idolizing aunt and flashed the message to her on the unseen lines of communication.

Sometimes we get these messages in the waking state and there is a sudden sense of confusion and distress which we may not understand, and again they sink into the subconscious mind to rise and report themselves in dreams.

I have a friend who has a scientific mind and at the same time his sixth sense is quite unfolded so that remarkable dreams come to him, many of them being direct evidences of thought-transference. I will select one of the many he has related to me as an illustration.

At one time this gentleman was in business in Boston, not far from Washington Market. He had a large corner window with big lights on both sides. One night he dreamed that as he

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was going to his place of business he was amazed to see this window lined from top to bottom with bananas, and upon entering he found great heaps of bananas piled on the counters and floor. As his business had no connection with fruit he laughed over the dream as a mere absurdity. But about a month later a man from Washington Market came to him saying, "I want to rent your front room and corner window for three or four days. I have a fresh cargo of bananas, they are fine, but pretty ripe and must be sold directly. They will go slow in the market so I will make good terms with you for the use of your window."

Mr. A. replied most decidedly that he would make no terms as the man could not have his window at any price. The fruit dealer urged most strenuously and Mr. A. as positively refused. The two men parted and Mr. A. went out into the street for a walk. On returning, as he approached his place of business, he was almost overcome with amazement and indignation, for there was the coveted and disputed window, just as he had seen it in his dream, filled with great bunches of bananas, and within he found bananas everywhere in piles, and people were already pouring in to purchase. On demanding of his head man the cause of this strange intrusion he learned that the man from Washington Market had taken possession as by authority, saying he had rented the room for three days for the display of his fruit. There seemed nothing to do but submit and quite a little sum was realized by the unwarrantable proceeding.

Now, how did this come about? The fruit dealer would most naturally order his cargo of bananas in advance and would plan how to dispose of them to advantage. Without doubt he had often passed Mr. A.'s window and thought, "What a good show window; I wish I had it!" Thought makes its picture; it always does, for that is the law, and we do things in pictures

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before we act them outwardly, and remember things in pictures also. Memory is a wonderful picture gallery. So the fruit dealer saw the window in mind, arranged it as he intended to do when the bananas should come, and thinking earnestly of it and how he should bring Mr. A. to consent to his plan, sent the mental picture on the thought-lines and hence the dream.

All over the civilized world are messages flashing along the electric wires for business or pleasure or personal interest. What a labyrinth of these wires!—and we contemplate them with a sort of wonder when we consider what they represent. Take them away from the world and what a suspension of business and social intercourse would be the result.

But there are other lines of communication, unseen by the natural eye, passing all over the world, all through the universe indeed, bearing messages from mind to mind, from heart to heart, by a power more subtle and potent than that of electricity. By night and day you are sending messages to all whom you know and love; to all in whom you feel friendly interest; to the little ones you would defend, and the afflicted whom you would comfort. You are also sending messages to those whom you dislike and distrust, to those whom you antagonize and set aside, and would defeat if you could.

And how mighty is thought! It is the motive power of the universe!

When you think tenderly of one you love a blessing goes with the thought, a quickening and brightening of the mental atmosphere, though the dear one may not know from whence the fresh breeze comes to his soul. But if you send anxiety or fear with the thought of love, the result is depression and weakness.

The mother thinks of her boy away at school and worries lest he be careless of his health. He may wet his feet, he may sleep in a draught, he may get nervous and not be able to pass

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a good examination at the close of the term, and all these waves of thought affect him for ill according to the degree of sympathy between the two.

Send brave messages! Those of cheer and courage as well as of love!

Be careful of your silent messages! They tell more than you have ever dreamed of, they strike deeper than you know! Whom are you chilling with your thought of dislike, or weakening with your constant distrust in his power to succeed in any chosen purpose? Whom in your home or social circle are you wounding with the arrows of unspoken criticism and depreciation?

You shrink and say, "Oh, do my thoughts of dislike actually hurt?" And I answer, "They do hurt, and many a life has been cramped and warped by living in an atmosphere of unloving criticism." A thought-wave directed to some tender soul may hurt like a blow, may sting like an insect, may hold like a chain, or it may comfort and heal and encourage, it may bless and uplift and save. Be careful then of your messages! and remember they are ever going out from your mind blessing or hindering, according to the quality of your thought. There are many wordless battle tought in polite society and the actors in such frays do not come off unscathed.

When two street ruffians clinch and fight, broken bones or black eyes or bruised heads testify to the strength of the blows given and received. And it is so on the psychic or thought plane. A lady once suffered from severe neuralgia and she afterward realized that keen feelings of grief and indignation were the cause. She had been spending the summer where there were a number of children temporarily under the care of a lady teacher. She, being extremely fond of children, suffered in seeing the sad mismanagement in this case and the lack of tenderness and justice in government. She longed

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to remonstrate but circumstances were such that it did not seem wise thus to do, and so her indignant reproofs were all in silence. That there was a good cause in her heart did not alter the law; inharmonious thought, stinging thoughts, give forth and bring back inharmony and pain.

The boomerang shows the law of mind. The return wave is sure, for action and reaction are equal. Though often some time may elapse before the reaction is experienced in mind or body it must come, though not recognized as such.

A friend once said to me, "My throat is sore half of the time and I don't see why it should be, for it is a new thing for me."

I asked suggestively, "Do you enjoy the people boarding where you do?" And the reply came like a flash, "No; Mr. and Mrs. B. sit by me at the table and I can hardly endure them! We have nothing in common, and they are so purse proud and supercilious! I sometimes go late to dinner on purpose to avoid them."

"And so," I said, "with every dinner you partake of aversion and annoyance, for even when you go late you think how you are avoiding them and are restrained and uncomfortable. You swallow what you don't like and the poor throat gets the effect of the thought and by and by the stomach will begin to rebel likewise."

With dilating eyes and a half-frightened look in them, my friend exclaimed, "Yes, I half believe you are right, but what can I do?"

"You can change these unhappy vibrations and their effect on the body only by change of thoughts. Love these people if you can; like them moderately at least and be determined to see something good and acceptable in them. But if you are not morally strong enough to do that then change your boarding place and forget them."

Health depends largely on unity of vibration. All life mani-

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fests capacity for vibration and we must learn to vibrate in harmony with the weather, places, things, and people in order to be well and happy.

I will quote from Stintson Jarvis in *The Arena,* who expresses himself on this subject in such sentences as deserve to be cherished as aphorisms.

"Mesmerism (otherwise hypnotism) is one process for producing unity of vibration.

"Pleasant social intercourse and friendship are approaches to unity of vibration.

"Love is unity of vibration on the spiritual plane.

"Music is the language of the world of vibration and produces and alters the soul phases by establishing unities of vibration.

"Unhappiness, of which the proper name is discord, is lack of unity of vibration.

"Health, both spiritual and physical, means in tune."

Hypnotism illustrates unity of vibration very strongly. It is recorded that in a surgical operation where hypnotism was used, just before the patient recovered consciousness, the surgeon, who was also the hypnotist, carelessly cut his hand in handling the instruments. The patient was afterward asked if she had suffered in the operation and she replied, "No, only when I cut my hand."

A young lady suffering from a nervous malady was occasionally put into the mesmeric sleep by her physician and left in that state to awaken naturally at a given hour. This doctor, who used botanic remedies, was in the habit of tasting the medicine before administering it, and several times the girl in the mesmeric trance was heard to expostulate very indignantly with her doctor for tasting "such bitter, horrid stuff," when he himself was a mile or more away, with another patient.

The well-known fact that water and oil will not combine

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without a third element has given rise to a homely phrase which has passed into an adage: "Oil and water will not mix." So we sometimes say of such and such people, "There is no use in trying to bring them together, for though oil is good and water is good, they will not mix."

Balzac makes Louis Lambert (one of his finest idealizations) say with charming simplicity of some one, "He does not belong to my heaven," just as another would say, "We are not on visiting terms."

How suggestive! The thoughts and desires and purposes of these people are so unlike that there is no concord between them. There is literally no point of contact and they pass each other by as do the oil and water on their respective planes. They interpret life by different standards and image their heaven of good from unlike realms.

One of my acquaintances was in the habit of saying of people whose thoughts did not move along in lines harmonious with her own, "Oh, he is well enough, but he is not on my electric plane!" That simply meant they could not therefore enjoy or understand each other; it was a fact of necessity, not of choice.

From one point of view this glimpse of these conditions and their meaning makes it less difficult to rise above the sense of repulsion or friction caused by intercourse with personalities unpleasantly opposed to ours. We instinctively take the ground that we must go our own way independent of these people if permitted, but if not we can ignore or endure their influence as best we may.

And, moreover, these experiences lead us to think we could be happy when dwelling with certain people who awaken harmony in our souls, while it is difficult, nay even impossible, to act our best selves or grow toward the ideal good when living with those who jar or antagonize us. These facts reveal

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a fragmentary truth which gives us light for a season; then, if we are sincere seekers after the universal truth, which alone can bring soul harmony, we try to find the place of this fragment and its relation to the great unity. Why will not oil and water mix? Why can they not?

The scientist tells us that no harmonious vibration can be obtained by pouring the two together from the fact that the vibrations of the molecules of water and the vibrations of the molecules of oil are so positively dissimilar; in short, the dance of the molecules of water and the dance of the molecules of oil are set to two very different tunes. The molecules of the one go in paths so dissimilar to the paths of the other that they are not drawn aside, but steadily pursue their own appointed way.

You remember the illustration of the geometrical figures produced on the sand by the vibrations of the bow of the violin, and that of the lady singing into the receiver and causing forms to be traced on sensitive paste similar to frost-pictures on the window pane, and the necessary conclusion that sound movements or heat movements or in fact any movement in the ether, produced forms. Keep this thought in mind and with it hold the picture that all bodies—solid (so called), fluid, or gaseous—are held in equilibrium by harmonious and characteristic vibrations. If our eyes were open to this beautiful manifestation we should see that every object had its own particular play of movement like a dance set to a particular tune.

Now, the key-note of a melody is the fundamental note, its first and last, and to which the whole is referred. So everything has its keynote. That is why oil and water cannot mix; they have no common keynote. Then we take some alkali (which is a form of salt) and put the three together, and lo! harmony and union are established

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and we have a new article, neither oil nor water, nor salt, but soap. This is because salt has a unifying principle and its dance of vibration can harmonize with many other bodies.

If we could perceive the molecular action of a block of granite we should doubtless see a slow and perhaps stately movement with few variations. A piece of wood would show us a different play of movements and other pieces of wood, harder or softer, other more or less intricate dances of the molecules.

Let me put before your mind's eye a piece of black lead, a diamond in the rough, and a superbly cut diamond fresh from the hands of the lapidary. How slow, how very lethargic must be the movements of the molecules of the lead. The diamond at its side has vibrations inconceivably rapid and complex. What has made the difference between these two pieces of carbon? Wise men tell us that electrical conditions have wrought upon the one to bring it to this high degree of evolution. Fire has again and again, through the ages, purified it from coarse particles of matter and heightened and heightened its vibrations until we have the wonderful diamond.

Then comes in the thought and will of man to raise the diamond to a still higher power. Its coarser accretions are ground away and it is cut and polished with consummate skill until it flashes the light from a hundred facets and is fitted to adorn the coronet of a princess.

The black carbon represents the soul in its earliest stages of growth before self-consciousness was very much manifested. The mind of man then was sleeping and dimly dreaming, or lazily awakening to look about him with a vague sense of power.

The uncut diamond represents man in a high state of civilization and awake and alert on the intellectual plane. This seemingly desirable state has been brought about only through long

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periods of struggle with the elements and his own nature and with fiery conflicts with his brother man whom he has not recognized as his brother.

But there is a higher degree of perfection for man to attain even on the earth; like the diamond in the rough the soul must be polished and wrought upon to bring out its latent possibilities. And so the Great Refiner proceeds with his work of purifying and quickening the soul that he has made. As the idea of the diamond is hidden in the black carbon so in the least awakened soul is hidden the germ of the shining Christ child!

But the soul shrinks and quivers and cries out in anguish, "Why, O, why this great disappointment? Why all these needless wounds and why this fearful ordeal?" But the polishing and refining go on until the shrinking ceases and the cries are stilled in a sense of peace and wonder, and the soul is awakened to see life in all its relations as beautiful and good. It is illuminated, and like the perfected diamond flashes light in every direction. It is not merely the money value of the diamond, it is not alone its wonderful beauty that makes it an object to such attraction and interest; it has a subtle power suggestive of soul life.

When we reflect that the piece of black carbon slowly vibrating in its own darkness has in it all the potentialities of the diamond, that it may already be started on the way to some such shining goal, we look upon it with profound respect; we see in it a beautiful meaning and purpose—in short a prophecy.

How then should we regard the struggling and tempted souls about us? Those in semi-darkness, those in the dim morning light, and others dazzled by the luster of truth which they cannot yet apprehend and hence cannot appropriate wisely? How then should we regard our own efforts and failures and successes? All in the light of evolution.

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Each one is a soul marching through the "Great Forever" to find his inheritance and his God, and thus he is to find himself.

This view of life awakens in us tenderness toward the young, charity for the erring, and reverence for each and every soul. Honor the immortal soul, no matter what the external guise, nor where it is placed on the infinite pathway of progress. This attitude toward life and humanity uplifts one and makes positive, harmonious vibration of mind and body. Attitude toward life as a whole and its individual experiences is of mighty import. It decides many questions for good or ill. Look life calmly in the face, go forward fearlessly and joyously around obstacles, or through them or over them as the case may be, and doors open here or there most unexpectedly and happily and new vistas invite you to other experiences and broader opportunities. But crouch and fear and every door of opportunity seems barred and opens not to your trembling touch. Or advance doubtfully with cynical glances cast upon humanity and bitterness and railing toward Providence in your heart, then barren is the world around you and thorny is your path.

This reactionary power of attitude is shown in the smallest events of life.

A gifted boy of my acquaintance was learning to play on the violin. His mother remarked to me, "It is surprising how differently my boy's practising affects me from that of other children. I fairly enjoy it." Her love for her boy, her cherished hopes in regard to him, made even delightful that which in another case would have been most annoying.

Here is the problem solved in a nut-shell: You decide the attitude, and the attitude decides the effect of circumstance upon you. *You decide the attitude!*

Some other mother's son is practising on a musical instrument. Hear it with *her* ears. Some other mother's son is trying his skill in this or that department of life,—experiment-

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ing rudely and failing—experimenting with his slowly developing powers and going wide of the mark. See with *her* eyes, feel with *her* heart, and then your attitude toward him is not only the right one, but the one that will bring harmony into your life instead of discord, for you cannot dislike anything or anybody without receiving the return wave, the responding vibration.

WITHIN.

Life is bitter, we cry,
Filled with care and pain;
Pause, discouraged one, look within,
Find there the cause and blame.

So ready are we to ask
For others to lighten the way,
Ne'er trusting our God within
To brighten the darkest day.

We know that God is love,
Our life is a part of His own,
The soul window to each is given
And the light has ever shone.

The power we all possess
To send our thoughts of love,
May raise the discouraged one
From depths to heights above.

EMMA L. STAMPER.

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THE LAW OF SUPPLY.

BY ELIZABETH READ.

In the latter part of the Nineteenth Century and the beginning of the present one, the current of progressive thought has been turned strongly to a higher degree of harmonious expression.

As we turn our gaze pityingly on the masses of sick, deformed and listless humanity, so also must we consider the millions of the limited, joyless individuals classed among the world's poor.

To fail of expressing one's life because of a weak physical body is surely no worse than to fail because of a lack of power to attract the material means for such expression.

It is not my intention to make any attempt to prove that the realm of Mind is the plane of Cause, but rather to speak directly to those who being convinced of this are struggling, ever so vainly, to bring into play a higher, purer motive power.

Three points offer themselves for consideration: the first of these is the great point of Concentration.

Concentration is the seed thought, the one great key to all success. To focus the whole of one's being upon any act is to make that act a success; and to continue to focus upon each successive act is to round out one's days in one supreme achievement. Many a life is wrecked upon the shoals of memory, that wasteful scattering of one's force into the should-be-forgotten past, and many a life is wrecked by dreams of a future. This sending thought force ahead or dragging it behind will wreck any life. Conserve force! Live in the Now! Center your whole being in the duty of the hour. Be yourself in all your

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God-given power! Humanity is living below its plane. For that reason and that reason only are we a race of sufferers. If we would arise in the might of our humanity, then would we be masters of circumstance and its slaves. Then would we move in the plane of our destined manhood, *living at our level.* This can only be done step by step; conquering the problem of the moment by concentrated effort. Wash your dishes, sweep your floor, carry hod with the quiet concentration that makes no waste motion. Apply your force right there. The to-morrow will not be far distant when that conservation of energy will have conquered at that point, and you will by the unerring law of *attainment* have attracted a higher grade of labor. The habit of applying your force being once attained it is very easy to turn it upon the new work, and so step by step as a conqueror you rest until you reach the level of your point of evolution. There you move as in a niche fitted to you and at last because at home you are satisfied; the restless currents of your being, so long battling against closed doors, have their natural outflow.

How long do you think the question of poverty would exist if each individual was at his level? The vacant room at the top would be filled with happy workers, the masses of crowded, suppressed humanity would be free to rise to the middle ranks, and those children of the race just entering into the plane of conscious growth would find room to stand erect in the beginning of the struggle. To-day they are crippled by the inefficiency of those who should be beyond.

For the sake of yourselves, for the sake of the man next below, for the sake of all, concentrate. *Be all* you can be *right now.*

The topic of concentration is too vast to have more than a passing consideration. Suffice to say it is the one subject that should merit the study of every earnest thinker.

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The real subject of consideration is the poor man himself. We are all familiar with his external condition; it is the internal condition we would analyze. We would apply the surgeon's knife to the mental organ and find out if possible the location of the abnormal growth and the defective circulation.

There is usually the lack of concentration already described. This is the first and probably the most serious malformation, but there are two others quite as important if not quite as obvious. There is a lack of self-confidence which might be classed under the head of fear. A distrust of the power of attraction. If we would only study nature more, for the laws made so apparent to us in the plane of matter are the very laws that act so unerringly on the plane of mind. The one is an object lesson plain to see, and when once comprehended becomes easily translated into mental language, and can be used successfully in solving mental problems. It is all so very simple that no wonder one of old said that "Except ye become as little children ye can in no wise enter the kingdom of heaven." Our intellects have become so abnormally active that they prevent our seeing these self-evident truths.

The law of attraction in nature is a very obvious one. We all know that each atom in our earth is held in place by the attractive force of every other atom. That the planets sweep through the heavens with unerring precision. So also on the mental plane each individual is an important factor in the whole. We are powers of attraction. The inflow is there. Why do we not receive it? Nothing but disease on the mental plane, a lack of receptivity, a doubt of one's ability. We turn our power of attraction into repulsion. The natural supply bounds off because we are not open to receive it. If we recognized our oneness with all nature; that law was universal; that there was not even one single exception, we would then know that the sunlight of supply fell on all, that man was Divinely opulent,

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and had only to recognize that opulence to receive in full measure for all his needs.

True wealth is not over supply. To be cumbered with useless property is as much a falling short of the completion of the law as is lack. True wealth is the power to attract according to one's needs.

In the old time wealth was acquired by physical methods. The strongest man, the best warrior, won the daughter of the king with all her lands and jewels. He became the first man in the kingdom. Next came a reign of pure intellectual attraction, when the man who could make the best mental plans held the land; he who could make the "best bargain" in fact could take in the most points intellectually was the winner. Now we are entering upon an age of spiritual force. The newly developed spiritual powers are beginning to be the factors. It is he who is best rounded who can give the most harmonious expression of himself in the plane he is in that is truly wealthy; such a one does not desire an over-abundance and would not be burdened with the cares of useless material, but draws the daily manna for daily needs.

He holds himself an instrument for Divine expression, finding ever at his hand that which he can use, in the expression of himself and in his service for the whole, receiving and transmitting according to the need of his being his capacity for use.

This brings me to the third topic—transmission. When the man who has been once successful finds his business waning, his first impulse is to retrench—to be a little more economical than before—in order that the already lessened income may be sufficient for actual needs. The mental state that prompts this is one of distrust in the law of supply, a condition of fear which always works ill.

The one thing to be grasped is the fact that the outflow must equal the inflow in the world of forms. There is a law of

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spiritual circulation. Again we may learn from the law expressed in nature. An individual may be compared to a stream branching off into independent life from its source. In order to preserve the natural flow of the waters there must be an outflow equal to all of the inflow except that which may be spent in nourishing the growth along its banks. If the outflow is stopped by débris the stream soon becomes a stagnant pool, foul odors arise from the once sweet waters and marsh grasses and slimy growths take the place of the once lively green dappled with daisies and violets that grew along its banks. This is a typical illustration of the poor man whose life has stopped its outflow because of fear of want, and so long as the outflow is stopped the want increases; the many forms of unhappiness growing greater as each successive heart-beat of life from the universal source of all is passed by with no answering throb. And how shall he begin to restore his condition? Only by making outlets, letting the waters flow and the new revivifying currents enter and pass on in healthful flow into other channels.

Know that the great heart of the eternal is ever striving to send its life currents to the remotest parts of its great organism. Open to receive and then pass the current on to the streams dependent upon you.

Give, Give, Give! I say to the poor man most of all give. Stop looking anxiously for Supply and turn your earnest thought in the opposite direction. What can you send out? There are always those needing anything we may have. Is there a trunk with garments saved that may "some day come in good turn?" To-day is the day. See if some one does not need them *now*. Are there books unread? Send them out; a piece of furniture, unused, dishes, anything and everything you don't use, get them moving. The law is onward, onward, flow onward! Make a vacuum! Then and then only will there be

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room for new to enter. In the realm of thought it is the same. Are your thoughts going out with loving creative power? Send them out. There are numbers of diseased bodies because of unused thoughts. Chronic mental dyspeptics, who eat, eat, eat continually, yet never digest or assimilate with the blood of their own lives. Read little and give that little a good mental chewing, then put it into the circulation of your mental bodies. Thoughts are things and no one is too poor to send out strong thoughts, loving words and helpful acts. If you have not a roof over your head nor a crust to eat, you can yet give of your mental self and that giving will draw supply to you. If we would regulate this outflow the inflow would surely follow, we would be balanced creatures. Those of us who are seeking spiritual powers must give largely. We are awakening the higher forces of our being. We are drawing larger life forces with every aspiration. We must give off, also we must use, in our scale of labor, else we transgress the law of our being. These steps are natural and must be taken bravely, fearlessly. In this way and this way only will we give that most necessary of gifts—room for our neighbor.

The law of supply then includes these elements: Momentary concentration, a recognition of inherent power to attract, and the fearless outflow of physical, material and mental essence.

LET not future things disturb thee, for thou wilt come to them if it shall be necessary, having with thee the same reason which now thou usest for present things.—*Marcus Antoninus.*

THE all-embracing knowledge of God associated with the act of giving existence is a solemn pledge on his part that the existence given shall prove a final blessing to its possessor.—*Thomas B. Thayer.*

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THE WIND AND THE SOUL.

BY KATE ALEXANDER.

High up among the crags lives a Wind that whistles and shrieks in fury at the mountain peaks which bar its way to the green fields at their feet. Round and round it whirls, higher and higher it mounts, until even the loftiest peak no longer offers resistance; and, rushing, moaning, crashing, it sweeps all before it in its passionate course onward. The tallest oaks bend, their boughs snap and break; the eagle flies screaming to its nest in the top of the tall cypress, only to find it a broken mass, fluttering as a toy on the breast of a wave.

Onward, onward, sweeps the Wind, but more slowly, quieter, it is reaching the longed-for goal—the valley of peace. Softly, gently, its passion spent, it enters the valley; there is scarcely a motion of the blades of corn as it passes, the beautiful rhythm of the waving grain is its rhythm, the gentle zephyr that stirs the curls of the child which is seated beside the rippling stream, is all that is left of its impetuous power—excepting the great sigh which still lingers among the crags and floats restlessly, through the highest boughs of the forest. Only the Wind knows why the sigh was born.

Once a human Soul, fired with the power and zeal of youth, rushed into the battle of life. The will to conquer was strong within it. Obstacles were swept away from its pathway as straws before the wind. Honor, fame and power were all written on an unsullied banner.

At last, worn out with the strife and turmoil, old age, with its softly falling snows and gently ripening fruits, was a welcome companion, and life seemed to have rounded out in beautiful simplicity its fullness of years.

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But, deep in the Soul, so deep that it was hidden from all but the Soul alone, dwelt a great sigh—in the rush for fame and power the Soul had forgotten—Love.

And the sigh of a soul is deeper and more mournful than the sigh of the Wind.

TO A PRODIGAL.

In a "far country" hast thou been,
With swine for company;
But there's light in thy father's house
And welcome there for thee.

Arise and go, make no delay,
For time is flying fast.
Thy folly own, pardon receive,
Aside they sorrow cast.

Thy "father's house" is thine own soul,
God's kingdom lies within.
Thought is the highway leading there—
Thy journey home begin.

ELIZABETH FRY PAGE.

The brightest days of life abound,
Not all in light—in shadows, too.
No day so dark but there is found
Somewhere, a glimpse of heaven's blue.

W. S. WHITACRE.

To live—blest boon of heaven's Will,
To learn makes living sweeter still;
To love—oh, solace of the soul,
To die—to reach Love's living goal.

W. S. WHITACRE.

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AN ELEMENT IN CHARACTER BUILDING.

BY ALMIRA BIXBY.

We look upon a painted canvas and say: "Here is the expression of a man's thought; this that we look upon is the language by which he speaks to us and communicates himself."

On the same principle, may not the external world be a form of language by which God seeks to communicate Himself; and may not the power to understand and interpret be the measure of advance in conscious life? I say, to recognize and interpret; to know from the little flower "what God and man is," that is the wide interpretation which sees all things in all relations.

In the flower-world what miracles of beauty, and how diverse, distinct and individual in character! How does it all come about? What fine instinct determines the rose to appropriate from soil and atmosphere those elements which represent its essential nature; to weave from them a garment for itself; and to create a fragrance that breathes from its heart, as with a voice, saying: "I am the Rose?" And how do the sun-flower, the holly-hock and the rhododendron, like skillful artificers, draw from the same material; and, with delicate choices of texture, of tint, and of color, weave and shape and paint, each for itself, the dress it is pleased to wear?

Are the natural laws which govern these processes laws of the spiritual world, also, and meant, it may be, as guides for us; as interpreters, side-lights, as it were, the one for the other, of these supplemental parts of the perfect whole?

As we look into the life of a flower, we find what is representative, in a way, of that which goes on in the mental life and

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the spiritual; selection, appropriation, assimilation of the elements which characterize the individual. In the inner, as in the outer world, some subtle chemistry transforms the choices and the substance of the shifting thoughts of every day into soul-structure and fibre of character; into tints and shades, so to speak, of individuality. In the main, the same material from which to draw, exists for all; sub-soil of inheritance and potential being, and over and around, a spiritual atmosphere like the sky and the stars.

In searching for the principle which governs selection or choice, we face a problem which is very complex; but the farther human life reaches back into the past, the more nearly equal must have been the possible choices along the ancestral lines of individuals. Natural tendencies in choice are modified, too, by that inheritance which comes through established institutions of church and state, as well as by the limiting environment of neighborhood and family; hence wide differences appear, in taste, disposition and mental power.

Two persons, for instance, read the same daily paper and their interest, perhaps, leads them to select no item in common. One finds a species of delight in hunting and the "bagging" of game; another would find the chase as a pastime or recreation morally impossible. One looks upon nature with an eye chiefly for corn and crops and "fodder;" Burns, fine and sensitive in spirit, sees and loves the "wee crimson-tipped flower," and so on indefinitely.

The parting of the ways lies in the trend of initial choices; certain lines of choice become habitual, give character, color, and quality of life.

To a limited degree we are from antecedent causes beyond control, what we are to-day; yet behind all ancestral influences, or conditions of environment of whatever sort, and more powerful than they, is that supreme gift of God to every soul, the

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power to become whatever it will; whatever it will, for human nature is so constituted that no evil thing has power to enlist all its forces beyond a very limited time. A narrow, selfish and unworthy purpose is doomed by a fatal inability to persist; volition weakens by no necessity save that the object sought from its very nature, loses power to satisfy.

It is worth while to remember that all the possible roads to success and happiness lead Godward. There is no progress secure in any other direction. Greed of power or place, or selfhood in some other form may rule for a time; but warring elements disturb and overthrow, over and over again, just as many times as is necessary in order to evolve a purpose that can satisfy and is worthy to live. Thus far, this is the record of history.

As Charles F. Dole in his "Progress of Civilization" has said: "There is no place where a lie can stay. The universe simply will not receive it." So with all the evil things, they have no abiding place; but the things that are right and just and true and beautiful are fixed in the moral order of the world.

All life is bound to the Central Life, as the planets are to some central sun. Every experience calls to higher levels, to self-conquest; and every advance finds some incentive to pass just a little farther on for the joy, the satisfaction, the larger vision that waits there.

The unrest, the constant outlook on every side for some new form of amusement, for some exciting experience that shall please by its novelty, implies lack of development, lack of power to observe things in their true relation; and, above all, to know oneself as a vital factor in the ethical world-order and bound to contribute to it the beauty of a perfect life.

It takes long to realize that it is:

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"The soul forever and forever,
Longer than soil is brown and solid;
Longer than water ebbs and flows."

Certain material things may be beyond the reach; but round about us on every side is the universe of thought which may be had for our working. Everywhere are intimations; windows where new vistas open; paths where truth waits to lead us on, and on, and on.

As in the material world, may there not be a system of forces in the domain of mind, determining its world, also, in essential unity; so that here, too, there is interplay, interaction; and every life in touch with every other life, the good and the evil alike, leaving their impress on the individual, on the community, and on the larger life of the state? Why is it irrational to suppose that there exists some means of communication for thought through a medium distinctively its own? "The Time-Spirit" calls from his cleft in the ages; and yet, we move heedlessly on, blind and deaf, as it were, in a universe luminous and voiceful, and which would kindle the soul into praise, if we would but see and listen and understand.

"Every attainment is only a camp for the night;
When the daybreak comes pushing his beams through the mist,
Rebuilding the palace of light;
Then up and away to the summit afar,
Toward the peak hanging dreamlike and eerie,
Under the morning star."

MARKHAM.

BEAUTIFUL is the good man's regard for all other members of the great human family, when nothing that is human is alien to his heart, when the sight of the weak, the ignorant, and the poor, reminds him that we are all of one primal nature, and that the law of kindness is the supreme law for man.—*Nicholas P. Gilman.*

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

JANUARY, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FOUR

IT writes and sounds just a little strange and unreal at first, but in a few weeks this will have passed away and the years that have come and gone will be to us the unreal or the dream-land that we have passed. We begin the New Year with new aspirations, greater desires to be and to do the things that we know we are capable of being and doing. We promise ourselves new and greater achievements, and by and by that which seemed new a little while ago, that which seemed essential to our well being is lost sight of and we lose ourselves in the materialism of the everyday world. It is well for us that we should have the different seasons in the physical world to remind us of that which is taking place in our own lives, that one change is followed by another, all necessary in their turn, each season bringing its own particular message and the different messages corresponding to different stages in the growth and the development of man, because there is nothing in the great outer world that has not its living counterpart in the life of man. Man may read the book of his own life in nature.

In a never ending circle the seasons repeat themselves over and over again. Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter. If this outer, then, is a correspondence of what is taking place in the inner life of man, it might seem as though after all little was being accomplished, and that man was chained to the awful monotony of passing through a never ending procession of seasons in which the same things occurred *ad infinitum*. If we look at an oak tree in the springtime we see it leaf out; in the

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summer it is luxuriant in its growth; in the autumn the leaves color and gradually fall away; in winter we have the naked tree. The seasons roll around and the same conditions are repeated. If we only observed the changes referred to we would remain unconscious of the great vital fact that each year the tree is growing a little larger, that in the fulness of time the tree will attain to the measure of the stature of a perfect oak. When we cut the trunk of a tree across the grain we find circle after circle and these circles stand for seasons in the growth of the tree, some larger, some smaller, according as the season has been favorable or otherwise. The tree is only an outer symbol of that which is taking place in the life of man. Sometimes under favorable conditions our circle of life is enlarged, then again under unfavorable conditions we do not show the same gain; yet little by little, year by year, growth and development take place and must take place whether we call the seasons good or ill. The life that is within must find its expression without in our ever-widening circle until at last man attains to the measure of the fulness of the perfect man.

Sometimes we wonder whether MIND *is* fulfilling the mission which it is our fondest hope and desire that it may fill; a lamp lighted to throw light on the way of life and possibly make this world a little happier and a little better because it has lived. A magazine is not a dead thing, but something animated with a life and feeling that different writers have tried to put into form so that that form might carry within itself the spirit of the message the writer had to give. We have tried to make MIND ever carry with it the spirit of optimism, of hope and good will to all who might become interested in its message. From first to last it has been a work of love—from the worldly side of life it has profited us nothing—we have given many hours of time in earnest thought and work in the effort

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to make the magazine somewhat worthy of the cause it supported. If it has brought a message of joy and gladness and hope into the lives of some of its readers we will feel more than repaid for the time and effort we have put into it.

At times too we wonder if New Thought people are really vitally interested in the success of the cause. Quite frequently we have subscribers write to us that they are in full sympathy with the movement and the good that the magazine is doing but they will have to discontinue their subscription. Many who write thus can afford to pay $2 for a theatre ticket but it seems a tax on their pocketbook to subscribe to a magazine which they say is doing a good work. We do not feel that it is our province to criticise yet we do say that if people are vitally interested in the progress of the New Thought they could not help but know that each subscription to the magazine made it possible to give to the world a little better magazine because they had aided the work. Again the subscribers who take it year after year and write us that they could not possibly do without it might take a few minutes of their time to interest some one else by bringing it to their attention. The editor cannot see why he should be more vitally interested than others who have derived the same benefit from the New Thought teaching.

It has been our custom for the last two years to publish biographic sketches and portraits of the prominent leaders in the New Thought movement. This feature, for a time at least, will be discontinued. The editor has felt some delicacy in having a biographic sketch of himself appear in the magazine, but having received a number of requests from subscribers he has thought fit under the circumstances to consent to its publication. Than the Rev. R. Heber Newton there is no one in all the

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world that he would have preferred to have written the sketch. We esteem it no light honor to have such a man write of us in the outspoken sympathetic way in which Dr. Newton writes, and the loving friendship shown by Dr. Newton to us in his biographic sketch is most thoroughly reciprocated. The readers of MIND will be interested to know that Dr. Newton is fully restored to health and has not looked so well for years as he does at the present time. For some time past Dr. Newton has been taking a much needed rest but we confidently look forward to his taking up his work in even a more vigorous way than he has been able to do for the last few years.

With this number we begin the publication of a dissertation on "Theosophy—What It Is and What It Is Not." It will probably run about four months in MIND and will then be brought out in pamphlet form and placed on sale by The Alliance Publishing Company. It is not too much to say that this is one of the most able and authoritative expositions of this very interesting subject that has appeared in any magazine for years.

The article headed "Unity of Vibration" in this issue is a chapter from Miss Minnie S. Davis' forthcoming book, "Living Counterparts: A Study of Vibration." This book will be placed on sale in a short time, and can be secured from the Alliance Publishing Company.

MIND makes its salutation to its readers at the beginning of the New Year in a new dress and with an increased number of pages. We hope our friends will like the change, affording, as it does, more space for the expression of the thought of our contributors. On account of the increased size we have raised the subscription price of the magazine from $2 to $2.50 a year, and the price of single copies from 20 cents to 25 cents. It is our desire to make MIND greater, broader, and more representative of all phases of the New Thought movement than ever before, and we hope to have the assistance of all our friends in doing so.

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THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

Conducted by

FLORENCE PELTIER.

FOR THE PARENTS.

QUESTIONS.

Know you of mortal, be he saint or sage,
Who voicing can impart, or pen the page,
So aught but a father may comprehend
The emotion his child does heartward send
When its small timid hand in his is laid,
And a sweet voice whispers, "I'm not afraid!"

Exists there hierarchy, celestial band,
Or angels of light who can understand
The joy transcendant our Father feels,
When, silent, a humble kinsman kneels,
And, forsaking self, puts his timid soul
Into those strong Hands that guardeth the whole?

FREDERIC GILLMUR.

SLEEP SUGGESTIONS IN CHILD TRAINING.

In making the statement that you can mold your children into practically what you will, I do not mean to too strongly affirm that you can develop an artist or a broker out of a born farmer or musician; but I do intend to convey the idea that most evils and physical and mental dangers of childhood can be averted, or modified, by a remedy, which, though it is quite aside from the simple science of hygiene, as we ordinarily look at it, yet should be applied with the latter. I refer to the law of mental suggestion.

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It is doubtless well known to most of you that people in the hypnotic state are highly susceptible to suggestion. It is in this way that many nervous and other affections are eradicated, though it be hardly practicable in the case of contagious diseases. For instance, a patient suffering from a stomach trouble, if not cancerous, or too deeply organic (and even then it is amenable to suggestions of health), may be cured by magnetic or hypnotic suggestions, such as arouse his natural strength and resistance to disease, and bring about a normal condition of the stomach tissues.

Now, in natural sleep, are some of the conditions of hypnosis, so that a careful operator, viz., father or mother, may talk to the child, while it is resting, and thereby impress upon its mind thoughts and advice and commands which we know are too frequently unheeded by the child, in its waking state.

Much of the difference between normal sleep and hypnosis consists in the fact that the former overpowers by nature, while the latter is induced through a force applied, ordinarily, by another person. But with even this slight similarity, the mind of a sleeping child, or even an older person—all that is required being that the human creature has passed the stage of mere animal infancy—may be fed upon the thought-ideals communicated to it by words.

Talk in a low voice so as not to arouse the little sleeper, though, doubtless, most children would not be much disturbed by a parent's voice. Day after day impress upon the child-mind the necessity of obedience, love, honor, duty, etc., giving it also strength of will and purpose as it becomes older. If the child has a disagreeable turn toward viciousness, you will firmly but tenderly impart mildness and sweet temper and purity. The sweetness of the mother love will thus become a part of the offspring, and by methods that, if we will but believe it, are as natural to the law of nature as is the day.

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Not all children may be in need of such training; but upon those that are, begin adopting this method, even though you look upon it but as an experiment (and it has been practically demonstrated), hardly worth the time of trying; then watch for changes in the mind of the child during its waking hours. Be not discouraged if they do not show immediately. They will come with patience.

So, be thus as zealous of instilling ideals upon the sleeping as upon the wide-awake child, for your words are immeasurably more certain of producing lasting impressions. All the caution that I have to give is, when molding a character by these sleep-talks, do not make the mind before you believe it must depend upon you for all its strength. Teach it to follow your precepts, but to rely upon its own powers, under those of God, which, indeed, are its own, for the furtherance of a pure, strong, and individual manhood or womanhood; and you will have fulfilled a responsible portion of your duties as guardians of the public weal.

WILLIS EDWIN HURD.

NOTE: We feel bound to say that personally we agree with the writer in regard to his method of treating children when they are asleep; but we substitute *mental* for *hypnotic* treatment; for the former strengthens while the latter weakens the subject's will-power. F. P. P.

WHAT you keep by you, you may change and mend;
But words once spoke can never be recalled.

Roscommon.

HE who tells a lie is not sensible how great a task he undertakes; for he must be forced to invent twenty lies more to maintain that one.—*Pope.*

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FOR THE CHILDREN.

WHAT THE SNOWFLAKES DID.

"They deem us frail and tiny and of but little worth—
We'll give to people different views—these denizens of earth!"
Thus said the Queen of Snowflakes at their convention grand,
When they resolved their might to prove to dwellers on the land.

They came in vast battalions, for days, one, two, and three,
They mantled high the hilltops and shrouded dale and lea;
Then they most rudely frolicked with the Northern Wind so bold,
Who roughly tumbled them in drifts in every track and wold.

'Twas thus the mighty steam-horse, upon his long steel track,
Could not his burden pull ahead nor even push it back!
The fragile, tiny snowflakes then proved their might and power
By stopping Traffic's countless trains for many a dreary hour.

FANNY L. FANCHER.

"When Nature has put off her green robes, when the fields have become bare, the streams and lakes ice-bound, and the hum of bees and the songs of the birds are no longer heard, then God opens His treasure-house and brings forth jewels for the coronation of the year. He throws over the earth a robe of purest white, He festoons each shrub and tree with diamonds and pearls, and bids every beholder rejoice in these manifestations of His skill. For all the beauty of the earth is but the outward expression of the beauty which dwells in the Divine Mind. Each six-leaved blossom of winter had its pattern in His thought before it was created; and all the diversities of its forms show the wealth of His resources even in the smallest things. So God has not left Himself 'without witness' for a single season. Each has its message from heaven, unfolding His glories, and bidding man behold and adore."

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"Fairy little snowflakes,
Dancing as ye fall,
Resting on the rough old rock
By the garden wall,
There's no spot so dreary,
Naught so black and cold,
But your mantle may o'erspread
With its falling fold.

. . . . . .

"What are ye, fair snowflakes,
To the King of kings?
Unto him who walketh
On the wind's swift wings,
Maketh clouds his chariot,
Light no man can see
Weareth for a garment—
Snowflakes, what are ye?

"Of his spotless purity
But a shadow dim
And the silence of our coming
Speaketh, too, of him.
Mortals, stay your teardrops!
One day you shall know
What it is to be like him,
'Whiter than the snow.'"

LITTLE DUCKY DAR-CUT.

There was once a little duck who lived in a place called "Four Corners," but the little duck called it the "End-of-the-World," because, from his barnyard he could never see the sun except when it was going down at night. The barnyard was a very comfortable home, but the little duck found fault with everything. His greatest trouble was that he had a stepmother, a kind-hearted but very fussy old hen. She did not understand that he was not like her little chickens, and when he went in swimming, she persisted in standing on the shore and cackling. She called him "Chick," too, and that made his

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feathers stand on end. "Chick" indeed! As though any one could not see he was a duck. He was too small to take entire care of himself, and, on cold nights, he really didn't mind nestling close to the mother-hen and the little chickens; but daytimes he did not like to follow with the others and to run when his mother called:

"Cluck, cluck, cluck, ker-dar-cut! Cluck, cluck, cluck, ker-dar-cut!"

Oh, he hated the sound of that cackling voice, and the worst of it was that when the turkeys and geese and roosters and all his aunts, uncles, and cousins saw him waddling after the old hen, they called him "Ducky Dar-cut." This was awful!

"O, dear!" the little duck would say, "I really cannot stand this any longer. I will run away!" This seemed a very bold thing for a little duck to do, but he was a very brave little duck. So, one day, when he went in for a swim and his stepmother began to cackle, he kept right on across the big pond. He was very tired when he crawled out on the further side and glad enough to rest awhile in the sun. Then, feeling hungry, he started to hunt for some worms. He thought with a sigh of the nice corn-meal the farmer's boy brought to the barnyard every day and said:

"Well, I've got to work for a living, now, I suppose—that's part of running away. But it's very restful not to hear my stepmother cackling and not to be called 'Ducky Dar-cut.'"

So, he began pecking about for his dinner, but found very little. The sun was not shining very brightly, and he felt cold as well as hungry and then he began to wonder where he could sleep.

"Likely as not there are dogs about," he sighed, "and I shall be torn to pieces. I almost wish I hadn't run away."

Just then he saw a big turkey walking pompously by. "If you please, Mr. Gobbler," he ventured to ask, "can you tell me

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where the End-of-the-World is? I live there and I want to go home."

"End-of-the-World? You're crazy. The only End-of-the-World I know about is Thanksgiving. That isn't round here yet, thank goodness! This place is the Beginning-of-the-World; every morning I watch the sun get up from my barnyard."

"O dear, how far I must have come," said the unhappy little duck; and two small tears showed in his eyes. But the turkey, not noticing, walked on, calling back over his left wing:

"Ask some one else your conundrum, youngster!"

The little duck looked around but could see no living thing except a snail who was crawling on the ground.

"Despise not small things," his stepmother had once said. If she did cackle yet she was a wise person. Perhaps snails were wise persons, too—that was why they always carried their houses with them. He was greatly in doubt how to talk to a snail; he had never spoken to one before in his life; but a happy thought came.

"Mr. Wiseman," he said very gently, "will you be so kind as to tell me where the End-of-the-World is? Mr. Gobbler says this is the Beginning-of-the-World."

"Mr. Gobbler—my horns!" said the snail. "There's no End-of-the-World and there's no Beginning-of-the-World! This place is called the Earth and there's no beginning and there's no end, so far as I know, except when you crawl up a tree and then you get to the Sky."

"Dear, dear!" moaned the little duck, "I fear you're not as wise as I thought you. I know there *is* an End-of-the-World."

"Ask somebody else then—I've told you all *I* know. See here, Ducksie, find an Inch-worm! He'll know, maybe—anyway he goes on a regular straight road and doesn't waddle all over creation as you do."

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The little duck thanked the snail and set out to find an inch-worm. It took sharp eyes, so he wiped away the two teardrops and looked around. Sure enough, there was an inch-worm right beside him, lifting its small head inquiringly.

"Despise not small things," again echoed the words of his stepmother. Oh, if he only could get back to her!

"If you please, Mr. Inch-worm, will you be so good as to show me the straight road to the End-of-the-World?"

"Just where I'm going," answered the inch-worm; "but it'll take years to get there—an inch at a time—an inch at a time."

"But I can't wait years," cried the little duck, "hours are bad enough! I want to get home—to my mother," he added with a choke.

"You're hasty, young man, hasty—an inch at a time—an inch at a time!"

Just then a bright idea came to the duck. If he should eat the inch-worm perhaps that would make him walk in a straight line to the End-of-the-World; but when he bent his head down the inch-worm had gone away.

"He's gone to the Sky, I suppose," said the disappointed little duck, and walked onward with drooping head. Suddenly he saw a large sheet of water and it was not many minutes before he was swimming upon its surface, but not happily.

"How can I know," he mused, "that this is not a different ocean—they say the world is full of them. Perhaps I am going still further away from the End-of-the-World."

But yet he swam on. Coming to a log he spied a bull-frog who looked old and wise. "Maybe he'll know," thought the little duck.

"Mr. Bull-frog, excuse me, but will you tell me where I can find the End-of-the-World?"

"As far from here as possible, I hope," replied the bull-frog. "I've no wish to see the End-of-the-World. I know nothing

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except that this is the Ocean and the shore is the Land and where the Land ends, goodness knows—I don't!"

"Then you cannot help me?"

"No, and I'm thankful I can't," and the bull-frog jumped from the log into the water. The two teardrops, that the little duck thought he had quite wiped away, came again into his eyes so he could scarcely see; but still he swam on—hopeless and discouraged.

All at once a faint noise came from the shore, and he plucked up courage and swam bravely on. Louder and louder the sound grew until—could it be true? Yes, surely it was the voice of his stepmother calling to her children.

"Cluck, cluck, cluck, ker-dar-cut! Cluck, cluck, cluck, ker-dar-cut!"

"Oh, mother, I'm coming—I'm coming!" and the two teardrops rolled down into the water.

And soon the little duck was nestling close against the warm breast of the mother-hen, and, later, she marched, cackling louder than ever, into the barnyard with the happy little runaway in front of her and her twelve little chickens straggling behind. And the turkeys and geese and roosters and all the little duck's aunts and uncles and cousins came running up to him and said, "Glad to see you, Ducky Dar-cut! Glad to see you!"

That night, when the sun went down, the little duck watched it with joy and thanksgiving and said: "Never, never, again will I find fault or be cross and never, never, again do I want to go away from my dear mother and the End-of-the-World."

LILLA THOMAS ELDER.

MEN resemble the gods in nothing so much as in doing good to their fellow creatures.—*Cicero.*

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VILLANELLE.

The little cot across the way—
  How dark and strangely still it seems,
The little cot where roses sway.

My mother's face, glad as the May,
  Shall never smile again from out
The little cot across the way.

Her dear voice hushed now or alway,
  Alas, shall gladden nevermore
The little cot where roses sway!

And yet, her spirit seems to say,
  "I'm nearer thee than when we claimed
The little cot across the way.

"I'm thy companion now for aye,
  No longer limited within
The little cot where roses sway.

"Forget, my child, the earthly clay;
  No longer fondly cling unto
The little cot across the way—
The little cot where roses sway."

MALEY BAINBRIDGE SHAW.

WHEN a good book raises your spirit, and inspires you with noble and courageous feelings, seek for no other rule to judge the work by; it is good and made by a good workman.—*Bruyère.*

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THE GARDEN OF HAPPINESS.

Small Sir John sat down on a stone to rest. His plump little legs were tired and his round baby cheeks were wet with tears. He looked back at the park gates and was surprised, they seemed so near. He thought he had come a much greater distance.

An occasional sob still shook his frame as he remembered why he was running away. What did it matter if he *had* whipped his pony the day before? Ariel was his own pony. Could he not do as he wished with his own? Mother had no right to forbid him to ride. He did not love her any more, and he would run far, far away to some other country. Then she would be sorry.

Gradually the rebellious thoughts subsided, and as the fresh morning breeze kissed his hot brow and cheeks, the tears ceased to flow. He began to look about him.

Nestling in the dewy grass at his feet grew a tiny daisy. Gazing dreamily at it, the boy noticed the beautiful golden eye in the center, which gazed so steadfastly at the sun, and the delicate petals just tinged with pink at the ends.

The daisy nodded joyfully at him and he sighed, "Little daisy, I wish I were as happy as you."

"Dear boy, would you indeed be happy?" A soft murmur above his head made him look upward and he saw a spotless white butterfly whose waving wings glistened in the sunlight.

The boy exclaimed with delight and reached out a chubby hand to grasp it.

But eluding his hand and keeping just out of reach, the butterfly continued:

"To those who will listen, I speak; the heedless can not hear my voice. I am called Inspiration. Some people mistake me for my brother Aspiration, whose wings are larger and more

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dazzling than mine, and he can fly to far greater heights. I lead those who follow me to the gates of the Garden of Happiness. Will you come, dear boy?"

Small Sir John was neither old enough nor wise enough to understand all this; but he arose with joy in his heart and followed after his guide.

The way was not an easy one. There were many rough places on the road; rocks over which he stumbled and bruised his little knees; briers that caught at him and scratched his face and hands.

Still he trudged forward, ever keeping his eyes fixed upon the beckoning wings of his friend.

At length the butterfly turned and slowly waved past the boy.

"Farewell; here we must part. There in the distance is the entrance to the Garden of Happiness, and Hope is coming to meet you. Farewell."

So saying, he arose, and ascending higher and higher in the air, was soon lost to sight in the depths of the blue sky above.

Now the boy saw coming toward him a noble youth, around whose head waved a glory of golden hair, whose deep blue eyes, though ever looking upward, yet seemed to beam with affectionate welcome upon him.

Reaching out a strong and loving hand he gently drew the boy toward the wide open gates.

Now the path was smoother, and the stones and briers had disappeared.

Speaking words of cheer the youth led the weary little traveler within.

What a glorious vision burst upon his sight. Never afterward could he think of it without a clutch of his breath, a great throb of his heart. For he beheld a stretch of velvety green; flowers of every hue, over which hovered butterflies

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and humming-birds; waving trees, under whose wide spreading branches browsed gentle-eyed deer.

By the side of a sparkling fountain stood a maiden dipping her fair hands into the water, then withdrawing them and shaking the drops into the cups of blue and white violets which grew about the edge.

A fearless bird, after bathing in the clear water of the fountain, flashed through the air, and, alighting upon her outstretched hand, let loose such a song of joy and love that small Sir John clapped his hands in delight.

"Dear Charity," said the youth, "we have here a little visitor. Wilt thou make him welcome?"

Reaching out her hands she drew the boy to her and imprinted a kiss upon his forehead.

"Oh, I love you, I love you," cried he, twining his arms about her neck.

"Dost thou love me?" the stately Charity answered, unclasping his arms and resting her earnest dark eyes upon his face. "Those who truly love me, must love all living things besides."

Then did small Sir John drop his eyes in shame, for he understood that she also knew of those three sad cuts upon Ariel's glossy flank.

"But hark! The children of Love are calling thee." The maiden tenderly led the boy across the green. Faintly borne upon the wind the sound of childish voices chanting reached them.

Soon they came in sight of a ring of lovely children seated amidst the flowers, weaving rare and fragrant garlands.

One little maid upon whose serene face was written peace, sitting somewhat apart from the others upon a gentle incline, patted the mossy green beside her invitingly. Then, as they continued their singing and weaving she whispered to the boy the names of these happy little ones.

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But he did not hear all of her low whisperings, for he was watching a bright light in the distance which ever drew nearer to them.

Soon the light resolved itself into One of commanding figure and countenance so dazzling that although the boy gazed with eager joy yet fain would he have turned his eyes from the brightness.

"'Tis the Father Love!" cried the children; and springing up they flew to meet him.

Surrounded by them he approached the knoll upon which small Sir John was seated, and stretching out his arms, he enfolded the boy to his bosom.

Such a wave of bliss surged through his little being that he cried out in ecstasy. Then closing his eyes restfully he sank into a sweet sleep.

When small Sir John awoke, the sun was high in the heavens. His mother's arms encircled him, and her kisses caressed his lips.

"Mother," he sleepily murmured, "I've been to such a beautiful place called the Garden of Happiness, and there the Children of Love live and play."

"Little son, you and I will dwell there forever if you wish." The kind mother eyes smiled into his.

And the boy, nestling close, nodded happily, for he understood.

M. Cecily Doyle.

Let those who have give to those who have not.—*Chinese Proverb.*

When you have done a kindness, do not think about it; when you have received a kindness, do not forget it.—*Chinese Proverb.*

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ROB'S PROPERTY.

Rob and Tom went to spend the summer in the country with their grandpa, who had just bought a beautiful house that stood in the midst of many acres of land. Rob and Tom were cousins, and Rob went to grandpa's about two weeks before Tom did, that first summer they spent there.

Not far from the house was a huge pile of rocks, forming quite a hill. Trees grew up through great cracks in the rocks and wildflowers were scattered wherever they could take root in the thin soil that covered the rocks in many places. It was a beautiful spot, and on the top of the hill the ground was flat and made a fine place for playing. There was room enough, too, to have built a fair-sized house up there.

Rob looked about and saw on every side, meadows, dales, shady drives, and he thought to himself that grandpa had quite land enough without this particular rocky spot. So he asked if he might have it for his own property. Grandpa laughed and told him he was perfectly welcome to it. Rob was overjoyed.

"Oh, grandpa! how can I thank you enough? And may I do anything I like with it?"

"Yes—except to pick it up and carry it away."

"Oh, you funny grandpa, you *know* I couldn't do that!"

Rob soon had a tent pitched on the top of his property, and he pulled up the weeds and watered the ferns and wildflowers. When Tom came the place really looked very pretty indeed, and Rob showed it to his cousin with much pride. Then he said:

"I suppose you'll ask grandpa for a piece of land, too, won't you, Tom?"

"Of course," said Tom.

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So, the two boys went searching for another place as fine as Rob's. But they could find nothing half so nice.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Rob, as they sat in the shade of the trees on his own property, "I'll give you half of my hill."

"Oh, that's *good* in you, Rob!"

"No it isn't. It'll be lots more fun if your property is close to mine, for we can play together so much better.—Let's divide it."

They got a big ball of twine, and, beginning at the bottom of the hill, about where they thought the middle of it was, they carried the string up over the top, tying it in place by means of little sticks set upright in the ground. It made a neat, white dividing line.

Tom put up a tent, too, on his part of the hill, and, like Bob, weeded, and tended carefully the flowers and ferns.

At first the boys had great fun. But one day they had a quarrel, and Rob said to Tom:

"Don't you dare to step on my property!" And Tom replied:

"Don't *you* dare step on *my* property. Keep on your own side of the string."

"Huh!" exclaimed Rob, "Who wants to step on your side?"

And so the boys sulked and would have nothing to do with each other, feeling angrier and bitterer toward each other as the moments passed by.

It was a lovely day. The sky was as blue as blue could be, the birds sang joyously, the squirrels chattered gaily; but the cousins did not enjoy all this. Each played by himself sullenly. Finally, Rob, feeling tired and very cross, lay down in his tent and fell asleep.

Tom sat about four feet away from the dividing line, on his own property, of course, and pegged stones at a squirrel. The squirrel seemed to enjoy it, and if he could have laughed I

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am sure he would; for he could dodge much quicker than Tom could throw.

By-and-by Tom tired of this. He had been sitting with his back toward Rob for a long time. It was so still he wondered if his cousin had gone away. He looked round to see, spied Rob asleep in his tent. Rob muttered, as if dreaming, and moved a little. But what made Tom turn so white and jump to his feet quickly, but softly? He saw a snake lying close to Rob; and he knew it was a rattlesnake, for many a time had he seen them in the "Zoo." He knew, too, that if Rob should turn over or strike out with an arm or leg the snake would attack him instantly.

Tom picked up a big stone and went straight into the tent, thinking only that he *must* get the snake's attention from Rob! The snake heard him and turned toward him quickly. Tom was only just in time, for, as the reptile turned, Rob threw out one leg and hit the snake, who, but a moment before, had had his head close to that leg. The creature, thinking that it was Tom who had hit him reared his head angrily, and gave his war-cry—that rattling sound that gives him his name—and, at the same instant, Tom threw the big stone at the snake with all his might, striking it directly on the head and stunning it. He quickly picked up the stone and hit the reptile again and killed it. He did not like to do this, for he had been taught never to kill any of God's creatures except when it was necessary to defend his own or some one else's life.

Rob, wakened by the noise, jumped up and asked what was the matter, and Tom showed him the snake and told him what had happened. Rob threw his arm round Tom, and said:

"Oh, Tom, you saved my life! And I went asleep feeling like *kicking* you!"

"No matter about that," said Tom cheerfully. "I felt the same way about you."

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Rob went out of the tent followed by his cousin. Going directly to the dividing line, he pulled up the string as fast as he could.

"There, Tom," said he, "we'll own this place in partnership after this; and the whole of it is just as much your property as it is mine."

Years have passed, and Tom and Rob are men. They still own the hill in partnership, and, in fact all Grandpa's property. If they ever feel inclined to be annoyed with each other or to get angry, there comes into their thoughts that morning long ago when they were little boys, and the feeling of anger or annoyance vanishes at once. And so they live together in the old homestead most happily. They often say to each other that that rattlesnake died in a good cause! For, in the beginning of life, they were taught through that morning's experience how much stronger is love than hatred. FLORENCE PELTIER.

"Do a little good at a time, and all the time. The Himalaya is ordered to put on a new robe. How is it done? Will a mighty vestment drop from heaven and encircle the mighty ranges of her peaks? No; millions of little maids of honor (snow-flakes) will come down, and each one contributes some little thread to weave the splendid robe. And by every one doing the little committed to it, the giant mountain stands robed in its celestial garment. . . . No good is lost; . . . keep on like the gentle snow, flake after flake."

Words are mighty, words are living;
Serpents with their venomous stings,
Or bright angels crowding round us
With heaven's light upon their wings;
Every word has its own spirit,
True or false that never dies:
Every word man's lips have uttered
Echoes in God's skies.

Adelaide Proctor.

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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

MAN AND THE DIVINE ORDER. By Horatio W. Dresser. 443 pages. Price $1.60 net. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London, Publishers.

Mr. Dresser's latest book is of a highly religious yet thoroughly philosophic nature. He seeks to show the unity which exists between religion, philosophy and science. While his book is thoroughly idealistic yet he in no way ignores the practical side of life. For, recognizing that the ideal is only truly exemplified as it expresses itself through the practical, the author shows the need of the spirit having full access to the outer life. We cannot do better than to quote Mr. Dresser's own words wherein he shows the difference between the spirit and the letter:

"One might say that what the world most needs at present is to brush away all abstractions, and return to the sources of things until it is once more fired by the presence of the divine, until it knows for a fact that God lives; then be true to that fact, live for that fact, realize that the divine order is, exists,—not merely seems to be. It is not so much 'reasons for believing' that we need as that type of conduct which accompanies thrilling belief, stirring consciousness of the divine. The world needs science; it needs education, thought, thoroughgoing philosophy, not mere dabbling in the metaphysical realm. But it needs the Spirit even more than it needs downright thinking.

"We are absorbed in forms: let us have the Spirit itself. Therefore, when you read the imperfect terms of a philosophical book, remember the broadly spiritual ideal. Instead of singling out its defects and publishing them, set a new fashion and begin to be constructive; supply in your conduct what the book lacks. One must be tremendously in earnest to know life. One must courageously persist to the end. The science of truth is inseparable from the art of life, and one can no more float

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easily into the harbour of wisdom than one can know what love is by delegating some one to love in one's stead.

"Let philosophy become religion once more. Let religion be purged by philosophy. Let us begin work at last. We have scarcely reached the age of reason. We live in bits, in schemes, devices, and shadows, which we mistake for wholes and realities. Let us come out into the broad sunlight and be men. A man is an organic assemblage, and must be poet, philosopher, lover, and much else, all in one. The highest life is many-sided. We must adore it from many points of view. We must be beautiful in order truly to adore. Therefore, let us begin to live."

The book is written in a clear, scholarly way and is a worthy successor to the many good books that Mr. Dresser has written.

THE MEDIATORS. By Rosamond Templeton (Mrs. Lawrence Oliphant). 111 pages. Price 3s. 6d. Published by the Office of *Light,* London.

This is a book that will undoubtedly appeal to theosophists and all people who are interested in "Symbolism." That the author has given a great deal of thought to the subjects she has written on there can be little question. The subjects cover a vast amount of ground dealing with such questions as the constitution of Nature, Heaven and Hell, The Mystery of Evil, Spirit and Matter, The Nebular Hypothesis, The Magnetic World and many other subjects of equal interest. It would be difficult in a short review of this kind to give any idea as to the scope of the work owing to the vast amount of subjects discussed. The thought is somewhat involved and in order for the reader to get anything near a clear comprehension of the ideas contained in the book one must read it thoughtfully and carefully.

Those people who have read Mrs. Oliphant's writings in the past will without doubt be especially anxious to read this new book of hers.

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THE CONSTITUTION OF MAN. By E. L. Dohoney. 362 pages. Price $1. The Reed Publishing Co., Denver, Colo.

A book such as we review here shows the tendency of the times. More and more man has come to the realization that the real study of life is the study of man. This book deals with both the physical and the psychical nature of man. It also deals with phases of life other than the earthly.

The writer is a thorough believer in what he terms the psychic life or the life beyond this plane. He tries to show that the change from this to another life brings with it greater light and understanding. We quote:

"Man's life on earth may be compared to a moonlight night. While his entry into psychic life is like the break of day. He leaves the shades of night behind him and beholds the superior light and love of the soul rising like the sun as it climbs the eastern horizon."

Many of his ideas are of an exceedingly interesting nature. The soul power is referred to in this way:

"The power of the soul, aided by the spirit, is creative, and it forms both the body and mind with the wonderful brain and nerves as the instrument for the mind to work with. For the soul performs much of its work on earth through and by the mind; and by the use of thought controlled by the will."

Spiritualists as well as others interested in the spirit life will find this book of interest.

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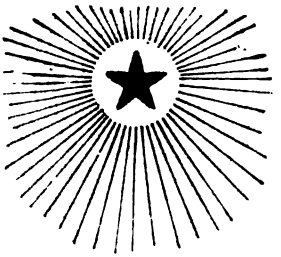

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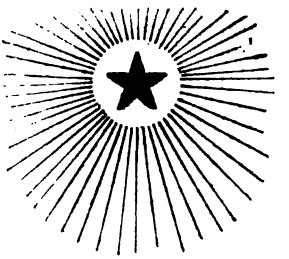

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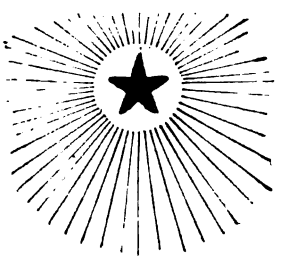

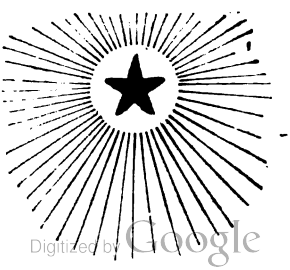

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"There is one mind common to all individual men... Every man is an inlet to the same and to all of the same. Let a man then know his worth." —EMERSON.

Mind

SCIENCE ★ PHILOSOPHY ★ RELIGION ★ PSYCHOLOGY ★ METAPHYSICS

VOL. XIII ★ FEBRUARY, 1904 ★ No. 2

HYPNOTISM IN MEDICINE.

A STUDY OF THE MODERN SCHOOL OF SUGGESTIVE TREATMENT.

BY WM. WILBERFORCE NEWTON, D.D.

In the present study of hypnotism in medicine I shall select the specific work of Liébault, of Nancy, the founder of the school of suggestive therapeutics, as our subject, since he is the most wholesome and commanding representative of a system which is generally looked upon as elusive and obscure.

A sinister fact and a grave objection meet us at the outset of this study.

The sinister fact is found in that strange and curious law which haunts all our human investigations, that in some abnormal way we generally begin with the toy end of a great discovery or invention. Hero discovered the æliopile or steam whistle in a temple in Egypt eighteen hundred years before James Watt invented the locomotive.

Humphrey Potter, the boy apprentice, opened and shut the valves of the Newcomen engine with kite twine and went off to play, long before it was discovered that the valves could move automatically.

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Benjamin Franklin flew his kite in the thunderstorm before the trolley car was ever conceived in the human mind.

These men played with principles which afterwards developed into great inventions for the welfare of the human race.

And the sinister element which overshadows this entire subject of hypnotism as a moral and material remedial agent, is found in the fact that it has appeared first upon the boards of the theatre and the museum, and that these so-called hypnotic exhibitions have undoubtedly prejudiced the minds of the public against this great psychical discovery.

So much for the sinister fact.

The one great objection which meets us at the threshold of this subject and which we might as well face here as at any subsequent point of our investigations, is found in the possibilities of danger which inhere in the unwise and evil uses which false teachers and workers may make of hypnotism.

Let us meet the difficulty at once by freely admitting it, and let us say further that there will always be danger with every experiment of healing in every stage of human nature's experience.

Danger and temptation beset us all along the entire pathway of probation, both in this world and in the life of other worlds.

Even the angels and archangels have their spheres of temptibleness and of danger, and as we rise in the scale of being, the danger only becomes more and more accentuated.

We cannot look a great gift like this of suggestive healing in the face and demand that the rose shall have no thorns, that the light shall be without shadow, and that all this influx of the possibility of good should be entirely without the possibility of evil.

This is not the way in which great discoveries and inventions reveal themselves to us. Such a system of all good and no evil, and such a cast-iron scale of fixed ethics, it is impossible to have here upon earth.

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But what, we ask ourselves, could be more dangerous than the present poisonous drugs of the modern pharmacopeia?

The wonder is, with risks so great, that there are not fatal cases of poisoning every day instead of finding such accidents as these the rare exception to the general rule of safety.

And now having met the sinister fact and the grave objection, let us come to the story of Liébault's discovery of hypnotic suggestion, and in the study of his life's work see for ourselves the fulfilment of our Lord's decree:

"Wisdom is justified of her children."

The first time I ever heard of Liébault's life work was from the lips of Dr. Wetterstrand, the celebrated physician in Stockholm.

In his spacious library, with books in all languages at every turn—in corner, bookcase, alcoves, over doors and windows, and strewn along the floor—I learned the history of this man's achievements and noticed the reverence with which this great French savant was regarded by all who had come in touch with him. It seemed to make little difference who had crossed the orbit of this life, the impression of unmitigated admiration and esteem pervaded every one alike.

Bernheim and Berillon in France, Lloyd-Tuckey and Bramwell in London, Van Rentergehm and Van Feden in Amsterdam, and Wetterstrand in Stockholm, all drew near to the shrine of Liébault with a veneration and regard such as Napoleon's marshals had for their great commander, or as the generals of the Civil War, both those that fought with him and those that fought against him, had for Grant. Dr. Wetterstrand, one day in his private office, took down with a reverence that was almost religious, a beautiful photograph on ivory of Liébault, and gazed at it with a sort of professional rapture as I held it in my hands and studied out the beauty of that face,

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which in some way suggested to me the gracious features of our own Bishop Huntington of Central New York.

Doctor A. A. Liébault, the youngest of twelve children, was born in the year 1823, of a cultured family in the department of the Moselle in France. The father was desirous that this last child in the family should become a priest, and he was sent for this purpose to a school in the neighborhood called "Le petit Seminaire." But the little fellow sturdily rebelled against the vocation which was chosen for him, and resisted in every way his father's efforts, frequently running away from school and making visits home, only to be sent back again to the hated seminary. The mother, with her native intuition, saw that the boy was unfitted for this calling, and secretly encouraged his attitude of revolt. At last the little fellow conquered in the educational strife and was granted his earliest wish, which was to study medicine. He was sent to Strasburg, and began his studies there in the year 1844 when he was twenty-one years of age.

In 1848 a book upon the subject of animal magnetism fell into his hands. He read it over and over again, until the leading idea of the volume took complete possession of his mind. Then he began to apply the principles practically, and succeeded in putting a number of persons to sleep and then healing them by suggestion.

From this time he resolved to study seriously all those cases which came to him, and devoted himself to the work of investigating this strange phenomenen. He received the degree of M.D. in 1850, and passed some time in Strasburg with certain professors in experimenting upon this subject in detail.

After his graduation he became established at Pont Sainte Vincente, thirteen kilometres from Nancy, where he soon acquired a large practice such as is described in Balzac's famous novel, "The Country Doctor."

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He married in 1851, but never had any children, so that his profession and his chosen studies of animal magnetism or hypnotic influence more and more consumed his time and attention.

One of the first serious cases which came to him when he was established at Pont Sainte Vincente was that of the daughter of a neighbor who had epileptic attacks.

The father was very anxious that his daughter should be cured, and begged Dr. Liébault not to throw away his life and talents upon these so-called "Séances."

"Leave these novelties," said the good man. "You will ruin your practise and lose all your patients."

Liébault, like a wise man, seeing that his discovery was far in advance of the age, yielded to his friend's entreaties, and postponed all further hypnotic treatment, using in its place the regular methods of the orthodox school. But the vision of his life-long ideal never deserted him, and to see this accomplished he devoted himself to his practise in the ordinary and usual way, so as to acquire a competency. For years he worked hard in his professional life until he had secured a comfortable fortune. Then he began once more, after these long years of study and investigation, to practice magnetism. This was in the year 1860. He studied out most carefully the different cases which came to him, and began in 1864 to write his first book upon this subject.

He left Pont Sainte Vincente in 1864 and settled in the city of Nancy, where he acquired a modest house and garden, and for two years worked incessantly upon his book, "Du Sommeil et des Etats Analagous, Consideres Surtout au Point du Vue de l'Action du Moral sur le Physique."

This book appeared in 1866, in Paris, and was published by the House of Nicholas Grosjean. It passed, unnoticed and unhonored. No one paid it the slightest attention. However, after the appearance of Prof. Bernheim's book illustrating this

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same subject, Liébault's original work came to be recognized as the first investigation upon this problem of hypnotic influence.

The second edition of Liébault's book appeared soon after Prof. Bernheim's treatise had called attention to this problem, and was issued in two volumes.

The first volume, issued in 1889, bore the title "Le Therapeutique Suggestive." Soon after the appearance of these works in public, Liébault opened the doors of his house for those sick and miserable in the neighborhood, who were not afraid to confide themselves to the care of a dreamer. Soon the medical science of the period denounced Liébault as a fanatic. Was it not foolish, his professional friends urged, to renounce a lucrative profession and retire to the gratuitous care of invalids and maladies imaginaries? His wife, even, at last began to doubt his senses, and was pitied by her friends for having married a half mad enthusiast. The world knew nothing of his motives and high ideals, and he was denounced in the local papers, and even in the Paris medical organs as the great idiot, the charlatan of Nancy, etc., etc.

Left by the world, shunned by his friends, upbraided by his family, abandoned by his former patients, if the bourgeois believed in him, the medical fraternity still held aloof from sanctioning his theories.

Artisans, farmers, country folk, the sick, the poor, the miserable, the wretched, flocked to the free clinics of Liébault at Nancy. For seven hours every day he served the public, taking no money from his patients, and only demanding that those who were helped should tell their doctors about his system. But the poor people called him "the good Father Liébault," and kept on coming to him for treatment.

When they recovered, however, they usually forgot to tell the village doctor about their cure. Those who were suffi-

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ciently conscientious to report their cases to their physicians were told in reply, "You will see that your sickness will return to you soon, and you will die all the same."

When Nancy was occupied by the German army in 1870 Liébault was placed in charge of the service for the wounded Germans. He consecrated the larger part of the day to the work of caring for the wounded, and won the admiration and respect of the officers in command by his untiring devotion alike to friend and foe. During his evenings and in leisure moments at this period of his career he wrote his book entitled, "Ebauche de Psychologie," which appeared in Paris in 1873.

After the war was over he continued his seances among the poor and suffering, his clinical work growing in interest and numbers all the time.

Liébault continued his investigations and increased his experiments in the hopes that the members of the medical fraternity would ultimately adopt his views.

In 1880 he received a visit from an old friend, Dr. Lorraine, of Strasburg, on his way to Nancy, who was greatly impressed with the results obtained at Liébault's hypnotic seances.

He besought his friend to permit him to bring a friend to Nancy, M. Dumont, who, like himself, was at last completely won over to the new school of hypnotic suggestion. Then followed a singular professional persecution of Liébault and his system, which covered a number of years, and is fully and carefully dealt with by all who have told the story of this remarkable career.

But finally, when the celebrated Dr. Hippolyte Bernheim, who came to Nancy to scoff at this movement, became converted to it and threw in his allegiance to the man, the turn in the tide was effected. Liébault, who had been so lately an object of derision, was now exalted by the leading physicians and savants of France, and was placed, like Joseph in Egypt,

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upon a pedestal of honor. Those who had exclaimed in mockery, "Behold, the dreamer cometh," were now the loudest in his praise, while all the time the patient practitioner went on as before, freely healing the sick and suffering and all those who came within his ken and influence.

In 1890 Liébault resolved to retire from general practise and take his well-earned rest. Although now he did not treat sick folk, he continued to review French and German works upon this subject, and kept up a vast correspondence with friends and scholars who never addressed him for counsel or advice in vain.

On the 25th of May, 1891, the city of Nancy was the scene of a great civic ovation given in honor of its illustrious citizen. An offering of respect and admiration to the eminent savant was arranged by his many medical friends in Germany, France, Holland and England. This gift consisted of a bronze statue of David and Goliath, together with a large album containing the photographs of his professional friends and followers.

On the morning of this great festal day Dr. Liébault conducted a clinic, in order that the visitors from afar might witness the method of this suggestive treatment, and at night a great banquet was given to the distinguished savant, while letters and telegrams kept pouring in all day long upon the hero of the hour from all quarters of the world.

A touching address was made by Liébault on this occasion, in which he said:

"I am a man more than happy! I drink to the health of all those who have sent this token. I drink to the advancement of a new scientific era."

Such in the briefest outline is the story of Liébault's remarkable career.

When one reads what these disciples say of their master it

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becomes very evident how deeply that master has impressed himself upon his disciples.

Dr. Edgar Berillon and Professor Bernheim at Paris, Doctors Lloyd-Tuckey and Bramwell of London, Professor August Forel of Zurich, where, in his asylum for the insane, his guards and attendants carry out his system of mental suggestion to the patients, Professors Van Rentergehm and Van Eeden of Amsterdam, together with Ribot, Tuke, Walter Tyrell, Wetterstrand of Stockholm and others, all unite in giving to the modest practitioner of Nancy the well-earned glory of the creation of this latest modern school of hypnotic suggestion.

There is about this remarkable group of men who have clustered around Liébault as their leader, a modesty, a reserve of conviction, and a general wholesomeness of behavior, which is one of the most striking features of this school of suggestive therapeutics.

Conscious of power themselves, and of a radically new departure in the healing art, while they rejoice in this latest discovery in the realm of psychology, they are yet calm and patient, and are without haste or vehemence in seeking to be acknowledged and vindicated before the world.

A number of weeks spent in Stockholm in the daily investigation of cases has convinced the writer of the immense and far-reaching therapeutical value of this system of suggestion in a great variety of physical, mental and moral cases.

As I sat in Dr. Wetterstrand's salon, where from fifty to a hundred patients are treated daily, I could not fail to be impressed with the fact that here at least medical science was bringing back the Almighty to his own world again, and that the "Deus ex machina" idea in medicine was giving place to the conception of an immanent and divine power, which, in getting at the will, would work recovery to the lost nature, physical, mental and moral.

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It seemed to me to be something strangely apostolic and primitive to see this healer among men laying his hands upon a great number of sick and impotent folk, who were recovering surely and perceptibly from their long, torturing maladies. Here were drunkards, drug-fiends, men and women with fixed ideas, moral lepers and victims of impure habits, coming to lay themselves under the spell of a stronger will, in order that a new impulse towards righteousness and wholesomeness might be developed within them, and that the old spirit of evil habitude working round and round the will in a vicious circle might be exorcised.

I saw a woman like Lady Macbeth rubbing a spot out of her hands, and she did it a thousand times a day. I saw another young woman who had an insane impulse to kill rulers, and she was coming quietly to her better self. I saw yet another young woman whose head tumbled from side to side, so that she had actually to hold her head upon her shoulders with her two hands. In three weeks' time she walked into the salon with her head as erect as that of Minerva, and her hands were quietly hanging by her side.

I saw the photograph of a boy's hand, who had been cured of epilepsy. On the back of this hand, close to the knuckles, was a large blister. The doctor had placed his finger there and had willed that the blister should come, and here was the visible, tangible witness to its presence. And the far-off words of scripture came into my mind with a new meaning as I looked upon these strange sights: "And he went about healing all manner of sickness and all manner of diseases among the people."

What, then, we ask ourselves, is the working principle of this latent power of psychic healing?

Simply stated, the answer to this question is found in the fact that hypnotic suggestion reaches the body through the

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subliminal self, not the hidden or subliminal self through the body.

This principle is strikingly stated in Robert Browning's lines in his introduction to the Dramatic Idylls:

"'You are sick, that's sure,' they say.
"'Sick of what?' They disagree!
"'Tis the brain,' thinks Dr. A;
"'Tis the heart,' thinks Dr. B;
"'The liver, my life I'd lay,'
"'The lungs,' 'The lights.' Ah, me!
"So ignorant of man's whole
"Of bodily organs plain to see,
"So sage and certain, frank and free,
"About what's under lock and key,
"Man's soul!"

As Dr. Henrik G. Petersen says in his book on Hypno-Suggestion following his translation of Watterstrand's "Hypnotism and Its Application to Practical Medicine," "Hypnotic suggestion creates nothing. It revives or deadens the spark for good or evil latent in every human breast. It rushes to the rescue of the better self and forces into the background all lower instincts which ordinarily enfeeble and obstruct a healthy moral growth. As before said, its intensity is greater, its penetration deeper than other means afford. The method is a natural one, and we have been subject to its influence before our birth through maternal impressions; so also in our early child life which imitates before conscious volition grasps the intellectual purpose. As Professor Bernheim has feelingly said, the mother is the most beautiful illustration of suggestive power."

There are three most interesting side lines of thought in this subject which may be mentioned here, though to be rightly dealt with they should be treated by the professional, not by the lay mind in medicine.

*Hypno-Suggestion. Medical Letters. Henrik G. Petersen, M.D. Page 155.

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One of these is the relationship of hypnotism to the problem of anesthesia in the matter of surgery.

Another is the subject of hypnotism in conjunction with the sphere of maternity in childbirth. And a third subject, growing out of this system, is the relationship of suggestive therapeutics to the vast and commanding field of the practise of homeopathy.

In any study of hypnotism in medicine one cannot but be impressed with the fact that the homeopathic system has been a penetrating voice in the wilderness, calling men's minds to an inevitable truth which was destined to come afterwards. In this light homeopathy has had perchance a twofold mission; to liberalize the old dogmatic school of medicine and to lead the way by its suggestion of cure through infinitesimal doses, to a greater system which was to come after it, and one that is based upon psychical rather than upon physiological lines.

Perhaps it may be fitting at this point, having spoken of Liébault's discovery of hypnotic suggestion, to explain a little more minutely and in detail the method of this treatment.

As Wetterstrand of Stockholm is one of the most distinguished practitioners in Liébault's system, a description of a day spent in his salon may best explain the working of this psychic principle of cure.

Presenting myself at his private office at 9 o'clock in the morning I was welcomed by the doctor himself, who led me into his large salon which accommodated probably twenty or twenty-five persons at the same time.

I took my place in this large room by a bronze bust in the bay window, and watched the stream of patients enter the room, and go to their respective places. Some sat in chairs while others reclined on sofas and rattan settees. All was quiet, and no sounds were heard save an occasional whisper from the practitioner as he went his rounds and put his patients to sleep.

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Some slept softly, others breathed heavily, while a few snored. This putting of the patients to sleep was a matter of a very few seconds, but with most of them the hypnosis was so light that there was little if any actual loss of consciousness.

At times, to test his power over his patients, he would gently raise the arm of the sleeper and place it at different angles, where it would remain subject not to its owner's, but to the hypnotizer's will.

This was done a number of times and then the arm would be gently laid upon the breast of the patient and covered with a silken bed-spread. As he went from patient to patient and laid his hands upon their foreheads and over their eyes, and then sat down by their side to whisper in the ear the word of impulse and recovery, it seemed a very divine and apostolic act.

The suggestion of the healer was repeated four or five times to each patient during the hour's seance, and then the doctor would gently touch the sleeper on the forehead and the patient would awake.

One striking feature of these seances was the marked change in the expression of the faces of those who came in to be treated from that which they wore when they left the salon. The tired, weary, anxious look of those coming in gave place to a bright animated, hopeful expression as they passed out with an almost jocund and elastic step.

Three sets of patients were treated at a time, one set from 9 to 10, the next from 10 to 11, the third from 11 to 12 o'clock.

Dr. Wetterstrand is a regular practitioner of abundant means, a great student and omnivorous reader, the possessor of an exceptionally large library and very much sought after in the social world. His charges are extremely moderate, thus making his services within the reach of the multitude, and he pursues his practise with a zeal and devotion which are as heroic and self-sacrificing as were those of Liébault, his great ideal.

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He possesses the distinctly Swedish face, high forehead, eyes of faraway expression, immense personal magnetism, and the strange, almost clairvoyant power of feeling the character of his patients and reading their inmost thoughts and desires.

Here once more in the medical world is the distinct Swedenborg type of man and practitioner, and many amusing stories are told of his suffering from people who have repelled him.

Some he cannot help on account of cross purposes and wrong motives, and as he works in the inner world of physical, mental and moral light and shadow, he is conscious of thrones, dominions, principalities and powers working with him or against him, and warring from the basis of the original will of the sufferer before him, or from some congenital inheritance transmitted from his ancestors.

So much interested was Dr. Wetterstrand in his visitor's desire to know the history of Liébault and his triumphs, that when we parted he promised if possible to meet his American friend in Paris in the spring and make, as many others had done, a pilgrimage to Nancy to see for himself and converse with the venerable Liébault, now in his eightieth year.

Dr. Wetterstrand, whose book already mentioned is a wonderul study of the subject, frankly divides his patients into three classes: Those he can cure, those he can help, those he cannot influence.

When working in the intricate layers of the human will, he will suddenly find himself face to face with some inherited or ancestral crux or obstacle, over which he confesses at once that he can have no power. Many of his cases require time—weeks, months, or a year. He says at the outset he cannot cure such persons in a few hurried treatments.

He is an enthusiast in his profession, but is a self-contained nature, and never moves beyond the limits of the normal in his conversation. He is venerated by his friends and fellow citi-

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zens in Stockholm and is adored by his patients and his brother physicians in the school of hypnotic suggestion.

Yet he is modest enough in his own eyes. To him it is Liébault who is the great explorer and pathfinder of this latest undiscovered continent of psychical thought. He feels that America is far behind the rest of the world in this matter of healing by suggestion, partly perhaps because we are a young nation, partly because our energies have taken the practical line of commercial conquest, and partly because as a people we are rushing rapidly towards luxury. He sees, however, in Dr. Quackenbos of New York, and Dr. Petersen of Boston, two strong apostles of this gospel of hypnotic impulse.

He realizes that this movement is in advance of the world's readiness to receive it, but none the less does he believe that the world will move up to the place held by these fearless leaders, who have claimed this realm of psychic healing in the name of Humanity and the living Christ.

His indebtedness to Dr. Petersen for the work of translating his notes into English is graciously given in the preface to his book on "Hypnotism in Medicine." The author's preface to the English edition in part is as follows:

"I am indebted to it for the pleasure of seeing a great many German physicians in my Stockholm clinic, the majority of whom now employ in their native places the treatment with which their visit to me made them familiar. I can say the same also of Russian physicians. It is my sincere wish that the English edition may likewise help to make generally known a method which, inaugurated by so meritorious a man as Dr. Liébault, and proved and recognized by such men as Professor Bernheim, Professor Forel, *et al.*, is now making its way throughout the civilized world. Therefore, I cannot adequately express my gratitude to my colleague for his willingness to translate this work, which now appears in four languages.

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"It has not been my intention to write a manual, or text-book, but simply to allude to the value of a therapeutic agent and a method which so strikingly illustrate the truth of the words: "L'esprit gouverné, le corps obeit."

And so we conclude with this distinguished writer and worker that the normal rule is that "the spirit governs, the body obeys."

We know that to every worker in the intricate realm of the moral sphere there come times when the reverse of this seems true, when one is conscious of a distinct ebb tide which carries the nature we are wrestling with far away into the profound depths of sin and darkness.

But we must believe in the flood as well as in the ebb tide in human life and character. We must remember always that there is a power at work in our human experience which is more subtle and more potent than the influence of the moon upon the surging sea.

All things are possible with God. All things are possible to him that believeth.

This resurrection of human nature, this turning from darkness to light, from disease to health, from sin to righteousness, may seem at times like a miracle, but then Nature is full of miracles at every turn, and this is God's world, and he is perfectly at home in it, using in his service men and means, and human wills and knowledge and wisdom and power, and all those great transcendant agencies which turn omnipotence into a force divine.

This was the vision of Dante when in his Paradise he declares of the redeemed spirits flocking around God's throne:

"A will complete and steadfast they have gained."

It is as easy to draw back a stone thrown with force from the hand as to recall a word once spoken.—*Menander.*

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THEOSOPHY.

The Law of Reincarnation.—Answers to Objections.—History.

BY MARY F. LANG.

As the Lord of this mortal frame experienceth therein infancy, youth and old age, so in future incarnations will it meet the same.—*Bhagavad Gita.*

We must infer our destiny from the preparation. We are driven by instinct to hive innumerable experiences which are of no visible value, and we may revolve through many lives before we shall assimilate them or exhaust them.—*Emerson.*

It is frequently argued as an objection to the theory of reincarnation, that we have no memory of past lives. There are two answers to this—answers which are seemingly contradictory, but only seemingly. The first is the reason why we do not remember; the second, is the positive statement that we DO remember. We do not remember past lives—that is, specific incidents which occurred in past lives, because we have not now the same physical brain that we then used. A memory of events is an affair of brain memory, and inevitably is lost with the death of the body; but the effect of the events of life—the effect of its experiences, remains in the sum total of the character thus formed. We see, in a limited way, a similar thing taking place in every child's life. He has a certain experience in cause and effect, of which he soon loses the memory as an incident, but he assimilates the lesson, an effect is produced upon his mind, and a memory remains that is imperishable. If it were not so there could be no growth.

This is the memory which we do retain of past lives; a mem-

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ory which inheres in character—a memory which is, in fact, individuality, and which makes evolution a reality. The widely differing characters which we meet everywhere, are the result of the same wide difference in experience in the past. Our weaknesses and vices may be partly or wholly overcome while our bodies live. If they are not wholly so, they will survive our bodies, and be reborn as characteristics or tendencies of the imperishable man. The physical parents cannot be the parents of the spiritual germ of the child. That is the result of evolution in the past, and will attain to further evolution in the future.

The idea of future rebirths is unwelcome to many for various reasons. It has been, unfortunately, identified with the theory of transmigration of soul through lower animal forms.

Not long since, the *Philosophical Journal* contained a very able article upon evolution, in which the theosophical attitude upon the subject, with its necessary accompaniment, reincarnation, was fully presented. The writer closed by saying that the views therein contained were wholly at variance with Theosophy, as Theosophists believe that the souls of men reincarnate in animal bodies! This is only one of many erroneous but positive statements, made without investigation, and accepted as true by others equally uninformed. There is not a publication of theosophical principles, of recognized standing, that does not plainly state that metempsychosis is wholly out of accord with spiritual evolution as taught by Theosophy. It is objected that there can be no comfort in the belief in a repetition of earth lives, since we cannot recognize our friends of any previous life. Are we sure that we have not, in this life, recognized those who have been dear to us in the past? There is a subtler bond than that between personalities, and there is a subtler mode of recognition than that of personality. If we consider what it is that we love in our friends, we realize

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that it is not the form nor the face; not the mere physical expression, for that is perishable. It is the imperishable individuality. We all know that in the course of a life-time, we meet some persons who attract us, and others who do not; some whom we seem to know instantly, and between whom and ourselves there is manifestly a bond that can only be accounted for as having been riveted in a past life, the result of past association, and of Karmic law. Hence, the charge that reincarnation is "cold"—that it teaches that all tender relations of one's present life will be severed, is a misconception. On the contrary, the relations that have been most tender and dear here, are the ones that will be soonest recognized and realized in a future incarnation, and whatever moral obligations are outstanding to those who seem to us to have gone too soon, or whom we must leave behind, must be paid to the uttermost fraction. In our association with friends here, it is not the BODY that we rejoice to meet, except as that body is the physical vehicle of the interior friend, the intelligence which appeals to our own, and to which our own makes response.

To the Theosophist who accepts nothing upon authority, the validity of the principle of reincarnation does not, in the slightest degree, depend upon any endorsement to be found in the Bible Scriptures; but the fact that it is distinctly admitted there, as it is in all other Oriental scriptures, is a matter of interest, and particularly so to the person who still clings to the belief that the Bible must be accepted as divine authority. The impartial student of Christianity, however, must admit that truth is not limited to the pages of the Bible, and that a statement is not true because it is found in the Bible, but is there because the writer believed it to be true; while the impartial theosophist gladly perceives it to be a storehouse of esoteric wisdom, and of the utmost value to him in his search for truth.

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Grand principles of philosophy like those of evolution, reincarnation and Karma, are to be found in all religions, no one of which can claim a monopoly of truth. Reincarnation is clearly present in the Bible, being most often presented in the form of pre-existence. It is not inculcated as a doctrine, belief in which is essential to "salvation," but is rather treated as an accepted fact in the path of spiritual evolution.

In the proverbs of Solomon, in Jeremiah, and in Ecclesiastes, there are numerous references to the belief, not as a matter of dispute, but of fact. Josephus asserts that it was a prevalent belief among the Pharisees, which statement finds proof in the New Testament. The latter contains many incidents and statements confirmatory of the teaching. Perhaps the simplest are the questions put to Jesus by His disciples: "Who hath sinned, this man or his parents, that he was born blind?" and again, when He asked His disciples: "Whom do men say that I, the Son of Man, am? And they said: 'Some say thou art John the Baptist; some, Elias; and others, Jeremias, or one of the prophets.'"

Commenting upon John i:6, Origen says: "And if the Catholic opinion hold good concerning the soul, as not propagated with the body, but existing previously, and for various reasons clothed in flesh and blood, this expression, 'sent from God,' will no longer seem extraordinary as applied to John."

No form of expression could more fully convey the theosophical idea of reincarnation as a necessity in the evolution of the soul, nor of evolution as a necessary result of reincarnation than Rev. iii:12: "Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God; and he shall go no more out."

The doctrine of reincarnation is of prehistoric origin. From the beginning of history it has held sway over the convictions of the majority of mankind. We find its unquestioned acceptance in the earliest history of India and of Egypt. It was be-

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lieved in Greece before the time of Pythagoras. The infancy of Mexico and Peru found it firmly established. It has come down to us in the writings of Plato, and of Philo, but in a somewhat speculative form. Pre-existence and reincarnation are affirmed in the Jewish Cabala. Says the Zohar, or Book of Light: "But to accomplish this end, they must develop all the perfections, the germ of which is planted in them; and if they have not fulfilled this condition during one life, they must commence another, a third, and so forth, until they have acquired the condition which fits them for reunion with God."

Reincarnation was firmly rooted in the minds of the early Christians. It was the belief of the Alexandrian Gnostics and of the Neo-Platonists. To-day it is the foundation stone of all the eastern religions, and although rejected by Europe and America, it is nevertheless the belief of nearly two-thirds of the population of the globe.

We find it upheld by such philosophers as Scotus, Kant, Schelling, Leibnitz, Schopenhauer, and warmly supported by such scientists as Flammarion, Figuier and Brewster. Poets have sung it—Henry More, Schiller, Goethe, Wordsworth, Browning, Shelley, Arnold, Emerson, Walt Whitman, and even Whittier—plainly indicating their leaning toward the belief.

A doctrine hoary with antiquity, holding sway as firmly to-day as in ages long past, commanding the respect of names like the above, while not on that account to be accepted, is certainly worthy of attention and study. To have survived the vicissitudes of ages, it must be possessed of a life principle that argues for truth and permanence.

We must make deliberate choice between belief in the special creation of a new soul for every new body, on the one hand, and belief in immortality, on the other. Special creation is not immortality. That which has its beginning in time is not im-

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mortal. If there is to be immortality after death, there must have been immortality before birth. It is precisely as reasonable to presume that death is the end, as that birth is the beginning. A conscious life after death, is in reality no more a proven fact than life before birth, but the one cannot be true unless the other is also. Science demonstrates that the quantity of both force and matter remains constant. The law of conservation of energy must be as unvarying in the realm of spiritual force as in that of physics, and the idea that the soul springs suddenly into existence without previous cause, directly contradicts and sets at naught this scientific truth.

The orderly evolution of the soul by means of the experiences of earth-life, demands greater opportunity for development than one such life affords.

Reincarnation is an inevitable corollary of immortality. The purpose of life being spiritual evolution, reincarnation simply but grandly solves for us the "riddle of the painful earth."

THE LAW OF KARMA.—CAUSE AND EFFECT, OR ETHICAL CAUSATION.

Therefore, he whose light has become quiescent is reborn through the impulses acting in mind. According to his thoughts, he enters life. And life joined by the light with the self leads him to a world according to his will.—*Prashna Upanishad.*

Law rules throughout existence; a law which is not intelligent but intelligence—not personal nor impersonal—it disdains words and passes understanding; it dissolves persons; it vivifies nature; yet solicits the pure in heart to draw on all its omnipotence.—*Emerson.*

"Science," says Professor Huxley, "prospers exactly in proportion as it is religious, and religion flourishes in exact proportion to the scientific depth and firmness of its basis." To this Mr. Herbert Spencer adds that science is religious, "inasmuch as it generates a profound respect for, and an implicit

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faith in those uniform laws which underlie all things. By accumulated experiences the man of science acquires a thorough belief in the unchanging relations of phenomena—in the invariable connection between cause and consequence—in the necessity of good or evil results. He sees that the laws to which we must submit are not only inexorable, but beneficent."

On the plane of physical science we first observe phenomena. Reasoning upon these, we assume an hypothesis. Acting upon that hypothesis we experiment. By countless experiments—for the patience of the experienced investigator is sublime—we modify or verify our hypothesis, and ultimately discover law.

It is the belief of the theosophist that there is no statement of physical law, no statement expressed in terms of force, which cannot be expressed with equal truth in terms of ethics, and conversely, that there is no statement in terms of ethics that cannot be expressed in terms of force. That spiritual science—science of those planes of being which are not perceptible to the physical senses, is a comprehension and understanding of spiritual truths or facts, "accounted for by means of powers, causes or laws, in systematic and orderly arrangement."

We find on the plane of matter, that nothing takes place except in accordance with law. No desired result is achieved, except in harmonious action with law. No certain effect is produced, except from corresponding cause. The student of Theosophy finds that the same inexorable rule holds good on the higher (inner) planes of being; that given mental and psychic phenomena depend upon given causes, and the slightest variation in the one, proves the fact of variation in the other. What is true of each of the parts, is true of the whole. The universe, then, is governed by law. Every effect, whether subjective or objective, is the result of adequate cause, oper-

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ating in accordance with law. Reincarnation occurs in conformity with law—a law of ethical causation—the great law of Karma. Karma is a Sanscrit word, and is variously translated. Literally, it means action. It is owing to the action of moral cause and effect that we reincarnate. In each life we set in operation evolutionary causes, which that life is too short for us to reap in full effect; we build character which is yet imperfect, and requires further and different discipline, and Karma furnishes us with the necessary experience. It is a law, by virtue of which every human being encounters the experience that is most essential to him—that, be it pleasure or pain, may be a means of growth. The action of Karmic law makes it impossible for a man to have, in any life, any experience except that which, if rightly used, will lead to further growth and development. His life and experience to-day are what they are, because he—in the broadest sense—requires just this and not something different. It is the quality of character for which he alone is responsible, having formed it in past lives, which makes this experience the only one possible for him. Hence, the two laws of reincarnation and Karma, neither one of which could operate without the other, are a necessity, if a theory of evolution is to embrace anything beyond physical evolution.

A belief in reincarnation carries with it encouragement, for we can always hope that if we have, in this life, failed to reach the height to which we aspire, we may—indeed, must—bring this to pass in another. Karma, however, affords us the certainty that given Karmic causes will always produce given effects. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." The moment one seeks to throw the responsibility upon some one else, the moment he shirks moral or spiritual responsibility, and says that some power, external to himself, however supposedly wise and beneficent, is regulating his joys and sorrows,

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that moment he becomes the object of caprice and of charity, and has completely lost all individuality, and is nothing! Caprice, however divine, is incompatible with law, and charity with justice. Eliminate both law and justice from a scheme of evolution, and what remains!

On the other hand, the moment one realizes that he alone is accountable for his present, that moment he realizes that he has his future (that is, his subsequent earth-lives) in his own hands. What more can any of us ask than absolute control of his future? The entire past exists in the present as an effect—the entire future exists in the present as a cause.

"The past and the time to be are one,
And both are NOW!"

The past cannot be changed, but the future is ours to-day, to mould, as we use to-day's experience, into weal or woe.

The law of Karma is a law of absolute justice. But does it exclude all possibility of mercy?—is the question asked by many persons. The hope of mercy has been the decoy of the churches and creeds. It has no place in Theosophy, for Karma promises neither reward nor punishment, but only unchanging cause and effect. What need one ask more than justice? Justice alone will give each one of us that which belongs to him, and we surely want nothing that is not ours by right. In the unerring justice of Karma, is that which far transcends mercy, as the word is ordinarily understood. We all know that there is nothing so paralyzing to effort as the removal of stimulus to effort. Ill-advised charity creates paupers. Give a man his living and he will never earn it. Give a man heaven and he will never earn it. His sense of justice is atrophied, and he sees no ignominy in the fact of spiritual pauperism. Let him, however, be clearly convinced that he is to have nothing but that which he earns—in eternal character as well as in a material way—that he must work out his own salvation,

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then, as an essential element of this conviction must inevitably come an interior change that will do more for society and for the state, more to ameliorate existing evil economic conditions than has ever yet been done by any creed, or by the enactment of any civil law.

The adjectives "good" and "bad" are sometimes applied to Karma, but in reality there is no such thing as either good or bad law on any plane. If one thrusts one's hand into the flame, it is burned, and suffering is the result. This is not because the law of cause and effect is bad, but because it is inevitable. The law would be bad if it sometimes burned and sometimes did not. But it would not then be a law. We may apply certain remedies to the burned hand and relieve the suffering by the invariable action of the remedy upon the tissue. The effect is desirable, but this does not enable us to call the law, under which it acts, good. Wealth, ease, the absence of necessity for effort of any kind, can not be considered "good" Karma, nor even necessarily the result of a wisely used past. There is no growth but by means of effort or struggle, and environment where no effort is required, may argue that not much is expected, because not much is possible! The time of suffering and of travail, marks the time of possible growth, and opportunity for bringing forth the Higher Life. That a man is capable of suffering is proof that he has reached a point where he is capable of growth. Upon his recognition of this fact depends his evolution, for he can only grow by consciously working with Karma—never by working against it.

(*To be continued.*)

FOR sin is the withdrawing into self and egotism out of the vivifying life of God, which alone is our true life.—*F. W. Robertson.*

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MAETERLINCK AND THE COSMIC VIEW.

BY BENJAMIN DE CASSERES.

There is a fourth dimension of thought. There are rare moments in life when the latencies of the soul converge and blend in a transient state of consciousness; when the trickling stream of thought gushes over the obstructing deltas of Space, Time and Circumstance, and mingles with the infinite sea beyond. It is at such moments that we catch glimpses, or it may be but a half-glimpse, of things too bright for human ken. We are dazzled by an influx of light, of knowledge. Personality dwindles to a point. We see ourselves objectively, as independent objects in space and time, like the clock ticking on the shelf or the moon in the sky. We have a feeling that we have been everywhere but no particular where. We grope back to the terrestrial, glad to perform the most humble task, rejoicing that the Ego has not been lost in that momentary vision of infinite Being.

In that shining ether world whose pulsing waves flow through the brain cells like light passing through crystal, dwell the gods of life, the Fates that dominate our lives. Inflexible, imperturbable, seeing but not feeling, holding within their grasp the threads of human destiny—the silken threads that hold our souls in leash—these ghosts of Law and shadows of impurpled life rule for aye. They understand, but mock. They hear, but their lips are curled in scorn. The Greeks placed them on Olympus, the Scandinavians in Asgard, and the modern mystic places them in the fourth dimension of thought.

There are some choice spirits who seem to have lived all

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their lives in this subtle sphere. They walk the earth and their feet are clay, but their heads are ranged with the stars. Their lungs are forever inflated with a divine ether. We little beings who run around their legs like mice around the base of the Colossus of Rhodes draw in the miasmatic vapors of planetary life and are content. We sit in chairs and stare at a blank wall; they sit before an open door. Our vision is bounded by the horizon; for them there is no horizon. We listen to the guttural of external life; they catch the vibrations of Law and report the ebb and flow of æons.

The materialist places his mind in the universe; the mystic places the universe in his mind. Plotinus, Schopenhauer, Emerson, Maeterlinck, we can hardly think of as ordinary mortals. They seem with us, but not of us. To come under the influence of their clairvoyant gaze; to follow them in their vertiginous flights above the striated world of matter and motion, is to experience simultaneously those sensations of exaltation and depression which one feels in rising in a balloon—a sinking at the heart, a lightness of the head. There is a sundering of the ligatures that bind us to the commonplace. The centripetal forces tug at our feet and the centrifugal forces tug at our head. The clogging clay wars against the stars that summon from above. The welding Relative is lost in a mantling and solvent Absolute. The individual withers and his soul is more and more. As a particle of salt is dissolved in water, so is a particular fact dissolved in its eternal idea, in such hours. The succession of days and nights collapses like a portable drinking cup. Time dwindles to a point, matter runs to fluid wastes, the stable unmoors and drifts away like fleecy clouds over a level summer sea.

The world is my thought, is the message of "Wisdom and Destiny." The Belgian's soul has been touched by some divine despair. But surcease he has found within. He has diked

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his soul against the encroaching, flooding days, and reclaimed from the wild and lawless sea of Circumstance a verdant land of beauty and sunshine. Like Kubla Khan, he has decreed a lordly pleasure house in a mystic Xanadu. From the granite wall of limitations he has hewn a castle with turrets bathed forever in an opiate moonshine, and around which the eagles circle and call.

The world passes through his brain and even the dross is purified. He will see beauty in a beetle on a wall. He will catch the days with their griefs and the nights with their wailings and extract the beauty as gold is extracted from the mud in the pan. The soul of the seer is alchemic. He will turn compost into beaten gold. He will refine smudge and smut. From the less of the wine of pleasure he will brew an older vintage. He has an elfin band at his beck and call. They labor by day and night in the smithy of his unconscious being. There they forge the weapons for his conscious hours. There they mould helmet and shield and panoply. His mind is a dragnet, and all is fish that comes to it.

We are bolder than we know, and our actions ride us to the stars. We are wiser than we know, and our wisdom outruns the centuries. Each man is an epitome of all men. Every bottom is a false bottom. What we call limitation is lack of perception, and when we say we are undone we mean we have capitulated. For the seer—for Maeterlinck, Plotinus and Emerson—there are no limitations, and capitulation they do not know. They build the world anew every day. Each night they slough off a limitation. Each day they build a house, but they move perpetually. They overturn the best laid plans of devils and gods by meeting devil and god halfway. The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune pierce their souls, but the tips are anointed with chrism of wisdom. They dice with life-in-death, as does the grief-crazed mortal, but they play

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with loaded dice. They have lived imaginatively all men's lives, and fear no disaster.

Maeterlinck would have us know we cannot escape the predestined. To-morrow is a curtained seduction, but it stands sure. The last day shall reveal what the first day said. The years walk a lockstep. Each thing breeds its own manner of death. And the trump of doom shall reveal the meaning of the prelude in Chaos. The individual is held in the rigid grooves of fate, and what is to be will come. Any other doctrine is blasphemous; or, worse, ridiculous. We are gibbeted on Law. We are spitted on the Inevitable and our souls dangle over Chaos.

The one conclusive proof that we are not perfect lies in the fact that we cannot divine the future. It is good that to most of us it is as a sealed book. The past is ever changing; the future alone is irrevocable. The day of our death is appointed. Death is but a sequence that flows from life, and life itself is but an oblation to death. On the altars of the Hours we offer ourselves up. So many acts spend so much force. And when there is no more force, there is an end on't. The soul is but an eddy in the great world-stream, and the eddy has its appointed end as surely as the stream. A mind that could have grasped the links in the chain of causation of which Lincoln, the Civil War and Wilkes Booth were but the shadows, could have predicted, at Lincoln's birth, the tragedy in Ford's Theatre.

History is force dressed up. The curvetings of Law are beyond the individual stay, and the manner of the death of nations is dependent on the manner of their birth. We are puppets on an unknown stage, infusoria gyrating aimlessly in an unsounded sea, midges sporting our day in the sun of thought, atoms of desire, motes of the Eternal Energy. And Man bloweth where God listeth.

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The great problem of human evil confronts Maeterlinck, as it has confronted Tolstoi and Ibsen. But the demands of the Sphinx cannot ruffle the feathers of the Belgian as it has that of the Norwegian and the Russian. A mild but effulgent serenity swims from the pages of "Wisdom and Destiny" and "The Treasure of the Humble." The misery, the evil, the injustice of the world trouble him as the winds trouble the wave. They may lash the surface into huge, tumbling billows, but in the depths there reigns a tense placidity. Serenity is born of insight, and insight must beget a contempt of the temporal order—that order begun in Desire and which is destined to end in Despair.

"To-day misery is the disease of mankind, as disease is the misery of mankind," says Maeterlinck. Man tosses around on his bed of pain and his prayers are hurled back in echo from the stars. He builds and he builds and his work is swept away like the beaver's dam. His soul, impounded in clay, wriggles toward freedom only to discover that it has been wriggling into a winding-sheet. He builds a grandiose to-morrow on the ruins of to-day, and when to-morrow has come and gone and turned ghost, he builds again. His Golden Age always lies in the future. He builds altar and capitol, and dedicates his soul to prayer. He skulks and begs and defies and grovels, and death circles like a kite above his carrion clay. He believes he is going straight to his goal, straight to that far-off divine event which Hope has builded in the azure future. But there is no forward or backward in life. Nature has no straight lines. Rhythm, undulation, periodicity are the laws that govern motion. The history of one day is the history of all days, and he who builds on the shifting sands of the temporal builds futilely.

It is this Heraclitean vision of human life that has obscessed the mind of Maeterlinck. It is this incubus that has gripped

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his soul in its lean and icy fingers. In those strange little dramas that he has given us, and which are a fitting introduction to his "Wisdom and Destiny," we read the rending conflicts that have cleft the soul of this transcriber of visions. Are they human, these peaked and emaciated figures that he has silhouetted on his background of night?

The moral world is but a thin crust that has formed over the rolling lava streams of elemental passion. The wan, drawn figures of the plays sport upon this dangerous surface unmindful of the intoning flood beneath. Is it play?—or are the antics of these creatures the death-squirmings of a decadent race? A dank and fetid air blows from the surface of life. Is this endless and purposeless gambol in Being an illusion, a dream in the mind of a fallen god who sates himself in sleep while his brain-puppets play out the farce? The wilful days, that but image our despairs, bring no answer. Those pallid lights set in a naked, frosty heaven have no word. The soul of man preserves a cryptic silence. His heart wreathes Hope with the bayleaf and crowns Memory with thorns. But it has no answer. The brain-cells are the catacombs where lie our ancestors embalmed in silence. They answer not.

The web of life is woven of contingency and necessity, and the inevitable and the unknown ambuscade us at every turn in life's road. This endless willing, this eternal upswirl of souls from the pits of non-being into the glare of a frowsy day; this ceaseless regalvanizing of corpses; these ambling, jigging mummies that are tossed from Eternity into Time and from Time back into Eternity; these sweating pack-mules saddled with the rubbish of decayed cycles and ancient durations; these crumbling tabernacles of clay, some demons, striated with sin; some saints, dragging ball and chain of ancestral crime up the steep Cordilleras of aspiration; young gods with unexpanded wings, predestined for Walhalla, toiling in the galleys at Tou-

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lon; Calibans sliming in the gutters that rut their imaginations; and never an end—the same, the same and ever the same—how shall we fend ourselves 'gainst this "wreckful siege?" asks Maeterlinck.

It is in his soul that he has found the refuge against the world of fell circumstance. The problem is individual. Social schemes for the regeneration of mankind but aggravate the disease from which mankind is suffering. The deep-rooted ills of the soul cannot be cured by a poultice. "We suffer but little from suffering itself; but from the manner wherein we accept it overwhelming sorrow may spring." This is the keynote of his message. Mental attitude is everything. The gale that wrecks the sneak-box fills the sails of the barkentine and drives her toward her goal. The trifles of the day unnerve most of us. The wise man quietly ignores them. Suffering is one-half self-love and one-half hallucination. Hallucination is the normal state of man. He makes up his mind in youth to whimper, and whimper he does to the end of his days. It is the future that affrights him! he puts into a hypothetical to-morrow all the ills that flesh is not heir to. From the murk of his dreams he weaves strange and lurid figures of evil. What is this future we fear? Is it anything but a psychic jack-o'-lantern? The future is the avatar of the past, yesterday resurrected and expanded, Old Time with a visor on his cap to hide his identity.

For the seer there is but an eternal present that canopies both the past and the future. What didn't happen yesterday never can happen. What is not feared never comes. He drains the minutes of their contents as they pass. He substitutes the abstract for the concrete, and plashes in generalizations. No time, nor place, nor circumstance can hold him. He knows that, like Faust, he shall be lost if he bid any one thing stay.

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The vision of Maeterlinck is cosmic. He doesn't contend against evil; he rejects it by accepting it. He lives above the stews. From his citadel of spiritual power he sends forth his doves and they come back laden with precious secrets. His essential soul paces the ramparts of Time and Space. He will partake of all things, but nothing shall claim him. He is receptive, but unallied. There is in the soul of each of us, Maeterlinck tells us, a repellent center, a magic light 'round which the moths of circumstance circle but to singe their wings or be consumed. Gusty change but flings the first that burns in the chalice of the soul farther and farther into the encircling gloom. The wise man stands upon the marge of the great ocean of life and fixes his gaze upon the tumbling, seething, undulating waters that stretch away to an illusive horizon. His ear catches the hoarse callings of expectancy and the deep gutturals of defeat, and at his very feet there circle and surge the spent leavings of a futile labor. He is not disturbed. He sees, as no man sees, the tragedy, the comedy, the inutility of it all. Darkness he sublimes to light, despair he transmutes into a dogged defiance. The world sees from the angle of personality. The sage sees from an impersonal center. This world will fawn at his feet when he calls. The wise man is Nature's *chef-d'oeuvre.*

In the august and significant silences of the soul, says Maeterlinck, is born the wisdom that baffles destiny. Physical pain itself must cower before the emancipated mind. Was it not Socrates who discoursed on immortality while he was stiffening in death? Did not Epicurus in his mortal agony preach the *summum bonum* to his disciples? These silent refuges that disease and death stormed in vain were wrought out in the spirit-sweat of Cloistral hours; it is here, in these darkling recesses of the soul, in the encelled silences, that the real work of the world is done; it is here that rest is won from the

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clangorous days, and the balm that was not in Gilead is found. We reach these uplands of the spirit by infinite petty exertions, by threading our way through the labyrinth passes of whim and impulse. All things conspire against the individual. There is a Nemesis that would level us to the mediocre. Those drags, the vulgar and the banal, would scythe us to their own standard. We are kneaded in the common image, and our days are gross. We are relics of the dead, effigies of the past, playthings of ancestral tendency. All things pay tribute to the sheeted, slumbering dead. Yet there is within us the spark that will not be snuffed out. It is the I, the resistant center, the undying defiant. It is by developing this instinct, by an insistent coddling of Me, that we attain to a sort of Buddhahood. The adolescent Homunculus of Faust was Nietszche's Overman in the ovum. God is hidden behind an atom, and the freeman lies quiescent in the slave. Housed and kennelled in our brains there is a cosmic Self, a greater, grander, universal Self, distinct and other than the hallunicated microcosm that skulks and whimpers through the bogey-bogus days of life.

Maeterlinck gives us no coward's message. Flight is not self-mastery, and the world cannot be subdued to the individual's will by shunning its blows. We master fate as the Japanese wrestler bests his opponent—by giving way at every point. We should not battle; we should absorb. There is no way yet found of escaping the ills of life. The world is a counsel of imperfection. The trammel and the bond are not rejected by the seer. He must have ballast. There is no back-stairs entrance to the seventh-heaven of complacency. He knows the crepuscular mood, and the whirring pinions of the Black Bird have brushed his soul. Recomposition is the law of life, and from remorse and despair we compound the nectars of wisdom. Evil is a brigand, but he carries a torch. Snatch the torch, and turn it on his face. Beneath the visor which has

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frightened you there is a smile. And scuttle the past, says Maeterlinck. In the measure that a man allows the past to dominate his life, in that measure will the future obsess him. To sit down by the stream of Time and weep over the gone-by is worse than tragic; it's comic. Embalm the past in a smile.

Fate is a state of consciousness. Spinoza said: "Nothing shall disturb me," and nothing did. Pyrrho said: "Nothing is true; nothing is untrue," and he died in peace. Marcus Aurelius said: "Nothing matters," and nothing did. "The world is divine," chanted Emerson, and he was right. "The world is evil and smells of grave-mould," said Schopenhauer, and *he* was right. "Life is like a comedy by Molière," said George Meredith, thereby paying Life the greatest compliment it ever received in its career. And Meredith is right.

Each brain is a premise. Everything depends on the point of view. The message of Maurice Maeterlinck, like Walt Whitman's, is whatever you choose to read into it. We know him for a great spiritual scout.

ILLUSION.

Saw you a sleeper stir, within grasp
Of some weird dream?
So do we live this life, and to us clasp
The things that seem.

You woke the sleeper and he smiled his thanks—
Free of his dream—
So shall we wake one day, beyond Time's banks,
From things that seem.

HENRIETTA EDITH GRAY.

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TRANSCENDENTAL MONISM.

BY MERWIN-MARIE SNELL, PH.D.

The beautiful presentation of the higher form of the Sufi philosophy given by Mohammed Barakatullah in recent numbers of MIND, with which the writer finds himself remarkably in accord, has moved him to submit to its readers a rough summary of his own as yet unpublished philosophical system (the manuscript of which passed through the hands of a well-known scholar on the Atlantic slope several weeks before the first of the Sufi articles appeared), by way of a document illustrative of the measure of agreement which may often be found among thinkers representing the very religions and philosophies which, in their superficial aspects, are most diverse and contradictory.

The agreement derives much of its significance in this case from the fact that the present writer is an Ultramontane Catholic, who believes himself to represent the pure Albertino-Thomistic Scholasticism of the Dominican school (as opposed to the voluntarist or ultra-realistic Scholasticism of the Scotists, the Sceptical Scholasticism of the Occamites, the Suaresianism of the Jesuits, and the Ultra-Aristotelianism of the typical Neo-Scholastics), which he has developed (in the light of modern and Oriental philosophy and science, and yet from within, and not by any mere process of accretion or eclecticism) without contradicting.

The New Thought, with many, at least, of the contentions of which both the system herein described and that outlined by Barakatullah will be recognized as in close agreement, implies a continuity in the unfolding of the spiritual through the material, and the manifestation of the Divine through the hu-

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man, which is sometimes lost sight of by those who are more vividly conscious of the novelty than of the eternity of the principles they set forth.

The turning inward and upward of the individual human soul should not be disassociated from the corresponding movement of humanity at large, the record of which constitutes the higher spiritual history of the world.

The New Thought is new in contrast to the materialism and empiricism of the immediate past; but there was a time when that was the "new thought," and it was no better and no worse for being so.

The movement of human progress, like biological evolution, has many counter-currents, which it is only natural for those who are floating in them to mistake for the main stream. The *Zeitgeist* changes from day to day; that which was old becomes new, and that which was new becomes old; but the *Ewigheit-geist* sets forth unchangingly the Goodness and Beauty and Truth that is ever ancient yet ever new.

Not a link is missing in the Golden Pythagorean Chain, even since the days of Proclus and Synesius. In every generation since the time of the Orphic bards (who inherited the shadowy glories of the Age of the Gods, when Apollo is fabled to have founded the Delphian Oracle and Dionysus to have made his grand triumphal march, as the prophet of the Great Mother, through all the countries between India and Thrace), there have been Teachers (who may be reckoned by name, without a break, at least from the days of Pherecydes the Master of Pythagoras) who firmly maintained the supremacy of spirit, the nothingness of the universe considered apart from Him of Whom it is the manifestation and the symbol, and the privilege and duty of man to aspire to conscious union with the Absolute Being.

Swedenborg's doctrine (which was that of Aquinas before

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him) of the Three Discrete Planes—matter, spirit and God—applies, not only to the Macrocosm and to the individual, but also to those social organisms called religions.

The "clothes of religion," the formulæ, ceremonials, laws and other externalities in which all the more ancient historic religions so abound, should not hide from us, but rather reveal to us, the inner spiritual truths, and even Divine Realities, of which they are in every case, though in different measure, the correspondences, symbols and instruments.

Even he who believes that religion is, in its very nature, essentially one, interiorly and therefore, by the law of correspondences, exteriorly, may recognize that no religion can exist that does not derive its vitality from the elements of truth and goodness present in it; and still more should those representatives of the spiritual and idealistic world-view who repudiate all organized religions feel themselves obliged, for consistency's sake, to seek for the Spirit, the Idea, of which each of them must (since all the visible springs from the Invisible) be the embodiment; and it should not surprise them to find that this Idea, especially in the case of the religions of longest duration and widest influence, is harmonious with the Thought which is eternally New.

Transcendental Monism is based upon the principle of the essential inerrancy of the human intellect, and the derived principle (recognized, but improperly applied, by Menedamus of Eretria and in modern times by Cousin) of the truth of the positive and constructive side of all philosophies, which thus supplement each other. Yet it is by no means either an eclectic, or a mere syncretic, system.

Philosophy is not an art but a science; the art of philosophizing represents the inchoate stages of the Absolute Philosophy in the process of its construction or discovery; and each so-called philosophy is, therefore, generally speaking, trust-

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worthy in the special field (part or aspect of truth) with which it has dealt.

All philosophical methods, whether objective or subjective, dogmatic or critical, intuitional or rational, scholastic or sceptical, traditional or radical, lead, if rightly followed out, to the same results; but the perfect method is a combination of them all.

The Aristotelian-Platonic, Alberto-Thomistic, Vedanta, and Post-Kantian (Fichte, Schelling, Hegel) philosophies are of special value, on account of their fulness of content, and as representing the final outcome of the cycles of constructive philosophical activity of which they are severally the terms; and the same is true of the Spencerian philosophy, as a rationalized synthesis of empirical natural science.

The true field of philosophy is co-extensive with that of actual or possible human thought. Philosophy is the science of first principles and ultimate purposes, of causes, essences and relations; it is the theory of the universe, the rational explanation of the Cosmos, including all history and all thought.

Pure philosophy deals with abstract principles and their Source; applied philosophy is an application of these to the explanation of special groups or kinds of existences, phenomena or activities.

The Absolute is pure, necessary and eternally self-positing Being, infinite, unchangeable, impartite, and of incommunicable substance, as described by Aristotle, Aquinas and Sankarácarya, and is a personal God, in the sense that Knowledge and Bliss, and therefore Consciousness, are inseparable from perfect Being. As the Object of contemplation He is Beauty, Truth and Goodness; as the Subject of (free, eternal and interiorly non-differentiated) action in relation to actual or possible existence *ad extra,* He is Power, Wisdom and Love. To each of these predicates corresponds a branch of pure or formal philosophy.

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The universe is the finite manifestation and free communication (by an Act eternal in Itself but temporal in Its term) of the Divine Perfections; all that it is and contains, in all its parts, flows from, and is constantly dependent upon, Him (cf. Gioberti and Brownson) and is *what* and *as* it is because of Eternal Reasons in the Divine Essence.

The universe pre-exists eternally in the Divine Idea (Logos =God as Self-Object or Knowledge); its final cause is the Divine Will or Love (Holy Spirit=God as Subject-Object, Self-Complacency or Bliss) and derives its contingent and relative existence by participation *from* (not *of*) the Divine Being (The Father=God as Self-Subject).

All created existences, in themselves considered, apart from God, in which manner they do not exist, are nothingness, nescience and evil (Aquinas and Sankaracarya); but as actually existent, and as an ideal exhibition of the Divine Perfections (differentiated by diverse limitations) they share with God in the transcendental predicates of beauty, truth and goodness. Everything is beautiful, true and good, in so far as it has being, and otherwise, only so far as it partakes of non-being, that is to say, is deficient in being.

The Eternal Reasons constituting the Divine Idea are reflected in the celestial intelligences or pure spirits (angels) as innate intelligible species (ideas), and in matter as seminal reasons (Aristotle, Aquinas and Scotus).

In individual existences they are represented by the substantial form or active constitutive principle (which becomes in plants and animals the vital and sensitive principle, and in man the spiritual principle or rational soul), and superimposed accidental forms (as of shape, color, etc.); and in the human intellect they become spiritual forms, intelligible species or ideas.

The Divine Idea as actually or potentially reflected in the

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universe, and constituting its normal or ideal Order, is the (non-substantial and impersonal) Over-soul, and the whole body of subordinate ideas contained in it, as governing any particular part or epoch of cosmic or human existence, constitute the special Over-soul of that part or epoch.

The evolution of the corporeal universe represents the more and more perfect realization of the Divine Idea on the finite plane; and human history is a continuation of the same evolution so far, and so far only, as man freely coöperates with (or refrains from acting counter to) the Divine Purposes, and realizes in himself and his works the Divine Idea.

All the aberrations of created wills are in some way and time over-ruled by, and made to contribute in a special manner to, the Universal Order, which crushes, subjugates and eliminates all obstinately inordinate elements.

Every portion of the Universe is a manifestation and revelation of the Divine Perfections—an epitome of the whole; but this is especially true of the human soul, so that man is, in a special sense, the image of God, and the whole history and philosophy of the universe can be ascertained (cf. Fichte), in its main outlines, by a critical study of his interior operations.

An acknowledgment of the essential trustworthiness, or verity, of Nature, and of human nature, is necessary, under pain of intellectual suicide (cf. Jacobi and the Scottish School); for unless the universal instincts of mankind (which attribute, for example, objective validity and independent reality alike to the data of consciousness and sense, and the categories of the understanding) are true, then no confidence can be placed in any form of intuition or ratiocination.

Sensual and rational intuition are the foundations and sources of all knowledge; the illative faculty (compare Kant's "pure reason") recognizes and appropriates all things as true, the

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æsthetic faculty (cf. "judgment") as beautiful, and the moral faculty (cf. "practical reason") as good.

The soul being absolutely simple in its essence, these represent simply its diverse aspects or powers. The will, in its highest sense, is simply the activity of thought, *i.e.*, the rational appetite (tendency towards the Good, as such), superimposed upon the sensitive appetite or Nature-will (tendency towards the good in its particular manifestations, Plato and Aquinas, cf. Schopenhauer) common to man and other animals and, in a less perfect (unconscious, cf. Hartmann) form, even to plants and inorganic substances, in which it reflects the Divine Bliss, as the form reflects the Divine Knowledge and the matter the Divine Being.

The function of the discursive reason is, by analysis and synthesis, to eliminate error from the sensual and ideal data intuitionally given (thesis), and also to bring to light the truths latent in them.

Every possible idea contains some truth, and therefore every pleasing idea should be accepted, unless some good reason appears for rejecting it. Every possible abstract proposition is true in some sense and false in some sense (cf. Jain logic); and no truth is fully possessed until the opposite doctrine has been analyzed and its positive elements appropriated.

All matter is united to some formative principle or soul. In the case of corporeal substances (excluding non-atomic matter) it is this formative principle which determines the arrangement and habitual motions of the molecules and atoms; the ultimate atoms being ethereal vortices (Sir William Thompson), occupying space, but being incapable of actual division, which, if it should take place, would reduce them to quiescence in the state of non-atomic matter (interstellar ether).

All the phenomena of the corporeal universe are capable of

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being reduced to mathematical formulæ; the universe in this sense being, in accordance with the doctrines of the Samian School, woven out of numbers; the totality of these numerical relations representing the physical over-soul.

The process of evolution is a transition to higher and more numerous forms (heterogeneity) and the subordination of lower forms to higher (integration). The highest forms in the corporeal universe are sociological organisms (to which individual human beings occupy a relation analogous to that of the cells to the animal body), which are subject to the same laws as biological organisms, plus the laws governing the free activity of the human will, which are themselves analogues of natural laws.

The ideal end of natural and terrestrial evolution is the complete reconstruction of the Divine Idea in the human intellect, and the perfect realization of the Order (embodiment of the Over-soul) of human society. This end cannot be absolutely reached, but only perpetually approximated to (cf. Fichte).

The end of cosmic evolution (to which the Supernatural Order arising from the Incarnation is a necessary and sufficient means) is the supernatural union of human souls with God, who becomes (in the Beatific Vision) the direct Object of contemplation to the intellect, as its supreme Intelligible Species, in and through which all things are known; the Divine Archetypal Idea thus being possessed at last in the possession of Divinity Itself; and the universe, as Idea in the human intellect, thus returning to its Source.

In the Grand Consummation (Ragnarok, Pralaya, Day of Judgement) all spirits will be united into a perfect Commonwealth, in which the ideal Social Order will be finally attained; and the corporeal universe itself will be gloriously transformed by its reduction into perfect docility and transparency to spirit, through and in which it will return to God, while gaining by that return its own ultimate splendor and perfection.

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MIND.

BY T. SHELLEY SUTTON.

Infinite, vast, unfathomed, boundless Mind!
Stupendous Spirit to all space confined!
Immortal Master of all time and place!
Mysterious Essence which no eye may trace!
Thou Understanding yet not understood!
The slave of evil and the sire of good!
Eternal Knowing by no mortal known,
From whose First Thought all Universe has grown!
Most subtle Wisdom! Cognizance supreme!
Pervading heaven with a pow'r extreme!
Imbuing earth, and making of the clod
A living, breathing, thinking, human—god!
Oh, thou unerring Voice—unknown, unheard—
Who speaketh not by sign, or sound, or word!
Unfelt, unseen, unwitnessed, undefined—
Forevermore thou canst be only—Mind!
Omniscient Mind of that unfathomed Deep
Wherein the souls of ages seem to sleep!—
Whose thousand Thoughts, like moon-bright waves, up-roll
Across the sea of man's incarnate soul!—
Strange, billowy Thoughts, which break upon the shore
Of life's dull Consciousness—with Mystic Lore!
Incessant undulations, high and low,
Which bear the wrecks of passion, joy, and woe!
Eternal billows from that soundless Sea
Where glides the ship of man's own Destiny!
Mysterious Thoughts, which beat upon the brain

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With wings of Hope, or with the gyves of pain!
Celestial Inspirations, deep and strong,
Which yield the sweetness of the Poet's song!
Unwritten metres, reasonings, and rhyme,
Which give to earth its poetry sublime!
Supernal Music, harmonies of note,
Such as the blind composer heard and wrote!
Inventive revelations—wondrous dreams
Whereby our Science consummates her schemes!
Superb conceptions, Fancy's fond ideal,
Which make the artist's hand its *verve* to feel!
Profound suggestions which inspire his heart
And bid him climb the dreamy heights of Art!
Aye,—all that is, and all that yet shall be,
Comes from the thought-waves of that Mental Sea,
And every deed and glory here designed
Finds first a motive in the Mother Mind,
For every life is like the grain of sand
Which goes and comes at every wave's command—
Up-borne from that great Ocean, to recede
When rolls the tide that Wisdom hath decreed!

I FIND the gayest castles in the air that were ever piled far better for comfort and for use than the dungeons in the air that are daily dug and caverned out by grumbling, discontented people.—*Emerson.*

WE say that God is good, and so we trust him. But what do we mean by goodness except the goodness we have seen here? Infinite goodness is, to our conception, human justice, human generosity, human pity, carried upward to their perfection. If we have no faith in man, how can we have faith in God?

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MENTAL VIBRATIONS.

BY J. H. A. MARSHALL.

Those discoveries which the world considers most marvellous have been arrived at through application of the principles of the theory of vibration. Yet the proposition that the same principles are capable of a definitely directed application on a plane other than the physical ordinarily meets with that inattention which springs from a conventional incredulity rather than from incapacity of comprehension.

Science is forever fighting windmills in defense of the honor of her own dogmas, flinging the gauntlet to superstitions which are often no more than the fantastic prejudices with which she invests new phases of natural facts, the to her unwelcome, because disturbing, aspects brought to view by the irresistible advance of conditions under the evolutionary impulse.

In spite of scientific orthodoxy, however, steam and electricity won their way to the front, revolutionizing the domain of applied mechanics, and now in turn bid fair to fall back in some measure before a superior power of which the general world as yet has no cognizance.

It is to be wondered what may be the prophetic visions of the Edisons and Marconis, whose strong dreams take their flight far above the average mental horizon.

In the foreground of the picture of modern research and discovery stands Hypnotism, an inscrutable, veiled figure, pointing forward with uplifted finger reaching into and tipped with a pure glory of celestial light, but from which drifts earthward a terrifying, black, abysmal shadow.

Hypnotism is the introductory word of the new lesson to be learned in the dawning era of a higher physics, and hypnotism

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has, in common with all the ethereal forces (which are in themselves but aspects of one undifferentiated, primal force), tremendous potentialities for both good and evil, and will empower the mind that employs it according to that mind's own natural quality, simply deepening and vivifying its tincture.

In the hands of average students hypnotism is as yet scarcely more than a symbol, portentous to that degree that all previous discoveries are dwarfed before it, since it is the precursor of man's accession to sovereignty over the finer forces of nature, and thereby opens the way directly to his heritage of divinity. Because of the inexorable law of the innate fitness of things it may be assumed that even in hypnotism Good as the positive factor in creative operations will prevail over the temporary power of the negative factor, Evil.

Evil, after all, is but the resistance of the material to the spiritual, the inertia inherent in substance. In view of the entire ignorance that prevails in regard to the essential nature of hypnotism its attempted misapplications to-day convey a lurid threat which menaces the future with the possibility of the supremacy of egotism in its worst shape. Herein lies the dread of the cold, heavy shadow falling from the light-tipped finger. The whitest light casts the blackest shadow. But it may be remembered that every force is resilient in the line of its action, and that line of action on the less substantial planes is governed entirely by motive.

Apart from ethical considerations, which, after all, arise from humanity's want of development, we find that hypnotic influence is the directed assertion of mental vibrations. And in mental vibrations as in all others the stronger dominates and absorbs the weaker, just as an incessant and powerful note gradually brings others into harmony with itself.

En masse we faintly discern the initial indications of the change that is at hand, but hypnotism is the seed that is being

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sown and which, when grown, will bear as its fruit the doctrine of mental vibrations.

In the actual era material activity having approached its culmination on its own plane is on the verge of overlapping and becoming merged into the subtile and forceful one of mental activity.

Psychism has arisen and claimed its place among the themes that occupy popular thought. Like a mysterious fragrance its influence imbues the pages of modern literature. It is the avowed subject of many master efforts. It is openly broached where before it was timidly suggested. The Mind and its mysterious powers is the veiled Isis that is enshrined in the intimate consciousness of each one of us, elusive, yet strangely vivid; dominating, yet intangible; supreme, yet in its greatest capacity denied; in a word, unexplored. A mystery seductive, forbidding; an unknown realm which the personality longs yet fears to enter, awed by an overpowering sense of the awful splendors that lie latent within and which aroused will absorb it in a vast reclaim of the entire being. Tentatively the various schools of mental scientists experiment,—with many of the failures and moral mishaps that are inevitable to the tyro in divine science. But self-evident facts leap forth and confront the soul with overwhelming recognitions.

Mind, when all is said and done, is the master factor. Man has found within himself, hidden in the unsearched recesses of his being, the attested claim of his kinship with Deity. He holds in his hand the magic wand of creative power. All matter can be made to form itself to his will—all substance, palpable, impalpable, is subject to his command.

In the manipulation of psychic forces whether conscious and individualized or unconscious and universal, the reaction caused by the action of the higher on the lower adjusts the mean that is the common condition.

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We often see the power of any given mental attitude revealed, yet we remain strangely averse to acknowledge greater possibilities for that same power. For instance, the influence exercised by a vigorous mind over the general tone of any group of followers or school. A person of positive convictions modifies the tone of thought of persons whose ideas have a similar but less definite trend. Frequently such influence is both given and received insensibly. Observation will show that a person of very decided character will have his prayers or wishes answered to a degree that appears to casual view little short of marvellous. A step further to recall the influence of thought over the physical body;—the favorable or unfavorable conditions induced by the state of thought, and the alterations of the countenance produced in the same way. Persons long blind sometimes develop gray matter in the finger tips used for discerning objects and qualities through touch,—here we have a conjunction of mind and matter in which it is easy to say which is the direct agent.

Evidence of the influence of mind over inert matter is less common, since in this successful experiment has been confined to limited lines of investigation, and statements in regard to the ability to affect material objects through purely mental effort are of little value, since a statement unendorsed by the experience of those to whom it is made is of small value. However, the writer will aver to having seen furniture moved without contact; water made to bubble by the passing of the hands some few inches above its surface; fresh flowers preserved many days beyond their natural term by the attention of a "magnetizer" directed toward them with that end in view.

A few persons will go beyond this and attest to having witnessed "precipitations" more or less tangible of objects "drawn from the air" under stress of the strong will that picturing them inwardly impelled the elements in solution to gather about

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the mental image until it grew dense and visible. Perhaps this is anticipating, but these references are made in order to indicate the point that the mind has a latent creative power which has hitherto been exercised only in a limited and unconscious way, but which in a swiftly approaching future will become a recognized and acknowledged faculty that will be cultivated.

Did humanity understand the importance of thought as affecing indirectly, but certainly, conditions at large, there would be a helpful effort made toward the training of inward recognitions. Ethics would be divested of its ruinous sentimentalism, and become a matter of practise rather than of disputed theory, and the world would outgrow the need of those puerile moral precepts that are beginning to be a bane at the present stage of delicate moral balance. Many a thief could trace his first error to a consideration of the axiom, "Honesty is the best policy," and the question involved therein. Human nature is ever ready to decide for itself, and has an inherent tendency, born from its innate though undeveloped individual independence, to eat of forbidden fruit and to travel by prohibited paths, that renders the labors of professional "reformers" a dangerous experiment for the objects of their solicitude. Possibly if the sum total of the results of temperance workers could be told it would be found that more drunkards have been made than have been reformed. If this surmise be in any degree exact it follows that the true endeavor in reformatory activity must be sought elsewhere than in outward works. The reformer who is in earnest will acknowledge that the only possible beginning is within, and must find its effectual means in self-mastery. Inasmuch as we have conquered ourselves in that measure we can influence others without fail. So we can see our temptations as opportunities to help the world.

On the physical plane all motion is reducible to vibration,

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hence it may be understood that the same law holds good on the originating mental plane. When we view our thought as a vibratory process we can easily understand how it must affect and be affected by kindred operations.

The conglomerate thought of the world is a great blending of vibrations, and because that blending is inharmonious the whole acts as a vast discord disseminating confusion, producing chaos in opposition to natural order. So the sum of universal conditions has become inimical to mankind at its present stage. Nature has been outraged and takes her subtile but certain revenge. In the name of the Law of Cause and Effect, Death walks close in the footsteps of Life, abiding in his shadow. The fecund ray of sunlight acquires the power to destroy the forms it calls forth to being. Unsheltered, man must die in the extremes of heat and cold.

Nature, however much we may adore her, is hostile to us as we are. Her weeds grow faster than her fruits; her treasures are hidden, and hardly to be won; her wrath is dowered with destruction for man and his works; her placid moods indifferent to his pleasure or his pain. Man has seemingly become alienated from his great "foster-mother." He, her eldest child, must needs protect himself against her, and rear his frail artificial defenses at which she laughs and sooner or later sweeps down.

Yet the archaic ideal of Man and Nature in friendly alliance, in a perfect compact of dependent friendship, is undimmed by the passage of countless eras of conflict. The picture of Man walking as a god on an earth whose every creature and condition is at peace with him, where cold and heat have lost their power to sting and slay, where the winds blow ever balmily, where the light and shadow of day and night are only contrasted splendors, where every form is a thing of beauty, where change is only from bliss to greater bliss, is a picture long

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put by it is true, from the dust and corruption of this dark, enduring age of material activity in which Man seeks to establish his mastery but has forgotten how to do so, but is still existent, and may be viewed by the mind that laying aside its squalid, worldly interests dares in the strength of its purity to lift the heavy curtain fallen across the indestructible Ideal of the Golden Age, and, kneeling before its immortal glory, to realize the potentialities of its divine origin, and know that the ascendent arc of evolution will restore the primitive, pristine condition. To think of all this is to establish the certainty of its restoration in our consciousness, for such thought is recognition of the eternally existent prototype, and that once established, our personality will begin to weave inevitably the warp and woof of a new stage of being, slowly at first and with breaking threads, yet with growing certainty and swiftness, for it is the goal to which we are destined. How to begin! By habitually striving to merge the little in the great, the outward in the inward; to loosen the bonds wherewith the material man has bound the sleeping god. Make the intrinsically lesser subservient in everything;—in each hour of conflict between the self and the SELF weigh sincerely the prompting motive of every act and deal with it as sternly and impersonally as though it were another's, yet remain undaunted by failures. The strong joy of the vivid subjective senses will soon awaken and enter the heart, illumining it to dispel the sorrows of ignorance; for the truth-revealing Light that makes of earth's light a darkness is powerful to transfigure. In its rare shining new means will be found, new faculties will arise; strangely at first, but surely, we will see beyond the old, narrow horizons; we will come to know as the gods know; we will find the paths that lead to the heights. From such who have so atttained come back to earth the revolutionizing realizations that alter established acceptations. The mental vibrations of emanci-

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pated minds stir and thrill and arouse the dormant powers of perception of other minds; and thinkers discover that they are beginning to hold new views, and to wonder how it is. These are not taught by word of mouth or by written message;—they are simply enabled to understand more and more through a sympathetic vibration, and are gradually led upward in a comprehension that affiliates them with the host of workers for human freedom. In the present era there are, as there have been in every age, many of these workers walking in the ordinary ways of earth, more or less conscious individually of their divine inward mission, but outwardly undistinguishable from the mass of men and women except by an unusual purity and strength of character. They do not teach, or seek to lead;—they simply endeavor to be in themselves as much as possible the fulfillment of the unwritten law. They are fearless, undiscouraged, patient, compassionate. Others of these teachers have passed beyond the ken of earthly recognition, and live and work in a sublimated sphere from which their influence drifts to earth as inspiration and is able to incite in proportion to the reaction of the intellectual strata to which it may reach. And so the grades of the Teachers of Silence rise infinitely. Occasionally one will come as did Jesus. In the course of time many such have come; and the keynote of their instruction is: "Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you." Perhaps this is too difficult for us in our incipient probation; too severe a strain on our cultivated egotism. Elbert Hubbard has made a timely modification, much more feasible for us in the present day. He says: "Be kind." We can make a beginning by being kind; at least by trying to be kind, always, under every circumstance, to every creature.

No more childish reliance on precepts and precedence. Let the Man within arise and speak, and hearken to his mandates;

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allow His divine Will to guide and direct. Remember: "I and my Father are one;" permit the lower to be absorbed by the higher, and the outer, negative, crass vehicle will eventually respond and shape itself (painfully at first and difficultly) to the new order.

It does not seem as though so simple a proposition could be effective in regard to universal conditions. It appears unimaginable that the Golden Rule should be the basis of a profound human science; a science that is potent to change the very face of Nature; to establish fraternal relations as the only true note of brotherhood between individuals and nations; to make beautiful the entire world; to blend the divine and the material until the latter is purified, and spiritualized, and sublimated into the glory of the prototypal Ideal restored to it. But it is so. Because: To concentrate thought is to heighten its vibratory power; which power is positive, of the fine, subtile quality that acts on grosser media directly and effects a reaction.

Even in our dim and undeveloped understanding of the action of natural forces we recognize that nothing of what exists among man-made things but what was preceded by a thought, a mental image, a definite plan that took shape in the hands of human fashioners. The positive thought wrought out materially constitutes the means whereby the exterior activities of the world go on. Human hands build as human ideas direct. Trivial objects, grand works of art, stupendous achievements in mechanics, all owe their origin to the quality of the workings of the mind and its will to accomplishment.

A step higher, and we perceive that mind affects mind; the positive causing reaction in the relatively negative.

Now one condition of mind persisted in is very effective in its operation on the other minds. To really try to "be kind" would lead to a definite mental attitude that would impress,

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consciously or unconsciously, numberless minds in time by the mere force of its persistent vibration. These minds would i nturn act on others, and these on others still. It must be conceded that thought, as the originating influence, is the positive agent in all relations. Matter, or substance, is the negative aspect of existence responding to the positive and is dependent in its relation to thought.

A spiritualized view of our mutual interdependence as individual beings bound in an indissoluble bond of brotherhood, wherein all are of the same yet no two equal, if practically lived up to would free a vast psychic force which necessarily would act on the negative agent, substance. The reaction would be a change in material conditions inconceivably beautiful. Paracelsus said: "The Universe is a Thought of God!" But the prevailing conditions of the universe must be due to the misdirected thought of man, and it is for man to change them.

Surely the Golden Age awaits only the day in which humanity shall awaken to a full sense of its real responsibility. Then will all things begin to become gradually transfigured and endowed with the immortality which is the ultimate goal of all our passionate seeking.

But the new, redeeming, restoring, resurrecting ethics will be as completely divorced from sentimentalism as are the operations of Nature.

Every day is a fresh beginning;
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,
And, spite of old sorrow and older sinning,
And puzzles forecasted and possible pain,
Take heart with the day and begin again.

Susan Coolidge.

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THE LIFE RADIANT.

BY WILLIAM BRUNTON.

To live the life of sunshine, to have the unclouded heart, yea, the heart of brightness, a man's heart strong and true, unconquerable by gloom, that is the great desire, the lesson we are busy learning, and which has such beauty for us that we turn everywhere to find light on our hidden way. And parables are being spoken to us all the time, and now in these last days we have a word from the discovery of radium.

It is called radium because it is so radiant in its nature. It has all the powers that were fabled in the Orient of diamonds. It is a soul of sunshine with ray forces of a new order. Little is known about it at present, but it is said a company has been formed in our country to manufacture it from the uranium ores to be found here. It has created enthusiastic interest. It is the great find of M. Curie and his wife. The woman shares equally with the man in the honor of discovery. It is only in small quantities now, there not being more than a spoonful in the world, and it is very costly of course, three thousand times the value of gold. It is extracted from the waste thrown out of the uranium mines of Bohemia, and is in about the same quantity as gold is in sea water. The remarkable thing about it is the perpetual energy it has. Perpetual motion is the fascinating dream of the mechanic, but nature holds the hint as a reality in this little wonder. Its force fails not, neither does expending deprive it of its own powers. It has found for itself the secret of eternal youth in pure light and the blessedness thereof.

It has its danger side, so that if it may be found deep down in the earth in larger quantities, as it is speculated it possibly

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may, it will need cautious handling. Even a little of it does, as Prof. Crookes found out in carrying a small phial of it in his vest pocket. It made a sore hard to cure. Life of small animals has been destroyed by it to show its influence on organisms in various ways. It can reach disease in a simple effective manner better than other remedies, like the X-rays, have been able to do. I take it that such a substance has a good deal to say to us, and is a parable of the kind of life true men ought to have in themselves.

We are making a discovery that spiritual life, the inner life of the soul, the secret part of man, is a reality, yea, the great reality. Men have talked about death as passing upon all things until we have frightened ourselves in trusting anything as permanent. Some look over the world and shake their heads at all its pomp and splendor, and say: "This, too, must pass away." History shows the disappearance of nations, of civilizations. It reads us the lesson of decay and death. So they talk in mournful tones.

Now here is a particle of brightness taken from the earth that has another story. It has been in its hiding safe from the foundations of the world, and it has been giving out of its energies without diminution until now, and this may go on, as far as we can see, forever and forever.

And now here is a bit of inspiriting that is good for us. Some are afraid of outgiving—that means poverty for them—or so they think, and therefore they hoard carefully whatever they have. It is a mistake—the good heart is like the radium capable of giving off its good always. Taking from it does not impoverish, withholding does not enrich. The divine force of the universe is at the back of all divine expenditure—this is what the radium says to us.

And it forbids the idea of feebleness from age. It is not a necessary result at all. We have put this upon ourselves be-

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cause we live in that way of failure and weariness and disappointment. We grow old because we think the candle of life burns down to the socket and is then extinct. It is no such thing, it has no such fate, and we ought to live in the diviner consciousness of our power. A friend says—to keep young in age one should have the company of the young. I would amend it and say, have the company of thoughts that inspire the heart with youth. Be enriched with the energies of the eternal. When we keep the perfect way we are clothed with the sun.

This is as much a discovery as radium is—and like this precious find—there seems but little of it, but it will come. Men will gradually lengthen their years by living the sunny life, and they will come to the real quality of being. Radium requires to be refined and refined, and human love needs the same cleansing of itself from impurities and admixtures of selfishness. Then we have strength that cannot be impaired—that of which the prophet spoke when he said—"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; they shall walk and not faint."

But this radium by intense heat or by being placed in a vacuum can be shorn of its strength. And here is warning of how good men and true can come to grief. One has to watch out against inimical conditions. Of course we have. And also to watch out against the careless handling of good—or it may burn deep in the flesh. Yet let none hasten to gloat over this loss to man as some theologians do. They are more concerned about their own pride of system-building than they are of the redemption of man. They would allow men to go to the great waste, if they will not hearken to them. God will not let man damn man any more than he will allow radium to be permanently injured. It recovers itself in several months

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when thrown to the influence of God's air. And we cannot but believe it is even so with all souls—they come by trial, by loss, by what we call death, into touch with the universal, and they recover and are themselves for light and brightness. Oh, this must be or what a world of woe and sadness we should be in. And we are not, we are in a world of divine wealth and resource.

The radium has a word about this. The race at present is extravagant. It expends without due economy—and so we can see the diminishing of coal and supplies of light and heat. We have no immediate sight of things to take their place, and perhaps it is well that we have not, or where should we be with an unlimited supply before us? And yet doubtless there is in reserve oil for the occasion, and radium tells a story of energies that will last a thousand years and a day.

And once more we have a word from it of the detecting power of reality. In the dark it will make diamonds brilliant, but imitations will remain unilluminated. Truth knows its own, and will select it for its expression of brightness in the dark. And frauds will be seen to be such because they cannot hold the rays. We need not worry over heresies—if they are useless they declare themselves to be such without any peradventure or perhaps, and they are counted for what they are. This is the way the world travels to the abiding, the falsehoods perish, the real is seen in its loveliness.

And has not all this encouragement for the faithful heart and true, that its own sunniness shall be its blessing? There is nothing stronger, brighter than a life radiant with love and faith, and given to divine service! To be this is to be counted among God's imperishable jewels. And according to the quality of our hope and courage do we communicate to our fellows the power of an endless life and so lead them to live with us the life radiant.

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WHAT SHOULD OUR IDEALS BE?

BY J. G. WAIT.

Thoughts are creative, and their imprint upon the mind and form are sure and certain. Our characters and our forms are moulded and shaped by our thoughts. The necessity of ever holding in our minds and before the young, ideals of purity and perfection, is thus seen to be very important. For quite a number of years the wealthy man and the successful commercial man have been made by the press the ideals which the young man should imitate and follow. But at the present time the military hero is in the ascendant and is raised by the popular voice and press as the ideal man whom we all should honor and emulate. Our wars with Spain and against the Filipinos, producing as they have a number of men whom the excitable populace have exalted into heroes, seem to have driven ideas of justice and right out of the minds of many—as well as the principles of the Declaration of Independence, upon which we based our right to exist as a nation.

The celerity with which a great number of obscure names have been brought into prominence, has caused a large number of young men to rush into the army and adopt a military life as the surest and quickest way of achieving success and renown. Because of the popularity of the military hero, and the great amount of space taken up by him in the papers and magazines, he has become the ideal of the young men, and their only ambition is to make a name for themselves by some reckless deed of daring that will meet with the applause of the multitude.

But very few writers and speakers have had the courage to

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utter words of warning against this popular craze. But it must be done, and the foolishness of exalting the military man as the ideal of our nation should be shown, and higher ideals advanced more worthy of copying and emulating.

Brute force and strength are no match for the power of the intellect. It is not war that has made our country great among nations, but the inventive genius of our people and their ability to harness the forces of nature and compel them to do their bidding.

Shall we exalt the military man, then, above the peaceful man; above the student, inventor and philosopher? Wisdom answers, No. But so long as we by ovations and great demonstrations honor the military man more than the man of peaceful and scientific pursuits; so long will our young men seek to emulate the man whom the public has crowned with the wreath of success. In "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," Gibbon says: "So long as the world worships her destroyers more than her defenders, so long will militarism be the crime of some of her most exalted characters."

The rising generation always seeks to emulate the ideal that is held up before them as grandest and best. If the victor of a naval or land battle is exalted to the highest pinnacle of fame and made the ideal, what else can we expect but that the people will worship and glorify him, and forget the other man whose idea of greatness and success is in conquering nature's forces for the benefit of all mankind. Our ideals will make or mar our lives. John Quincy Adams, in speaking of the patriotism of the people of 1776, said: "The young men of that day could not help being patriotic, reared as they were in families that melted their pewter spoons into bullets for the Continental army."

Lofty ideals inspire noble actions. If we wish to inspire our youth and age to noble deeds then we must give them ideals

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of beauty and virtue to emulate. Aspiration and effort unfolds and builds the man into the likeness of the ideal he loves. What shall our ideal be? Surely not the military man. No. The grandest names in history are not those of Cæsar, Alexander, Napoleon—but such names as Newton, Morse, Galileo. They did not come to kill and destroy, but to build, and their work continues to bless mankind to-day.

When we learn to worship and praise men of this kind, instead of the man with the sword, then we will have made a great advance towards bringing about that condition in our country which was the object and aim of its founders.

A foreign writer, in writing of America, says we are changeable and fickle. We cannot do otherwise than acknowledge that this criticism is deserved and just. The sound of the drum and the glitter of a few gold bands upon the uniforms of a few soldiers has caused us to forget ourselves and to elevate a new ideal to take the place of the one which has so lately filled that position and occupied our thoughts. To illustrate: While we have been honoring and making all kinds of demonstrations over the different admirals and the rough riders, a man a thousand times more worthy of our admiration and respect lay sick and dying, without attention and without money enough to buy the necessary comforts of life, although he was the inventor of one of the greatest labor saving devices of the age. This man was Otto Mergenthaler, and his invention, the linotype, is a machine which has served to reduce the cost of printing more than any other invention. Not only that, but it is an invention by which the whole world is benefited. A few short paragraphs was all the notice the papers gave of his death, while columns were taken up in describing the decorations made to welcome Dewey in New York City.

When we grow into an understanding of the true object of life, we will know better; and the patient, unassuming man, the

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man of true merit and worth, will be the one who is praised and honored. Our ideals make or mar our lives. Mankind evolves through aspiration after its ideals. With the military man as our ideal, thousands of our young men would be taught to shoot and kill their brothers. Inventors would be encouraged to invent the most destructive infernal machines to destroy life, and all the brute nature of man would be developed, instead of those nobler instincts that make him more like the image of his Creator.

What should our ideal be, then? There has but one Perfect Man ever appeared upon this earth. That was Christ. The principles he taught were so grand and noble that the world could not receive them then, and is just beginning to see that they are the only true principles by which to live—the only principles that will bring peace and happiness to all. He taught that the only way to overcome hate was with love, and evil by good. Also, that no peace is lasting that is gained by the sword. The only sure peace is that gained by mutual concession and the same regard for the rights of others that we desire for ourselves. When these principles are followed there will be no more war.

The sole object of creation is for the happiness of man. Not one race or nation, but all nations and all men. When we understand this we will see that

"Mankind are one in spirit and an instinct bears along,
Round the earth's electric circle, the swift flash of right or wrong;
Whether conscious or unconscious yet Humanity's vast frame,
Through its ocean-sundered fibres feels the gush of joy or shame:—
In the gain or loss of one race all the rest have equal claim."

When the light of this truth breaks into the consciousness of mankind, and when we take for our Ideal that Perfect Man of Galilee, and embody into our laws His teachings, then will the earth be blessed with peace and happiness, and the Golden Age so long dreamed of be at hand.

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THE VEDANTA PHILOSOPHY.

BY EMILY PALMER CAPE.

No soul that thinks has ever lived without wondering more or less about the vast "Beyond"—the Past—the Future. Every human being has the right to ask the reason "why," and when offered a system of Philosophy that will not only help in life's struggle, but give to man the goal and the answer all are forever seeking, it is natural that each person will want to investigate for himself.

Believe nothing till you have found out for yourself the truth of it. Truth is a reality that needs no support.

The "Vedanta Philosophy" is spoken of by Max Müller in these words: "Life and sayings of 'Ramakrishna!'" page 91—"These ideas in a more or less popular form seem to pervade the Hindu mind from the earliest to the latest date. They are often exaggerated and caricatured so as to become repulsive to a European mind, but in their purity and simplicity they contain an amount of truth which can no longer be put aside as merely curious, or disposed of as mystic, and without an argument that everything that is called mystic has really nothing to do with either religion or philosophy." And again: "When we have first learnt all that can be learnt from the Vedanta, it will be time to begin to criticize it, or, if possible, to improve it. We study the systems of Plato and Aristotle, of Spinoza and Kant, not as containing the full and perfect truth, cut and dry, but as helping us on towards the truth."

Each soul travelling through this struggling path of life's way, is forever wondering how it may escape the fearful misery that human beings meet with in every corner of the globe.

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If man will stop for but a moment in this whirl of living, and contemplate his own *mind*, he will find by analysing, that this is something which is never destroyed. It is something which by its own nature eternally pure and perfect, will when truly understood and deeply studied give a Peace and Happiness, satisfy all desires, in a way that nothing else ever can.

You ask me how I know this? You say where will *you* find the truth of it? You tell me to prove it, and I answer you that you *can* prove it to yourself, that it is taught through the Vedanta School of Philosophy, just what is meant in detail by attaining this glorious Infinite Joy and Bliss.

Vedanta is the most ancient system of Philosophy in India and opens a door to knowledge, that may be entered by all who truly have the earnest desire *to know*. The word literally means, "End of all wisdom." No religion or philosophy is of vital importance to a person, or mass of people, that does not sincerely and with intense desire wish to develop and advance the highest Self, through its teachings. This is one very apparent reason that modern so-called religion is losing its foothold. Real *Christ*ianity is so buried beneath the doctrines and dogmas of *Church*ianity that never before have the churches felt the large amount of thinking minds that have drifted away from Church going.

In a booklet published by the Vedanta Society of New York these words are used:

"Vedanta teaches the truths taught by Christ and other Incarnations of God, brings light to dispel the darkness of ignorance, and makes clear the real spirit of Christ's religion. It declares that revelation is the disclosure of the Divine Spirit in the individual soul, being ever from within and not from without; and that for the soul there is neither caste, nor creed, nor sex. Going beyond toleration and brotherhood, it teaches that each soul is potentially Divine and that we are all children

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of Immortal Bliss. It likewise shows the way to the realization of the truth "I and my Father are one." The religion of Vedanta is not built around any personality, neither does it depend upon any particular book, but embraces all the Scriptures of the World. It accepts every phase of religious thought, and teaches active coöperation with all the various sects and creeds of special religions, which are but partial expressions of one underlying Universal Religion. Vedanta harmonizes with the ultimate conclusions of modern science, and gives to religion a scientific and philosophic basis. It also points out the evil effect of popular superstition and describes the way to mental and spiritual freedom.

Since the Parliament of Religions at the World's Fair in Chicago, this philosophy has been expounded in this country by the Swamis or Spiritual Teachers from India.

The object of Vedanta is not to form a new sect or creed, or to make proselytes, but to explain through logic and reason the spiritual laws that govern our lives; to show that the True Religion of the Soul is not antagonistic to, but in harmony with, philosophy and science; to establish the Universal Religion which underlies all the various sects and creeds of special religions; to propagate the principles taught by the great seers of Truth and religious leaders of different countries and illustrated by their lives; and to help mankind in the practical application of those principles in their spiritual, moral, intellectual and physical needs."

True religion as Vedanta teaches is to develop the character. Swami Abhedananda uses these words when speaking of religion: "Its object is to unfold the divine nature of the soul, and make it possible to live on the spiritual plane, its ideal being the realization of the Absolute Truth and the manifestation of Divinity in the actions of the daily life."

Vedanta teaches that to reach this realization there are many

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roads. One does not have to become a hermit, or an ascetic, but it may also be attained by him who knows how to live *in* the world and be not of it. Vedanta Philosophy maintains that mankind are drawn to religious teachings in four different manners. There is a class of mind that like to express their religious thoughts through ethical work. Others prefer the devotional attitude, and worship satisfies their hearts. Again there are those who find their ideals through their mystical nature, and prefer the methods of concentration and meditation. Fourthly, a strongly analytical type of mind, wants logic and reason to answer every path they trod, and therefore walk in the way of philosophy and discrimination.

Higher Knowledge, is self-illumination; and each of the above methods, are classed under a certain Yoga study. *Yoga*, coming from the root (yuj) to join, (thus Divine and Human) and is familiar to us in our English word "yoke."

The different practices of the "Yoga teachings," all lead to the same goal, Self Realization. The Upanishads, a part of the great Vedas, are the books which form the foundation of the Vedanta Philosophy's teachings. They are the Scriptures of modern India.

To have the beautiful knowledge which the Vedanta has to offer one, in the heart of a big western modern city, where the struggling for existence, and the suffering of many is so intense, awakens one to a longing to know more of the wonderful Light, and indeed to be one of the earnest students, who are striving towards that Truth of Realization.

All the greatest teachers of the world have taught the same essence. Jesus Christ said: "My Father and I are One." Ramakrishna said: "The beatific vision occurs only in the heart which is calm and rapt up in Divine Communion." "Know thyself," has been repeated in many forms, and the *Self* when truly known leads to God.

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If man will but learn that all visible material things are but temporary, that the Eternal is all that is worth taking time to study, that the more energy we give up in enjoying earthly and material pleasures, the longer we keep our feet from treading the Path which *is* Real and Everlasting; and which when once even getting a peep of, one absolutely longs, hungers and thirsts for the Great Glory that awaits us.

The saints of all times, the Bible of all nations have always told these truths. The modern people of both America and Europe are too apt to look upon the subjects as spoken of here with a certain air of "old-fashionedness." The majority of to-days' scientists quietly smile, or treat silently the facts which are preached and practically demonstrated to those who seek earnestly and sincerely into the Vedanta's teachings; as if it all were pretty theory for those who care to amuse or console themselves with the imagination.

No philosophy or ethics or religion is so strong as that which asks no one to accept *anything* on faith. The Vedanta teachers, only say: practise what we teach you honestly, and then if you do not find this Higher Truth, you will have the right to say, that what we affirm is not so.

There's nothing secret in the study of Vedanta. All who wish to know may learn. The goal of most religions is freedom from earth's sorrows. Draw a comparison of the goal of each religious train of thought. Heaven the goal, is always depicted as free of care and sorrow. Now let us analyze the possibilities of Heaven as drawn by the orthodox sects of Christendom. What do we find? A place where when we die, or leave the body in this world, greets us with love and kindness, angels and harps, a meeting with the Personal God, as taught by the Churches. All earth's sorrows gone.

Each sect differs only in degree; and yet in such a heaven how could a soul be happy who felt some beloved friend might

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not go there? What a dreamy, dull place, not even to progress in knowledge and evolve higher! Some sects take us through a chapter of Purgatory or a half-way house before reaching Heaven. Some even, yes most all, preach the other side,—Hell—where many go, as their goal, if their lives have so been lived to be thus punished. Many people who have no belief, hold themselves on the platform of materialistic science in remaining with the future as an open question. They say: "They do not know if this existence is all or not,"—there is no more illogical position in the world, for if that honestly was believed they would end all at once, and either close life's sad journey, or find out.

The goal of freedom of the Vedanta is indeed reached by a process that is scientific, practical, gradual, and is placed within the reach of every one. No religion ever had a goal as high, and no man who has ever earnestly sought the goal, but has found the very first taste of his knowledge of *freedom,* worth all the effort he has put forth to gain it. And this is attainable, to us here, now, in these bodies. We do not have to die to attain Heaven. This whole universe is as one continuous life. Forever being in motion by the vibratory forces through Nature. One should think of the different kinds of everyday living. To speak of living the "Strenuous Life" which has become a by-word of to-day, we do not attach the meaning of what the "Strenuous Life" really means.

He who lives in the turmoil of commercial life, or following an existence that fights its way along the roads for *Things*—getting, grasping, working for, and struggling in the turmoil of rush and hurry of modern living, each one gathering unto himself all of the comforts and luxuries he may attain, not only for himself, but those he cares for, is indeed living a wearing, tearing strenuous life, but gaining little. The *real strenuous living* is that which takes upon itself to go without most

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everything which we nearly all live for to-day, and strenuously struggle for the Higher Knowledge, the Goal which all are either consciously or unconsciously seeking.

Accepted *simplicity* of *life* is the real sacrifice of flesh desires, and the worldly temporal pleasures, to seek and gain those joys of the Greater Life, the Purer Vision, the Eternal Life which must in time be fought for and found.

Poverty—not beggarliness, is the real strenuous life—without brass bands and popular applause, without the superabundance of wealth that covers the soul as with a blanket tied down. Wealth getting, as it is to-day, is an ideal of the people which enters into bone and marrow, until we are all so unconscious of that Inner Wealth, which only waits to be loved and tended, to grow to that dimension of real Wealth and Light that *is* Eternal.

Among the English speaking people of the world, it is poverty that needs to be sung about with bold and noble meaning. People are afraid to be poor, the great race is for wealth, and each person explains his needs as not luxurious, but plain necessities. To be free of material attractions and to give time and plenty of it to the study of the Inner Life, are not only not understood but silently smiled at.

Prof. William James, of the Chair of Philosophy in Harvard University, uses these words: "The prevalent fear of poverty among the educated classes, is the worst moral disease from which civilization suffers." Another disease, the great power of alcohol over humanity, I believe is due to the sway it has of awakening the finer, subtler, more active qualities or vibrations of man's constitution, but dulling them in reaction. For all humanity are alive, and even unconsciously longing for, and desire the Higher Self awakened and realized. The reason it is bad to use alcohol is, it always impoverishes the system, and the sort of effect it has on the subtler qualities

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leaves the physical in a weaker state; as it were, reduced to subservience, through ignorance, and *not* through the power of knowledge *which holds* its strength when thus attained. Also nitrous oxide and ether, when diluted with air stimulate the mystical consciousness to an extraordinary degree. Great depths seemed to be experienced by the inhaler, but all we gather at the time does not last. Usually all fades away, for real knowledge of those states must be acquired through patient study, if one wants to actually retain their gain.

This side of life's study could be carried on to a most valuable and interesting extent, and it would be found that the state of consciousness we call normal or rational is only one of many which exists so within and about us that only the flimsiest thread divides them. Man can so train himself that he will discover many planes of consciousness, and yet gaining the knowledge through honest labor and desire, will be able to know each one, and compare them, and realize this one little life and plane of existence is but a small chapter of our being.

The majority of humanity go through life not even suspecting what is so near them, so truly a part of themselves, and belonging to them. It would only take a touch of the right stimulus to awaken all, in their entirety, and as we develop and find that each subtler step of knowledge leads us on and on to other grander heights of attainment, until the goal is reached, and Realization of the very Highest is Bliss Immortal. And all this study of one line and another along the thoughts of the finer self, but leads us back to the beginning of my article—"No soul has ever lived without wondering more or less about the vast Beyond." It is the Vedanta Philosophy which, when sincerely and devoutly followed, will bring one to the reality of those qualities which are the Highest, and are Eternal and Everlasting.

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MAN: THE EPITOME OF THE UNIVERSE.

BY C. G. OYSTON.

What a vista of awe-inspiring suggestive possibility is presented to the spiritual perspective when the vision is not obscured by the embodied ideas of superstition! When we dare to precipitately put aside these cherished delusions our spiritual perception embraces a wider range; we boldly tear asunder the curtains of the holy of holies, and demand knowledge and power in proportion to our receptivity.

This intense aspiration becomes an "Open Sesame" to new revelations, astounding, ennobling, imparting dignity, and investing the human soul with regal robes such as it never wore before.

Instead of cringing in abject submission to a fetich of thought, man proudly rears his heaven-erected face, and claims kindred with the mightiest seraphs, archangels, or human gods in the infinite realm of the spirit; for all the potential possibilities heretofore ascribed to a personal Deity we now know can be displayed by man. It is only a question of degree in unfoldment. The timid soul, who is dismayed by the whirlwinds of thought that are purifying the stifling atmosphere, and introducing pure breezes of strenuous aspiration for higher things, may with nervous trepidation decry this dethroning of a cherished ideal, but until that conception of a perfect personal God shall be consigned along with the idea of a personal devil into the dark labyrinthine past man will never realize his greatness, his possibilities, and his kinship to the highest good. Tell him that he is a weak, insignificant worm, unworthy to breathe in the presence of a barbaric Deity, and he will grovel submissive in the dust, a pitiable travesty on the God within

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him; but assure him that everything external to himself is but the vassal of his latent potentialities and internal infinity of power, and his very soul will leap within him. He will demand Gods for his companions and associates, and nothing short of universal expression will circumscribe his laudable ambition. Tell him that all nature is but an embodied expression of human thought, that her sighs, sorrows, moanings, violent emotions, turbulent inharmony, and varied moods but voice the characteristics of her master—man, and he will wisely maintain how tremendously important it is to know this; because as a factor or unit in the great aggregate of human intelligence he can be instrumental in assisting towards the promotion of her beauty and harmonization.

When man stepped down from spirit life to measure his strength with matter for the first time, although he comprised in aggregation all spiritual possibilities, he was quite unconscious of his latent qualities and potentialities. He had been summering in infantile sensibility as a *personality* in the spiritual world, but *individuality* was to him unknown. The desperate encounter with external conditions became absolutely necessary, in order to arouse a consciousness of his relationship to the outward world. He must therefore appropriate a physical form such as nature at that time could supply, and that covering of the spirit was coarse and crude indeed. Strenuous and fearful were his continual struggles for existence with the brute beast of the forest and field, and he passed away only to return to the encounter until everything should be subdued and overcome. Embodiment after embodiment characterized his experience—cycle after cycle—century after century rolled over his devoted head, and still conditions remained comparatively obdurate, but the brave warrior disputed the position, and fought valiantly on. Eventually he succeeded in wresting the secrets from nature's bosom; he compelled her to furnish

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him with more salubrious conditions, and she became adorned with loveliness and beauty in obedience to his imperious will.

In times past, away down the ages, she had thundered forth her protestations, and made his heart quake within him in abject fear. How she howled and roared in her irrepressible anger; how she tore asunder the very ground upon which he trod; how she flashed forth the terrible volcanic fires, and lashed into fury the mountains of the mighty deep. Truly his life had few charms. When he entered the arena of conflict with the mighty forces operating upon him he seemed to sense intuitively that the crowning glory of victory was a prize demanding every latent energy of his soul; consequently he girded up his loins, summoned all his innate possibilities, poised his will and determination and hurled the gauntlet in the face of nature who resisted him inch by inch in the struggle. But she was "cruel only to be kind." She voiced obedience to the soul cry for *something to act upon and with.* She aroused the dormant aspirations, and elicited from the internal man what no power in the spiritual universe could possibly unfold. Even as "the naked negro panting at the line" would ever remain unprogressive without the stimulus of modern civilization, so primitive man, with every physical requirement supplied without physical exertion—with no antagonistic impulse from nature would have passed back to spirit life his experience forfeit to lassitude and inactivity. His sojourn on earth would not have been *practically* instructive, as his spiritual guardians desired. Nature—a spiritual condition rendered objective—was not projected forth to antagonize him, in order that his progress might be indefinitely delayed, but as his best and truest friend in the external she coöperated with him, although in his ignorance he knew it not.

With the "trailing clouds of glory" enveloping his consciousness his native impulse would be to indulge in day dreams, but

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the demands of the physical and the schoolmasters of adversity aroused the flagging energies, gradually the internal sensed the external, and nature taught him a divine lesson, and a new spiritual relationship. What is nature but the diffusion of man's possibilities. Were it possible to concentrate these elements diffused we should have a materialization of man's physical organism. Her internal, essential, invisible potentialities are correspondentially spiritual, and primordially were part of the spiritual man before such substance became objective as we see it to-day.

Without man nature would have no existence. If all human souls could be withdrawn from the spiritual world no spiritual world could exist. Truly has it been inspirationally declared, "There is nothing outside the human soul that is real!"

Physical man is the counterpart of objective nature. Even as the external world can be thrown into confusion and convulsions by violent outbursts of latent energy, so man can by the raging tempests of internal emotion cause a mighty revolution in his material organism, so much so, as to threaten to sever the spirit from the body. The apparently incredible statement has been repeatedly breathed through inspired lips that "It would take a seraph's tongue an age to tell" the beauties and possibilities of the spiritual world. Now what is the spiritual realm? It stands in the same relation to the spiritual man as external nature does to the material man. What is beauty? Beauty is but a relative condition of harmony existing between the human soul and the external. In the spiritual realm man in a comparatively high state of spiritual advancement breathes forth thoughts inexpressibly beautiful, his surroundings correspond therewith, and loveliness indescribable, glorious, peaceful, harmonious and inspiring reflects his divine condition of soul unfoldment. In the spiritual seance the individuality called a spiritual being, wishing to clothe himself

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with a physical body for the time being, appropriates from the atmosphere and surroundings all the necessary elements to subserve his purpose. Even the emanations from the medium are substances that primarily were absorbed from the external, and therefore must have affinital relation thereto. Thus nature possesses in solution everything embodied by man. Spiritually she can be blessed and beautified by the congenial harmonious breathings from the human spirit. Man takes the wild rose of the forest, thinks of it lovingly, cherishes tenderly, and transplants that gem of beauty, and by his mysterious thought power brings forth a superior offering in the garden of nature.

Nature is not, therefore, really antagonistic to man, but she is a necessary auxiliary to his spiritual unfoldment. While he is tempestuous and inharmonious in the expression of his emotions she voices truly the moods of his soul, but when the objective man shall have become absolutely subservient to the spiritual, inexpressible beauty will characterize the outward world, storms and tempests will have become things of the past, violence and commotion will be no longer known, and peace and harmony will reign supreme.

How shall we rest in God? By giving ourselves wholly to him. If you give yourself by halves, you cannot find full rest. There will ever be a lurking disquiet in that half which is withheld.—*Jean Nicolas Grou.*

BLESSED is the man who has the gift of making friends, for it is one of God's best gifts. It involves many things, but above all the power of going out of one's self and seeing and appreciating whetever is noble and loving in another.—*Thomas Hughes.*

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INTERPRETATION.

BY L. H. MUDGE.

The annals of the past are one continuous story of humanity engaged in ceaseless controversy. All down through the ages, we hear the never ending cry for peace and freedom, and still the contest wages.

"Just a bad dream," some say, "you will be all right when you awake." Is it true? Have we been sleeping all this time in the arms of peace and security? If so, can it be interpreted so that the apparent discord will blend with the infinite harmony and justice?

Every battle in which harmony has been victorious, was won with that most powerful of all weapons, Reason. When we perceive the reason or cause of an effect, we realize freedom in a degree, as with its perception, the method of its control is finally realized.

If, then, it can be demonstrated that the discord to which we are subject is merely incident to spiritual awakening, the nature of our fears will be apparent, their necessity becomes clear and their undesirable aspect vanishes.

We have only the eternal and the manifestations thereof to consider. The beginning and ending of things as we see them are occasioned by the constantly changing expression of the eternal. The primal characteristics of the universal are the mover and the moved. As we become familiar with the Infinite expression, we have sufficient evidence of order, harmony and purpose to warrant us in assuming that all movement is ultimately traceable to intelligence and is harmonious with the infinite purpose. All apparent inharmonious movement, then, is so only from an inadequate viewpoint.

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The basic principles underlying the Infinite expression are illustrated on this planet as well as in the entire Universe; hence, we have the material at hand from which to deduce the underlying law.

This world might be characterized as the borderland of Spiritual expression. Primary actions suggest the complete and unlimited forms. For example, we have individuals associating, in a degree, in unison from the standpoint of their consciousness, and in perfect unison from the Infinite standpoint. We have then suggested complete individual activities consciously blending and constituting the full Infinite expression.

As these principles become clear to us, our consciousness broadens, our sphere of incomplete, or discordant, activity less, and the Divine purpose in all things becomes apparent.

To the individual we are always indebted for the new thought; coöperation and criticism promote its practical development. The conscious activity of the individual is bounded by his understanding, his ideals corresponding thereto, and he is in conscious harmonious relation with his environment to just the extent that he realizes that his surroundings are an aid to the realization of his desires. The question of the sustenance of our physical bodies first arises, which necessitates an understanding of the forces manifested in our material world by which we are dominated until they are comprehended, and our ideals will correspond therewith until this is accomplished. Evidences of our progress in this direction we have in the empirical and scientific knowledge of the times. Dominion comes with understanding. The mere assertion of it, only, indicates the intuitively perceived ideal.

The infinite or universal ideal is fulness of expression and the individual ideal, to consciously blend, must be the exemplification of the principles underlying intelligent action. When we view life from the standpoint that the existent is eternally

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so without beginning or ending; that all movement finds its source in intelligence whose dominion is complete; that discord is incomplete expression. Pain and death are but the wearing and breaking of tools used during our apprenticeship in the work-shop of God.

The precept always precedes its practise. It is always found at the outposts of consciousness, acting as a signboard upon which are written the rules for future action. In the field between the precept and the practical life, conscience is found insisting upon a more moral and reasoning activity. Any stage of unfoldment will be first characterized by an enforced activity. The immediate benefits resulting lead to the conception of temporary ideals, which brings us to the second phase, or interested activity. This phase is gradually replaced by the last as the actions become more moral and reasonable, and is only complete when the practical life blends with the highest conception of duty; when the interest is centered in the Infinite ideal instead of the temporal.

The first phase gradually disappears in teaching, as the value in gaining interested attention, through the erection of temporary ideals that are harmonious with the ultimate object, is understood. The second disappears when the nature of the temporal ideal is clearly comprehended. It can then no longer act as a prime inducement to action. The permanent or Infinite ideal is reached out after and the temporal is finally understood to be the opportunity for the exercise of those powers upon which the realization of the permanent is dependent. At this point contentment is found in the performance of the present duty, it being illumined by the consciousness of the Infinite ideal. The temporal benefits in life at this stage are enjoyed with a full consciousness of their nature and in no sense do they affect the spiritual poise.

In striving to realize the temporal ideals, we are brought in

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contact with others harmoniously when the value in coöperation is perceived and inharmoniously when it is not. The inharmony is real from the standpoint of limited consciousness, but is harmonious with Infinite purpose and the processes necessary for its realization. Inharmony is the crucible in which ideas battle for supremacy, which always results in the survival of that which corresponds most perfectly with the practical consciousness of the time.

In the doing of anything, the actions necessary for its accomplishment become necessary in accordance with a certain order; primary actions in a new direction of a necessity must have the undivided attention. As the actions become more complex the close attention is given to the new or advance movements, the whole process demanding such attention as to eliminate the present consciousness of the Infinite ideal, further than that would be suggested by the actions having been and being performed. Temporal ideals when realized are succeeded by others requiring broader understanding for their realization. This disorders the old processes of thought and action and are consequently resisted by the individual. This resistance is the root of all disorder, but is, at the same time, a perfect function of an unfolding intelligence demanding reason for actions, which must be forthcoming before voluntary action is possible. This resistance is consequent upon a comparison between existing conditions to which the actor is adjusted with the proposed change of conditions with which he is not adjusted.

Discord is eliminated from the individual life as the Infinite ideal and the processes underlying its unfoldment become clear. From his past experiences he deduces the unvarying rule of procedure, and unreasoning resistent processes are replaced by harmonious reasoning ones. Discord is the result of the

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fear of undesirable results of proposed changes, and acts as a check upon premature action.

Harmony is the basis of all intelligent action, and only in the proportion that we realize the universal harmony do we enjoy freedom. Just so far as our mental habits lack the order upon which harmonious action is dependent the world will be one of proportionate disorder from the standpoint of our consciousness. Every habit that produces discord must be replaced by harmonious ones before satisfactory expression will become possible. The discord resulting from the different opinions of individuals and organizations evidence the non-recognition of the principles underlying intelligent action. To take part in such discord indicates our need of the tonic processes involved. In time we rise to a higher plane of action, then we will cease to be partisans, as we will be sufficiently wide awake to see the purpose in all of the parts and the united purpose of all. It is the primary manner that truth becomes known and we need the stimulation incident to competition in order that the relative value of all thought be understood. As soon as we realize that the freedom we are seeking is dependent upon a harmonious condition, we will not need the stimulus of antagonizing forces in order that we may introspect sufficiently, but we will welcome the searchlight of criticism in whatever garb it may appear as a possible way to broader understanding.

A GAY, serene spirit is the source of all that is noble and good. Whatever is accomplished of the greatest and the noblest sort flows from such a disposition. Petty, gloomy souls, that only mourn the past and dread the future, are not capable of seizing upon the holiest moments of life.—*Selected.*

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LOVE AND SERVICE.

BY M. J. WOODWARD-WEATHERBEE-RICE.

In view of the changes that have come about in the attitude of the thinking world; in view of the changed creeds of the most conservative religionists; of the changed direction of the activities of benevolent men; in short, in view of the newer thinking mood of the world's workers, if there is any one point we all are agreed upon, it is this: "Life is not for learning, nor is life for working, but learning and working are for life," for learning which is wisdom is the means for a more intelligent coöperation in work.

The sorrowing, the poor, the morally weak, the despairing press upon us on every side. God forbid that we should for one moment forget the obligations of the hour, or, if one asks for bread that we should give him a stone, or, if for a fish that we give him a serpent; for in our higher consciousness we see in every stranger's face the lineaments of a brother.

Near and far the voice that sounds in our ear is one voice. It is the voice of Love, and everywhere it speaks in a language we all understand; it is the voice of the Omnipresent; of the Father to us His children; the voice of the Spirit of Life and Power; of that Spirit energy that pervades all things, and of which we ourselves are a part; and the voice that calls is a call to work; to give of our best to the uplifting of other souls.

Little as we may know of the why we came into life, and as to what shall be the reward of our labors, we at least have the abiding consciousness that we are sentinels at the post of duty; that we are to live up to the highest that is in us—a consciousness that we are one of a myriad of workers—not for the self,

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but for the upbuilding of the whole—for the good of the world —to do battle for the right—for victory over everything that stands for oppression and injustice to others.

These are the answerings of the inner self, of the divinity within.

The self conscious ego says: Love is your work and service wherever help is needed, and the necessity is always and everywhere.

When the Christ said, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work," He gave us the example that we should continue God's work—or ever the earth was formed and worlds were made ready for the children of His love—for whom all things were made. It was all a work of love, from the first thought of Creative Energy, and Love has commissioned every created thing to continue the work even as He began—the work of love and service—that we should live the higher life of beneficence, as against the lower life of selfishness—living to make gladness in the heart and so to fulfil our destiny.

Experience plainly shows that our highest development comes in reflex lines from trying to help those who are less favored than we, in lifting up those who fall. Never was there a more vital truth, than that in losing our life, we find it—that in just such proportion as we try to add to another's joys, peace and gladness come to our own souls in tenfold measure; that in giving as we are able, it is given to us again in heaping measure.

That is the normal spirit of life, as we see it all about us, but as it is light and sweet and good. The insect world is aswarm with busy, happy workers. The bird's song is ever of gladness. Every moment of the life of the dumb creation is a season of content and, to the infant man, love and sweetness are as natural as the flower that breathes its perfumes on the roadside. Through every order of life, up from the lowest,

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each and all are living to the highest that is in them—and we, with our higher activities are to be coöperators in developing to the highest that is in us, to be co-workers with that Universal Life and Spirit that we call God.

To know just what is our place in the world we go back in our researches to the beginnings of life, when out of chaos there came order and form and beauty through the energy inherent in the atom and natural selection coöperating.

Thus was constructed a ladder of conscious life from the monad to the God-like man.

Building better than they knew up to our very doors they dumbly incite us to coöperation with our kind.

Love is this vital force that throbs and warms at the very heart of things. Love that seeketh not her own, but piously divides all that she hath to help build a world.

'Twixt us who are but the shadow of God's great self—'twixt us and Universal Spirit there are immeasurable opportunities in which to develop the God-like, through justice to our fellow men, through sympathy, affection, pity and love.

We have felt the pain, the smart, the bitterness of the lower life, the life of self-seeking and its insufficiency to satisfy.

There is no place for idlers in a world where the hungry are crying for bread, the naked to be clothed, the sick to be ministered to, and the stranger to be taken in.

It is my work—it is your work—it is the mission of every one born into the world to be coöperators in the blessed work of love, of beautifying and replenishing the waste places of field and brake, and of sowing the good seed in the hearts of our brothers.

Let us recognize in love and service to others the divinely appointed means by which alone we can hope to dwell in the light of God's countenance, the light of Eternal Love, for Love is the fulfilling of the whole law of life.

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REALIZATION.

BY HELEN CHAUNCEY.

The phrase, "I Am Divine" seems often like blasphemy to souls not yet emancipated from traditionary belief. Even to many who have set their faces up the Mountain of Understanding it is a hard saying. Yet it means no more assumption of Deity than the words, "God is living my life for me every second of my existence." It simply endeavors to express in words the entire surrender of the human to the Divine Will, and the bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ.

However the conception of God as the Supreme Individual of every human organism is expressed in written or spoken language, it still remains the tremendous Fact of the Universe, which must be asserted and believed with absolute conviction, if perfect union with the Divine Being is to be realized. There is no monopoly of the road. The same way marks are there for each and all. Hence a record of personal experience may encourage some seeker after Truth to whom the upward path grows long and weary.

For years I had sought that realization of Immanuel, God with us, which would transform longing into attainment and struggle into victory. There were times when I felt, in bitterness of spirit, that I never could reach the shining table-lands so far above me. Black imps of doubt, creations of my own fear, led me through bushes and brambles, or tried to drag me backward. But the angel of Faith in Omnipresent Good always came to my relief. With one touch of his crystal spear, tipped with a point of never fading light, the will-o'-the-wisps dissolved into wreaths of mist and disappeared. Over and

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over again I passed through this experience until I learned the nothingness of apparent evil, that God alone exists or endures, and all else is a phantom of the imagination.

Bright and ever brighter grew the road as I travelled on, while my thoughts seemed to keep the Angel Guide in sight, as I affirmed my complete union with God. Every God-like attribute I held as mine, to be expressed through my physical organism, to the world, since I and the Father were one. I pictured them constantly in mind with the mental or spoken affirmations: "I *Am* Love;" "I *Am* Joy;" "I *Am* Peace;" "I *Am* Abundance;" "I *Am* Health;" and all other good gifts of which I felt the need.

Gradually my circumstances and surroundings changed for the better. Yet, even then, there were times when I was compelled to use all my resolution to keep my face turned in the right direction, and I yearned with every fibre of my being for the unconsciousness of conscious union with my Divine self.

One morning I awoke from sleep with a sense of freedom I had never known before. Instantly I *realized* that God and I were one. There was no effort, as heretofore, to apprehend the Truth of my Being, the Origin, Cause and Destiny of my existence. As though the Divine command was said to me, "Let there be Light!" there *was* Light, and these impressions were conveyed instantaneously to my inmost consciousness, written indelibly on mind and heart and soul, as on tables of stone by the finger of the living God: *"There is nothing anywhere except God. God is all that there is. I am the well beloved Son of the Father, and the Father and I are one."*

What an awakening that was to newness of life, those only know who have had a similar experience. During the night I had been carried upward to the shining heights I had so long essayed to reach, while all around and before me was radiant with the sunshine of Almighty Love.

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From that hour life has been overflowing with Joy and the Peace that passeth understanding. The assurance that I and the Father are one enables me to overcome every seeming evil, manifesting only the Omnipotence of Omnipresent Good.

Every day is of blue and gold
As the beautiful secrets of God unfold,
Every night is of silver sheen,
As it floods the world with the Light unseen
Except by those whose anointed eyes
Perceive that this earth is Paradise.

All is Beauty to souls who know
That Heaven is here, and the glories grow
Greater still to each trusting heart
As the veil of mortality falls apart,
Till never a cloud of doubt can dim
Their faith in God, or their love for Him.

A wonderful, rapturous life is this,
And strange it seems that the many miss
The gladness ready for each and all,
But turn deaf ears to the loving call
Of the Voice within them that points the way
From shadow and darkness to Light and Day.

Yet here and there are the accents heard
Like the notes of a musical, distant bird,
And those who listen will louder hear
The glorious messages ringing clear
As a bugle call, till the blue and gold,
Like the silver sheen are their own to hold.

LIFE, like war, is a series of mistakes; and he is not the best Christian nor the best general who makes the fewest false steps. Poor mediocrity may secure that, but he is the best who wins the most splendid victories by the retrieval of mistakes. Forget mistakes: organize victory out of mistakes.—*F. W. Robertson.*

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

OCCASIONALLY the editor receives letters from people who are dissatisfied with some particular article or articles that have appeared in MIND. These letters usually come from New Thought followers who think that the magazine should be kept exclusively for New Thought writers. Perhaps it would be well to state our position in order that our readers may fully understand what MIND stands for. We believe in the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, and we cannot limit ourselves by anything less than this.

Never in the history of the world has there been such a reaching out after God as in our present time, and this feeling after God is not confined to any one religious movement, but its spirit is to be found more or less among all nations, both within and without sectarian organizations.

The highest New Thought must, therefore, recognize the good that is to be found in everything and in everybody. We can usually do this best through personal contact. The next best way is through the mediumship of a magazine that stands for truth, and when we see that truth is universal and not confined to any man or body of men we will seek for it wherever it is to be found, regardless of where it may lead. Let us remember that God has not given to one people and withheld from another, but that He giveth to all bountifully. MIND stands for the breaking down of barriers between man and man; between one religion and another; between man and God —and for the promulgation of one great universal religion that

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is to be found at the heart of all religions: the adoration of the good and loving service to humanity. And whenever we find a man or woman imbued with the spirit of this universal religion, who has a message to give, we care not whether he or she is a Mohammedan or a Hindu, a Parsee or a Buddhist, a Roman Catholic or a Protestant; such a one we welcome to our pages.

The spirit of the New Thought is for unifying, upbuilding and the hastening of the time when we shall all come to the unity of the faith and the knowledge of the Son of God.

There are a number of articles in this issue that we commend to the thoughtful attention of our readers. Notably, Dr. Newton's article on the cure of disease through hypnotism, and Dr. Merwin Marie Shell's article on "Transcendental Monism."

Referring to Dr. Newton's article, probably all the readers of MIND know that the editor of this magazine is not kindly disposed towards hypnotism, yet he recognizes the fact that it is necessary to know as much about the working of the human mind, in all its phases, as it is possible to know. In taking this position, therefore, let it be remembered that the publication of this article in MIND is not an endorsement of the treatment of disease through hypnotic methods. Dr. Newton's able article without doubt will be read with the greatest interest. The other article referred to is from the pen of Dr. Snell.

Dr. Snell is a Roman Catholic, but it will be seen by the perusal of his article that he is also an Idealist—believing that Roman Catholicism is in no sense incompatible with Idealism.

The article which follows the regular editorial is written by Mrs. Margaretta Church Bothwell, and is on the New Thought

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Convention which was held in Chicago in November. In a condensed yet concise way she tells of the good accomplished by this Convention.

It will be pleasing news to the many friends and former patients of Mrs. Margaretta Church Bothwell, who was formerly located at the St. John, 1418 Broadway, that she has returned to New York and will take up her work of teaching and healing.

Some confusion seems to exist in the minds of many concerning the Convention held in Chicago, in November, and it has been thought that this New Thought Convention was held by the International Metaphysical League. The International Metaphysical League was to hold its Convention in Chicago and it was expected that the New Thought people of Chicago would coöperate to that end, but through a number of misunderstandings that coöperation was withheld, consequently the International Metaphysical League as a body did not participate in the Convention held in Chicago. An impression seems to have gone abroad that the International Metaphysical League no longer exists, but this is not the case. A meeting of the officers and executive committee of the League is to be held during the present month, with the purpose of taking action for the holding of a Convention this year. From the expressions of a number of the officers the probabilities are that the Convention will be held in the East as the New Thought Convention that met in Chicago purposes to hold a like Convention in St. Louis, and there is no desire on the part of the older organization to do anything that will tend to conflict with the interest of any other New Thought body, knowing that we have the same objects and the same end in view.

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THE LATE CONVENTION.*

BY MARGARETTA GRAY BOTHWELL.

The International New Thought Convention of 1903 is an incident of history. Notwithstanding the fact that it was neither international nor even national in representation, the Convention was a success. Not from the point of view of the New Thought personnel—for with two or three exceptions the master minds, the great New Thought leaders, were conspicuous by their absence—but from the view point of the basic and eternal principle of Unity, upon which the inception of this Convention rested.

The Spirit of Unity, therefore of harmony, made manifest in good fellowship and hospitality, was dominant for the reason that the Spirit of Unity conceived that of which the Convention was the form, the embodiment, and what has Unity as its foundation can be naught but a success.

The members of the Union New Thought Committee of Chicago are the parents of the late Convention, and in turn their offspring—the Convention—conceived, and has in process of gestation that which, when the fulness of time shall have arrived, will have taken form as, and already is christened, the International New Thought Federation.

No ism, sect, cult or center that wished representation was denied a voice in the halls of this Convention, which augurs well for the Union New Thought Committee's realization of the Spirit of Unity, and for its fulfillment in the forthcoming movement in which the committee took the initiative.

*The business proceedings of the Chicago New Thought Convention are printed and may be had upon application to Eugene Del Mar, Chairman Executive Committee, 557 W. 141st street, New York City.

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Some of the ideas enunciated there have been consigned long since to New Thought oblivion, while others bore unmistakable marks of the sensational and the speculative; neither of which latter, primarily or essentially, is New Thought teaching. They have a place, it is true, in the process of unfoldment, and, therefore, must be part of the universal plan; but they are not nor have they ever been either distinctively or essentially New Thought, any more than drum or tambourine is essentially or distinctively part of Christianity.

Had there been disposition for personal gain or aggrandizement it could not have lived in the atmosphere of the Spirit of Unity which overshadowed, breathed through and permeated this Convention body, and which now is permeating, forming and shaping its offspring—the International New Thought Federation.

The initial addresses of the Convention—the one on "Co-operation Among New Thought Students," by Nona L. Brooks, and the other on "Unity," by Eugene Del Mar, formed a working basis; for the principles set forth and the ideas and methods suggested in these two addresses moulded and fashioned in large degree, the trend of the work thereafter accomplished.

The Convention opened on Tuesday, November 17th, at 2 P. M., holding two program sessions daily for four days—17th to 20th inclusive—and four morning business sessions—18th to 21st inclusive. At the business session on Wednesday, November 18th, a set of resolutions was adopted recognizing and accepting the principle of Unity, as made manifest in Brotherhood, to be the fundamental basis of the New Thought, and recognizing and accepting Association and Organization as the means whereby Brotherhood and Coöperation are realized and the Principle of Unity is made manifest.

A committee of seven was appointed by the Chair to formulate and suggest methods of procedure for carrying into effect

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the newly adopted resolutions. At the business session on November 21 an executive committee was elected by the Convention, the purpose of which was to carry into effect the recommendations for permanent organization as presented by the temporary committee at the several business sessions, all of which were adopted by the Convention.

The scope of the committee was as wide as the geographical representation permitted, for, as stated already, the Convention was not even national in representation. Nevertheless the committee worked as a unit, having the conception of Unity as its motive, and the greatest good of the greatest number as its purpose.

In this brief summary it is impossible even to mention the names of all the speakers or the various topics discussed, to say nothing of giving a synopsis of the many addresses delivered. There was a motive and an atmosphere of sincerity and earnestness pervading each speaker that was uplifting and impressive.

Among the best known speakers present were A. P. Barton, Charles and Myrtle Fillmore, Ursula N. Gestefeld, Cora L. V. Richmond, Dr. Alice B. Stockham, Oliver C. Sabin, Evelyn Arthur and Agnes Chester See, Joseph Stewart, Helen Van-Anderson and S. A. Weltmer.

It was logical and fitting that Mrs. Gestefeld—who, of all the speakers in attendance is without doubt one of the best known New Thought exponents, as well as being a Chicago resident—should have given the closing address; able, scholarly, analytical and just, on "A Comparison of New Thought Teachings and Conclusions."

As recommended by the committee, and incidental to the formation of the International New Thought Federation, machinery has been set in motion to call an International New Thought Convention to be held in St. Louis in 1904.

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Thus an opportunity is offered all exponents of the New Thought to join heart and hand in bringing into objective form and making practical the long talked of Principle of Unity that is the fundamental and essential of all genuine New Thought teaching.

Let non-essentials give place to essentials, and let us show forth in the Outer that which we know already is in the Inner. Faith and Unity, without coöperation in living, is dead. United we stand!

LIFE.

Loving is living,
And living is loving,
Then wherefore art thou sad?
Thou still canst love,
And to love is to live,
Then up and rejoice and be glad.

If taken away
Were love to-day
And all else left to thee,
Then would'st thou know
The only woe
That hath reality.

So up and be glad,
And never-more sad,
For thou canst love alway,
And to love is to live,
To live and rejoice
To live and rejoice for aye.

MARY PUTNAM GILMORE.

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THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

Conducted by

FLORENCE PELTIER.

FOR THE PARENTS.

[Aside from the New Thought lesson in the following story, it seems to me that many a parent may learn something from "Dad's" attitude toward his "little girl." For so many of us forget that a child has a right "to be heard;" so many of us pose before the child as repositories of wisdom and as perfect models, and thus discourage him when he considers the immeasurable gulf between his imperfection and our completeness. Let him understand that we grown-ups make mistakes, too, and have much to learn, and, that though he looks to us for guidance, we can sometimes learn from him. We thus encourage his self-respect. Self-respect is a necessary impetus toward higher growth.

The parent that makes a *companion* of his child (instead of getting upon a pedestal, so to speak, and from there reaching down condescendingly) finds in this beautiful comradeship the crowning joy of parenthood. F. P.]

SHOWING DAD.

Effie Morris was fifteen years of age, and, as a reward for her good school work, she was given a vacation visit to her mamma's cousin, who lived in the city.

With a few timely words of caution from "Dad," about imbibing any of her cousin's fanatical ideas, for they had heard "she was mighty queer about religion," a good stout hug and a big kiss from him, and he started her on her way.

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A day's ride on the train, and Effie was there. Her cousin welcomed her with open arms, and despite "Dad's" injunction, she found her cousin "just lovely." She was a teacher in mental science. As Effie would sit and listen to the lessons she thought her cousin truly a wonderful woman, and found herself growing more and more favorable to the "science."

Three times Effie had gotten mamma to consent to let her stay "just a little longer." The summer soon passed, and school days drew on apace, and she was once more back at the old farm.

The "science" was so grand, so beautiful, so helpful, who could help believing it? Like all new converts she was very enthusiastic and felt that just as soon as the family could hear New Thought explained, like herself, they would be glad to accept it. In this, however, she miscalculated her task. Again her plan of work was not the wisest one; for she tried to argue them into her way of thinking. She explained to "Dad" that it was not a religion, but a grand philosophy—as she put it—"just living natural," letting mind, which is the master of all, rule. In a simple way she referred to great cities, bridges, mechanical inventions, etc., as being material expressions of what was first in man's mind. That *all matter,* from the crudest to our fine material bodies, was subject to this great force —even to the healing of the body of disease and bettering our surroundings in various ways.

"Dad" listened, but was more absorbed in his admiration for his "little girl," as he called her, than her arguments, and abruptly closed the discussion by saying:

"Your new-fangled notions may be all right, but your 'Dad' is 'from Missouri, and will have to be shown.'"

One Sunday evening, after another spirited argument, Effie fell to reflecting; it was like trying to melt a snowbank with moonbeams to get her parents to see her new truth. After a while she spoke up:

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" 'Dad,' I will not say *Mental Science* for a week if you will not."

"Agreed," he cried; "mighty glad to get a rest."

One week passed; the family were sitting on the veranda, enjoying the mild autumn twilight, when Effie spoke up:

" 'Dad,' you remember last Monday when Julia was here and her little girl fell from the swing, receiving a severe bruise on her forehead?"

"Yes."

"Well, what did you do?"

"Nothing; only quieted her down like."

"How? With medicine?"

"No; I got her new doll she had dropped, gave her a ride around the barn on my back, and she just forgot it."

Glancing at her tablet she continued: "Tuesday. Do you not remember the laugh we had at James' expense, who, thinking he had swallowed a fly, threw up his dinner, but it was found that he had mistaken the hull of a black bean for the insect?

"Wednesday, you entertained us nicely by reading aloud the account of the fireman, who made a remarkable jump to save a child from a burning building. He hesitated and was about to give it up, when a cheer from the crowds below seemed to give him new life, and he accomplished with ease what under ordinary circumstances would have been impossible.

"Thursday, you were all put out after driving mamma seven miles to the dentist to have an aching tooth drawn, when she backed clear out after reaching the office, stating that the pain was all gone, the sight of the instruments having cured her.

"Friday, you and Dr. Feelo sat out here talking over old times, and you both had a good laugh over his account of hysterical Aunt Lucy, when he told how he used to give her pills made from cornbread with good results, having assured her

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they were made in Germany and were never known to fail; how she praised them as being the only thing that had ever helped her peculiar case.

"Saturday. Now, 'Dad,' this is 'one on you.' You know you always have those splitting headaches if you do not get your coffee each morning at breakfast. Yesterday morning, mamma thought she was out of your no-doing-without Mocha and Java and told you so; but, a little later, I found enough to make a cup for you, but said nothing. You thought you were drinking the cereal substitute mamma spoke of making. You complimented it as being a good imitation, but *thought* a bad day was in store for you. An hour afterwards you said you *thought* you were going to have a headache, and, sure enough you did, and a bad one, too—all because you *thought* you had missed your coffee."

"Well, Effie, what have you for to-day?"

"Well the minister nicely capped the climax of my week's observation by preaching from the text, 'As a man thinketh in his heart so is he.'"

"You have preached a better sermon than he did, Effie, even if you did spring the text at the last of yours."

"'Dad,'" she resumed, "don't you see mental science is life itself? Every act is controlled by the mind and it is constantly demonstrated every day in the simple walks of life that all matter is subject to mind, or, to state it differently, all matter is undeveloped mind.

"The New Thought science teaches us to develop the mind—harness this mighty force and turn it into the channel of power."

"Well, Effie, I don't think I have gained anything in our warfare by giving you a week's rest."

A few moments of silence followed, and "Dad" resumed: "Malinda," speaking to his wife, "why not ask your cousin up to spend the holidays with us?" THOMAS H. GIBBS.

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FOR THE CHILDREN.

A TRIP TO JAPAN.

A little maiden on a gorgeous fan,
Which came o'er seas from that fair land Japan—
Sits ever, clad in yellow silken gown,
With small hands clasped and eyes, demure, cast down
Her coal-black hair is pierced with pins of gold;
Her 'broidered sandals, dainty feet they hold,
Pray open those red lips and tell, small maid,
Of that dear land where you once lived and played.

"In that belovèd land, O western child,
A country of kind speech and manners mild,
Beneath blue skies and golden sun aglow,
The plum trees blossom, and the breezes blow
Their shimm'ring petals down. There, hid among
The boughs, the nightingale lets loose his song.
So, slip your hand in mine and come with me;
Together we will flit across the sea."

As we approach the shore, rare flying fish,
Aglint above the wave, with dart, and swish
Of fins, appear, and disappear from view;
Now far, now near, now lost in deepest blue.
Full soon the waving rice fields meet our sight.
Not far from these, a lake, whose waters bright
Reflect the pink-tipped, star-eyed lotus flow'rs
So sweet, so fair, through all the sunny hours.

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In the shade of ancient pines a merry flock
Of boys play battledore and shuttlecock,
And, as the wind blows fair, gay children fly
Bright-colored kites above the tree-tops high,
A dark-eyed baby lying 'neath a tall
Bamboo, makes glad the air with coo and call.
Down in the grass the cicada sounds his drum,
While other insects stir with busy hum.

But faintly from the distant hills now steals
The echo of a temple bell's soft peals.
Gay sounds are hushed; the world is growing still;
And all that's heard is one lone "locust's" trill.
Then that, too, stops—I open wond'ring eyes
And look about, to see in dazed surprise
A little maiden painted on a fan.
This is America, not far Japan!

M. CECILY DOYLE.

HE who reigns within himself, and rules passions, desires, and fears, is more than a king.—*Milton.*

I WILL govern my life and thoughts as if the whole world were seeing the one and reading the other.—*Seneca.*

THE germ of every vice and every virtue lies in our hearts, in yours and in mine; they lie like little grains of seed, till a ray of sunshine, or the touch of an evil hand, or you turn the corner to the right or to the left, and the decision is made. The little seed is stirred, it swells and shoots up, and pours its sap into your blood, directing your course either for good or evil.—*Hans Anderson.*

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MOMO AND KOTO.

(A Story of Two Little Japanese Girls.)

The house that Momo Yeto lives in would make an American child's eyes open wide with wonder; for Momo dwells in Japan where the houses are not at all like those in America, their outside walls being only paper screens, except on one side, and there the wall is built of bamboo posts set a little distance apart and filled in between with a mixture of sand and mortar. On the paper-screen sides are verandas, which can be enclosed by wooden shutters that slide to and fro in grooves in the floor as do also the paper screens, or *shoji,* as they are called in Japan. In stormy days, or in winter, the wooden shutters are drawn to keep out the damp and cold; but in summer time only the *shoji* are between one and out-of-doors; and these, too, are usually pushed back in the daytime, after the morning's work is finished and the house is in order. But when the *shoji* are not drawn back, and the sun shines, the children have great fun sitting in the house watching the shadows on the *shoji*—shadows of trees, of people passing by, and of all sorts of things; for, of course, the white paper is not so thick but that the shadow thrown upon the outside can be seen upon the inside.

One morning Momo overslept, and as it was past breakfast-time before she had finished dressing, she had to eat alone. The maid set down a tiny table, with legs only four inches high, before Momo, who knelt on a silken cushion placed on the shining floor—for there were no chairs in Momo's house, and she would have laughed at the idea of sitting in one, anyway. On the table was Momo's breakfast—broiled fish, boiled rice, fruit, sugar, jelly, and tea.

Momo picked up the dainty chopsticks and began eating. The

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sun was shining very brightly outside, and threw beautiful shadows on the *shoji* of the vines growing over the veranda. Then, just as Momo was finishing her breakfast, her two brothers walked out on the veranda and she laughed as she saw their shadows and that of the big kite they were carrying, and which was shaped like a bird, with wings outspread; and it measured eight feet from the tip of one wing to the tip of the other.

Momo ran to get her kite also. How I wish you could have seen it, for I'm sure you never saw a kite the least bit like it. It was made to resemble a katydid, and was not much bigger than one. How pretty it was—all pale green with markings of gold and black! It was such a tiny thing that its kite-string was a silk thread, which, when not in use, was wound upon a small ebony stick.

It was a holiday, and many children were going to the temple-ground to fly kites—the girls, tiny ones, and the boys, big ones. The girl that beat all the other girls and the boy that beat all the other boys would each win a prize.

As Momo left the house she was joined by a girl friend named Koto. Koto carried a kite that looked like a cricket. They had gone but a few steps when Momo found she had forgotten her purse, and she wanted to buy some rice-cakes; so she asked Koto to wait for her and gave her the katydid kite to hold. Then she ran into the house, leaving her sandals on the veranda—for people in Japan do not wear their out-of-door things in the house—and went to her room for her purse.

Koto walked up and down on the veranda, carrying both kites and thinking about the prize. How she longed to win it! It was a beautiful prize: A necklace of mother-of-pearl beads, each bead carved to resemble a tiny fish—pearly and shimmering with pink, green, and blue.

Now, these two little girls were considered the best kite-flyers in their neighborhood. Koto was sorry that Momo was

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going to fly her kite that morning, for if she were not, then Koto would feel quite sure of winning the prize for herself. Suddenly a very bad thought came to Koto, and she quickly laid down her own kite, and then unwound several yards of Momo's silk kite-string, and broke it in two. Hastily, but carefully, she wound up the kite-string again. No one, to look at it, would have dreamed it was broken.

"There!" said Koto to herself, feeling very guilty and wicked, "she'll never know it didn't break itself, and her kite won't go up very high before it will fall down, and I shall win the necklace!"

But Koto had stood in such a position that her shadow was thrown upon the *shoji* back of her; even her hands, the kite, and roll of kite-string showed upon the screen plainly. And Momo passed by that screen just as Koto broke the thread, and plainly saw her do it!

Momo stood still in amazement, feeling very angry. She was about to rush out and accuse Koto, when there flashed through her mind how, only the night before, her mother had told her that love conquers all things. So Momo went out on the veranda, slipped on her sandals, and took her kite from Koto, saying sweetly: "Thank you, Koto."

So kindly did she speak that Koto blushed and half wished she had not broken the string.

Momo succeeded very well in acting as if nothing disagreeable had happened. Soon the little girls reached the temple-grounds. What an array of kites they found there! The boys had tremendous ones, shaped like dragons, birds and fish. The girls had the daintiest, tiniest kites imaginable—wee butterflies, bees, crickets, katydids, and cicadas. The boys and girls took opposite sides of the temple-grounds so that the big kites would not get in the way of the little ones, and soon the air was full of kites—big and little.

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Momo had seized a moment when Koto was talking to some one else, to unwind and mend her kite-string.

Up, up, went the wee kites, the little girls looking like mammoth butterflies in their pretty *kimonos*—gowns—as they ran this way and that. Soon the kites were up so far they were mere specks in the sky. Then the silken threads began to break, and, one after another, the girls' kites fell to the ground.

Koto was too busy flying her own kite to notice whose kites were still up and whose had fallen. She felt very sure of winning the prize, for she was certain that Momo's kite had come down long ago. But, finally, she saw that only her kite and Momo's remained flying! She couldn't understand it, and, for an instant, in thinking of it, she forgot about her own kite, and did not run quickly enough, and her kite-string wavered and then down floated her kite, slowly, but surely. So, Momo's kite was the only one left flying, and she won the necklace.

Koto and Momo walked home together. As they bade eacn other good-by, Momo said:

"Koto, I want you to take this necklace, for I am sure you would be glad to have it."

Koto looked at Momo in surprise, and then burst into tears.

"Oh, Momo!" she sobbed; "you wouldn't be so kind to me if you knew how wicked I have been. No, no; I couldn't take your necklace." And she told Momo how she had broken the kite-string.

"I knew it all the morning," said Momo, gently, "for I saw you do it;" and she told about the shadow on the *shoji*.

Koto could not be persuaded to take the necklace; but she loves Momo dearly, and hopes that this little girl who has been so kind to her will win the next prize, too. Surely, Koto will never do anything dishonest again. FLORENCE PELTIER.

"The beautiful is as useful as the useful—perhaps more so."

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THE STORY OF THE GOLDEN POPPIES.

This all occurred in the garden, and why indeed should it not? for a warmer, more secluded spot could hardly be found. The poppies were all up. They had been christened *Coreopsis* long ago, but these poppies belonged to children, so they called them California poppies, just as others had done before them. They were bright yellow—at least, their ancestors were. So far, they, themselves, had no blossom at all. At the very first appearance of Spring, when the sun, their yellow king, had sent his rays down to warm the earth, they had pushed their way up out of the ground, for they were ambitious and wanted to get into the bright light above. They were getting quite tall now; and this May morning they were nearly all complaining. To be sure their leaves were of the softest green and very feathery; but for all that, they were disappointing. One poppy, standing off by himself, was so sullen that he could do nothing but grumble:

"Of what use are we?" he said in a dissatisfied tone; "we are all green, just like the weeds around us. Who knows but the gardener, a desperado by nature, intends to behead us?" At such a suggestion they all fairly trembled, and no wonder! Another, of the most gloomy disposition, said he believed that that would be their fate. "For," said he, "the gardener was up early this morning sharpening a long blade."

"What nonsense," said one of the cheerful sisters, "I know the gardener has a kind heart, and really saved my life, for he gave me a drink one day, when I was almost famished." "We might as well all famish," interrupted the grumbler. "There isn't one of us that can boast of a blossom."

How easily he was causing discontent! for a whole chorus of poppies said, "That's so; we never will bloom."

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"And yet," said some others, "we were put here for use."

"The children love us, I know," said another; "for it was only yesterday that one of them was telling, quite near us, how bright and beautiful our parents were last year, and that we would be exactly like them."

"There is one thing that I have noticed," said the poppies that came up first, "we all have little green caps on, and, somehow, I believe that our bright blossoms are nicely folded inside. We ought to try, with the help of the yellow king, to raise them up."

Some were inclined to scoff at the idea, as is often the case; but others said, "We'll try." Just then the yellow king came out and sent down some of his hottest rays, and, with a little effort from the poppies, off came the little green caps! Then what a profusion of yellow blossoms there was—and what an excitement! They all began talking at once, and nodding and bowing to each other as if they had just met for the first time. There were all very happy, now, and understood at last that if they were to be of any use in the world, they must help themselves.

GRACE ADA BLANCHARD.

"IF you have not what you like, like what you have."

OUR God is love, and that which we miscall
Evil, in this good world that he has made,
Is meant to be a little tender shade
Between us and his glory, that is all;
And he who loves the best his fellow-men
Is loving God, the holiest way he can.

ALICE CARY.

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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

PSYCHO-THERAPY in the Practise of Medicine and Surgery. By Sheldon Leavitt, M.D. 247 pages. Published by Garner-Taylor Press, Chicago, Ill.

The first point of interest in this book is its dedication, which reads as follows: "To those of the medical profession who love truth and do not fear to stand for it this work is dedicated by the author."

To the New Thought exponent it is gratifying to know that the medical profession are coming to see the value of psychotherapeutics and that there are some doctors brave enough to come out and take a stand in favor of the new school of treatment. The book will, without doubt, prove of great help to medical practitioners, but we cannot see where the intelligent Mental Scientists are going to derive any great benefit from the perusal of the book. The author differs with many medical doctors who are in favor of Hypnotism but who are opposed to what is commonly known as mental treatment. While believing hypnotism to be of value he does not look upon it as being essential to effective suggestion. On pages sixty and sixty-one of the book we find the following principles for suggestive treatment laid down:

"The new methods involve certain principles that may be expressed in the propositions which follow.

"First: That man is endowed with a dual mind, termed objective and subjective, conscious and unconscious (or subconscious).

"Second: That the objective mind is under control of the volition and gives conscious direction to human energies.

"Third: That the subjective mind has control of the organic functions, regulates the vital action, is the storehouse of energy, has comprehensive and accurate memory, is the repository of

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all habits and of automatic action in general. It is understood also to possess powers peculiar to itself, such as thought-transference and clairvoyance and is supposed to be the side of mind which lies open toward the Universal or Infinite.

"Fourth: That the subjective mind is amenable to instruction and direction by the objective mind, not only of the subject but of others. This effect is supposed to be wrought through the power of conscious will. The method of conveying the impression is commonly termed suggestion. When applied to self it is auto-suggestion. Suggestion is given through one or more of the five senses or through the mere power of concentrated thought. Distance is supposed to be no bar to thought suggestion.

"Fifth: That the subjective mind, not being able to carry on inductive reasoning, but being capable of superb deductive action, is peculiarly susceptible to impressions, and by proper management can be made an obedient servant.

"Sixth: That all disease has its origin in the mind, the subjective taking its cue from its environment, from the fears, the constitutional bent, the impressions received from other minds, misinterrupted sensations, etc.

"Seventh: That prevention of disease consists in keeping the subjective mind under the power of wholesome suggestion; and that the cure of disease consists in the use of suggestions running counter to disease and the establishment of subconscious thoughts of health, inoculated by conscious volition.

"These are the basic principles of all methods of psychic cure, though not always acknowledged or understood by those who practise them. The systematic adaptation of them to medical practise is what I hope herein to accomplish."

We would advise the medical fraternity to make a careful reading of this book and they may rest assured that they will profit by so doing.

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HOW ENGLAND AVERTED A REVOLUTION OF FORCE. By B. O. Flower. 259 pages. Price $1.25 net. Published by Albert Brandt, Trenton, N. J.

In this book Mr. Flower shows the unrest of the English masses during the first ten years of Queen Victoria's reign, and how that unrest without doubt would have led to a revolution with far reaching consequences if it had not been for the clear sighted statesmanship of some of England's wisest men who foresaw that the rising spirit of Democracy would not be content in anything short of real reforms that would make for the lasting good of the whole people. It was well for the existing institutions of England that a monarch was on the throne who accepted in a most gracious way the popular demand for greater liberties and more thorough reforms. It is very doubtful if any nation under monarchial rule in the same length of time has ever accomplished greater results toward real democracy than were realized by the English people during the Victorian reign.

Space forbids us giving such a review of this book as we would like, but we will say this, that it will repay the reader who is interested in the triumph of Democratic ideals through peaceable measures and evolutionary processes rather than revolution. It is our candid opinion that England has more of the real spirit of Democratic Government than the Republic of France.

In the Appendix Mr. Flower gives us many of the songs and poems used to advance the cause of the people during the anti-corn law agitation. The book is written in Mr. Flower's best style—clear, concise and sympathetic. It is handsomely bound in cloth and gilt, printed in large type and on good paper. The publishers of this book are noted for the quality of their production. We would say just one word in closing, that there are situations confronting our own country quite as grave as

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any that confronted England at the period which this book covers.

A careful reading of Mr. Flower's book may do much to bring clear seeing as to our own present situation and we hope that the book will not be read simply as a matter of the history of the past but that its readers may see in it the present application for to-day. The book will more than repay one for its reading and we feel sure that it will have a large sale.

SYMBOL-PSYCHOLOGY. By Rev. Adolph Roeder. 204 pages. Published by Harper & Bros., New York and London.

The author of this book is one of the most interesting writers and speakers on "Symbol-Pyschology" of anyone in our country to-day. Not only this, but is without doubt the best informed and we know of no one more capable of getting at the true meaning of symbols than Dr. Roeder. We are gradually coming to see that the myth and folk-lore of the past contain within them something that heretofore we have been unable to perceive. We might say that as a whole it deals with the life and development of the soul of man and the author makes it plain in this book. Some of the subjects on the page of contents will throw light on the nature of the book, such as "The Twin Brother Story," "The Man Animal Story," "The Captive Maiden," "Gods, Heroes, Dwarfs and Giants." The book is filled throughout with an uplifting spiritual philosophy. It would be impossible for Dr. Roeder to write a book that was not imbued with his own spirit of healthy optimism no matter what the subject. The book without doubt will have a large circulation and no one can read it without being thoroughly interested in its contents. It is beautifully bound in cloth and gold and type and paper are first class.

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WHAT SHALL WE EAT? By Alfred Andrews. 120 pages. Price 50c. Published by the Health Culture Company, 481 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

To all interested in the food question this little book will undoubtedly prove of value. It is a careful summing up of what has been discovered of the relative nourishment of different foods and much information is given in a compact way. A great many New Thought people believe that it does not make the slightest difference what they eat or drink, that health is in no sense contingent on these things, but we think that by far the wisest way is to eat good, wholesome, simple food and if any light can be thrown on the subject as to what foods are productive of the greatest good the one giving this information may be considered a world benefactor. If we are going to pay attention to the physical side of life at all let us discard drugs and pay more attention to good food and plenty of fresh air and healthful exercise and whether we are New Thought people or not we will find benefit flowing from these things. It is not necessary, however, to get into any set groove about our food or anything else, but use discrimination and common sense. The book undoubtedly will have a large sale as its information is very great and the price very moderate.

PLAIN TALK IN PSALM AND PARABLE. By Ernest Crosby. 188 pages. Price 1 shilling net. Pub. by Francis R. Henderson, London.

The many readers of Ernest Crosby's book will be interested to know that an English edition of this noteworthy book is for sale by the Comrade Co-Operative Co. The book though bound in paper is printed on good heavy paper and large type. In fact it is one of the handsomest paper bound books we have noticed in some time. At the low price at which it is offered, it will undoubtedly meet with a very large sale. Those who are interested in the broad, humanitarian spirit of Ernest Crosby and his life and work should procure a copy of this book.

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FEARLESS DISCUSSION of the TOPICS of TO-DAY

The Arena

★ SOCIAL ★ POLITICAL ★ INDUSTRIAL ★

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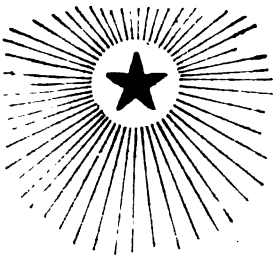

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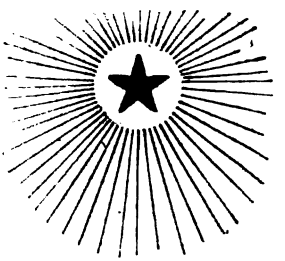

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By CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON

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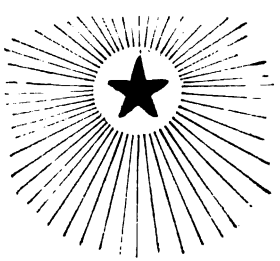

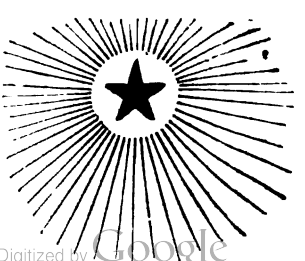

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Mind
SCIENCE ★ PHILOSOPHY ★ RELIGION ★ PSYCHOLOGY ★ METAPHYSICS

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THE NEW THOUGHT FROM THE CATHOLIC POINT OF VIEW.

BY MERWIN-MARIE SNELL, PH.D.

We take our stand fairly and squarely on the *affirmative* side of life and thought.

All life is one; all intelligence is one; God is All in all.

The visible universe is the expression of the power of God. There must be an outer as well as an inner; there must be effects as well as causes; all the great material universe is the visible word of God. The body of man represents man's spiritual and mental life.

The real temple of God is the human soul. We should live from the center of life outward; and should recognize the power of God working within us to will and to do.

Our thoughts make us what we are; sin and sickness and death have an existence, but are overcome through the introduction of true thought.

Individual freedom is the God-given right to think and act for oneself.

We do not need religions made up of creeds and "beliefs" as urgently as we need a religion based upon the true worship of God—in spirit and in truth.

Law is universal, and it is through knowledge of universal law that man brings his life into a condition of harmony and oneness with the Universal Life. Through perfect conformity to the inner laws of life come perfect health and happiness, and thus it is possible to manifest God's kingdom here and now.

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There is a natural evolutionary process in the life of man. Religion is universal. No religion in the world is devoid of truth; and the truth it contains is that which holds it together. God's Spirit is more or less active in the minds of all people, and each individual receives according to his desires and needs.

The ideal man already exists, but the ideal is still seeking perfect expression.

It is easier to go with the law than to put one's self in opposition to it. Losing the idea of itself as a sectarian religion, the New Thought finds itself in reality a Universal Religion.—CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON, in "What the New Thought Stands For."

The fundamental logical postulate of the Catholic world-view, even though not explicitly formulated, is the truthfulness of all affirmation and the falsity of all negation.

Its fundamental ontological postulate is that reality is directly proportional to spirituality.

Its fundamental theological postulate is the absoluteness and unchangeableness of God.

Its fundamental cosmological postulate is the complete, essential and perpetual dependence of all things upon God.

Its fundamental ethical postulate is that everything is good (and beautiful and true) in the measure of its reality.

Its fundamental æsthetic postulate is that perfection is measured by order—a unity harmoniously and adequately manifesting itself in diversity.

Its fundamental *objective* religious conclusion is that all things center in the God-Incarnate, and all objects are worthy of veneration in proportion to the nearness of their essential relationship to Him.

Its fundamental *subjective* religious conclusion is the supreme importance of possessing a life flowing in its entirety directly from the Life of God.

The supreme principle that underlies, dominates, determines, and follows upon, all these is the following law of expression: The lower is the symbol and the manifestation of the higher,

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the outer of the inner; and the whole universe is the manifestation and revelation of God. All being, all thought and all power flow uninterruptedly from Him, and were the Divine influx to cease all that exists would fall into nothingness like the mirage of the desert.

In this sense God is the All in All. He is All because no existence super-adds anything to Him; nothing can exist or be conceived of which has in it aught of reality that is anything more than a faint adumbration of the all-inclusive Reality of God.

But He cannot be all in the sense of including all things in Himself as *parts* or *elements;* for the essence of the God-idea is that of an absolutely Unchangeable Substance behind the world of change.

As the reality that lies back of all reality He may be called, in Vedantic language, the Self of the self, and the Self of all things; but if the existence of finite and created substances, as such, were denied, with Spinoza, then the universe would either be God Himself—which is a contradiction in terms, for back of such a changing, developing god there would necessarily be a true God eternal and changeless—or His body, in which case it would be merely a monstrous animal, and would require a Creator, or Source, as much as the veriest worm of the dust. It is true that God is All; but it is also true that myriads of finite substances exist; to deny either truth is to fling oneself into the gulf of Negation.

The Substantial Unity underlies and maintains the unity of the Cosmos, but cannot be identical with it. From the finite standpoint it is super-substantial, containing in Itself the Archetypal Plenitude of *being,* and therefore of beauty and power; of *knowledge,* and therefore of truth and wisdom; of *bliss,* and therefore of goodness and love.

The intrinsic unity of the Cosmos is not substantial but ideal,

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and therefore more real than the mere substantial. The universe is one, not as made out of the same thing, but as the external word of God. All that is is the product of thought,—of subjective thought, or ideas, and of objective thought, or formative principles (substantial forms or souls).

Matter (in the metaphysical sense) is the principle of multiplicity; while *form* (in the same sense), or objectified thought, is the principle of unity. The one is manifest in the manifold, while the manifold aspires towards the one.

Substance is, as it were, a self-positing idea; a substance (as distinguished from the supersubstantial self-determination of God) is that which, the Divine influx that is the essential and plenary cause of all existence being always presupposed, is the proximate and direct interior cause of a given group of phenomena or activities, and is always composed, in some sense, of matter and form, no finite thing being free from elements of multiplicity.

The formative principle, or objective idea, that gives existence to a thing is precisely that which, when it reaches a certain degree of predominance over the material element, is commonly called *life* (as in plants), when it reaches a higher degree of predominance (as in animals) is called *soul*, and when it not only dominates the material but rises above it (as in man) is called *spirit*.

All progress, evolution, or development is the subjugation of matter of form—the self-realization of the Idea.

Potentiality is the initial stage in this process; *motion*, in the largest sense, is the process itself; an *act* is any of its proximate terms, and an *entelechy* is its final term and completion.

Force is the tendency in substances toward their several entelechies and toward that of the whole of which they are parts.

But over and above the world of things is the world of ideas. Things, from archangels to non-atomic (or pre-atomic) mat-

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ter, are many, and each of them has some measure of multiplicity and potentiality, but the Order which binds them together in and above all time and space, and which furnishes the reasons of all their characteristics and the goal of all their activities, is essentially one.

This transcendental form, ideal formative principle, Cosmic Idea, or Over-soul, is the objective reflection of the One Thought of God; just as the existences which it unifies and determines are the perpetual products of Divine *Power,* and the multifarious attractions, affinities and energies by which things subject themselves to thought, substances to ideas, individuals to order, multiplicities to unity, are the perpetual efflux of the Divine *Love.*

Since force is the movement of the units towards the perfection of the whole, it is both manifold and unitary.

So, life is multiple, in so far as it inheres in innumerable substances; but it is one in so far as it is the action, in the totality of substances, of the One Thought. To suppose life, considered as common to all that lives or exists, to be itself literally a substance, or thing, would be to deny the substantiality, and therefore the real individual existence, of other things; and it would then be necessary to consider it either as a corporeal substance, or a spiritual substance or God himself—the first alternative leading logically to materialism, the second to atheism and thence to materialism again, and the third to the ultra-idealism which denies the existence of the material universe.

Thus it is of thought and knowledge. All thought is one, because it is essentially the reflection in consciousness of the One Divine Thought manifested in the order of the universe; but it is multiple, in as much as it is the act of various thinking substances.

The negation of multiplicity is the negation of matter and finite substance. To deny the multiplicity of thoughts, or

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knowledges, or lives, or forces, or existences, is to reject the real universe, which is essentially an assemblage of substances or *thing-unities*.

But to deny the unity of thought, or knowledge, or life, or force, or being, is to reject the ideal universe, which is essentially a body of *thought-unities*.

In the days when the center of gravity of speculation lay in the ideal world, the universally acknowledged meaning of *realism* was the doctrine of the reality of universals, that is to say of ideas. It is realism in this sense that is the essence both of the typical Catholic Philosophy and the New Thought. Existences are many, but being is one; souls are many, but soul is one; substances are many, but substance is one; forces are many, but force is one; thoughts are many, but thought is one; knowledges are many, but knowledge is one, and it is especially true that goods are many, but goodness is one; beauties are many, but beauty is one, and loves are many, but love is one. In each case the idea, the unity, is more real than the thing, the multiplicity; and all these unities meet in the Supreme Unity, which is also the Supreme Reality; for the goodness, beauty and truth in which all creatures participate in the measure of their reality is a communication of the essential attributes of God.

Since the universal is manifested in the particular, the idea in the thing, the one in the many, it necessarily follows that not one single minutest detail in Nature can fail to be voiceful of the Divine Perfections; that not one single minutest detail in the human body, or any other, can fail to be significant of the character of the soul (so that from the healing and perfection of the soul those of the body naturally follow); and that it is the most sacred right and duty of every human soul to freely adjust itself to the Great Over-soul, and freely co-

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operate with its fellows for the universal realization of the Divine Idea.

Since order is of the very essence of perfect thought, and law is simply the formation of order, it follows that law is universal, and essentially inviolable—miracles being the manifestations of higher laws, and sins being but ineffectual revolts against an Order which realizes itself in the very act of subjugating, over-riding or eliminating the offender. The Kingdom of God is the sovereignty of the Divine Idea over the individual and over the race; and the religious instinct or spiritual sense which impels man to seek that Ideal in its Source is an essential attribute of human nature. As no idea can possibly enter the human mind which is not true so far as its positive elements are concerned, all religions derive their vitality from the measure of the truth that there is in them; religions are many, but Religion is one.

The Catholic Church insists on the substantiality of the individual man, and his non-identity with any other existence or existences; on the non-identity of God and the universe, of the soul and the universe, or of the soul and the body. But, far from militating against the postulates of the New Thought, these truths are their necessary presuppositions. The unity of the manifold implies the existence of multiplicity; and it is the real existence of the multiple that makes possible that process of unification which is the essence of progress.

The multiplicities of Nature spring from the Unity of the life of God, and return to unity in the life of man. All perfection, in the individual and in society, as in Nature, consists in order and, therefore, in unity. The goal of progress is the unification of all human thought and knowledge and imagination by the reproduction in them of the Cosmic Idea, in its every element, implication, process and application; of all human emotion, by making it perfectly responsive to that Idea; of all

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human volition and action, by directing them towards the complete realization of that Idea; of all human art and utterance, by making them the worthy expression of that Idea; of all human life, individual and collective, by making it the embodiment and organ of that Idea.

The unification of life involves the realization of perfect human brotherhood, and therefore the religious, intellectual, moral, political, æsthetic and economic unity of mankind; not the spurious unity of uniformity, but the real unity in multiplicity which, in the case of free and rational beings, necessarily implies a oneness of organic and manifested life.

Nations may be many, but there must be a Supreme Nation of Humanity, to which all are subject; religions may be many, but there must be a Universal Religion embracing them all. The Divine Spirit moves in every human being, and dominates him so far as he allows It to become the mainspring of his life; and society must, in the very nature of the case, become visibly one in proportion as it becomes the organ of the one Deity.

Religion, because it is essentially the art and means of unifying mankind in the pursuit and realization of the Supreme Unity, is the chief organon of true progress. On this highest plane the expression of unified thought is a *Creed;* the expression of unified emotion is a *Ritual;* the expression of unified life is a *Church.* But for the very reaon that the religious idea is the most unitary of all that is unitary, those creeds, rituals and churches that are made the means of disunion instead of coöperation are the greatest of all evils. The corruption of the best is the worst.

The Creed (statement of supposed truth) that is in essential conformity to the Cosmic Idea, embodying no elements of negation, is that which every awakened intellect is crying out for; the Ritual that is the perfect expression of soul beauty, leaping

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to meet the ineffable beauty and glory of the Infinite, like the dewdrop to the sun, is what every sensitive heart longs for; the Church which will be the perfect instrumentality of universal human coöperation in the realization of the Eternal Counsels is what every lover of God and Humanity dreams of.

If the historic Church which calls herself "Universal" and over-arches all the earth, which alone has in herself an essential principle of unity (even in theory), and which claims to be the One Creed, the One Religion, the One Church of Humanity, with its roots in the geological ages and its destiny in Eternity, and to be nothing less than the *Insociation,* as it were, or incarnation in society, of the Eternal Himself, is potentially all this—if her doctrine, worship and constitution are free from all negative and limiting elements—then she is worthy of adhesion; otherwise it is only reasonable to reject all creeds, all rituals, all churches, as mere abortive attempts at unification that only make the confusion worse confounded.

The New Thought which recognizes the reality of the material and real, as well as the still greater reality of the ideal and the spiritual, on the one hand, and the Catholicity that understands itself, on the other, seem to be in (at least potential) accord up to the threshold of the Supernatural. Indeed, since the New Thought recognizes many of the phenomena of the Supernatural Order, the real and vital issue between the two groups of thinkers seems to be whether such an Order, as distinct from the natural, is, or is not, to be recognized, with all its necessary implications.

And yet the writer would respectfully submit that the supernaturalism of the Catholic Church (and no other supernaturalism, in her sense, has ever existed) seems to be the necessary conclusion from the New Thought premises of the ***universal verity of affirmation*** and the ***reality of the real but the superior reality of the Ideal.***

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The Catholic doctrine of the Supernatural Order may be summarized as follows: While all things spring from God, and He is present in all things by His essence, presence and power, and while man, in his inmost nature, tends, like all other creatures, to manifest the Divine Perfections in all the episodes and phases of his existence, and, therefore, being a free and rational creature, to consciously love and obey Him and co-operate in His sublime purposes, nevertheless both Nature and man have been destined to a still higher and more intimate union with Him, not necessarily implied, like the foregoing, in the very ideas of creaturehood and Humanity.

The laws of art are the reflection of the Cosmic Order, and just as a perfect human masterpiece must have, not only unity of conception, but a definite and sensible center of unity, so the whole system of things, both in time and space, must culminate in one supreme figure. This Center of Cosmic Unity, according to the Catholic world-view, is the Theanthropos—Jesus the Christ; who is at once the flower of creation, and the fulness of Deity; his integral humanity, soul and body, being so intimately united to the Eternal Godhead that the seat of his personality is in It, so that he can be said to be at once perfect God and perfect man, just as a mere ideal man might be said to be at once perfect body and perfect soul. All the acts of the living body are attributed to the soul, and derive from it their value; and in an analogous manner all the acts of Jesus are attributable to God and have, therefore, a literally infinite value.

As man is a microcosm, an epitome of the macrocosm, the whole universe, in all its parts and planes, is apotheosized, as it were, or brought into a special and supernatural relation with God, and invested with a new dignity by the very fact of the Incarnation.

This conception of one unique and supreme Incarnation by which the whole creation is united at its apex with the Increate,

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is peculiar to the Catholic religion. The human Avataras of Vishnu, the incarnations of Allah and of the Dhyana Buddhas, and all other Noncatholic conceptions of Divine-Humanity, even when not certainly borrowed from or influenced by the Christian one, are understood to mean manifestations (usually not less than phantasmal or more than psychological) of God of a nature capable of indefinite repetition and for purely temporary and local purposes.

The principal effects of the Incarnation are produced in angels and men, consisting in a personal union with God of such a nature as to realize, when fully accomplished, at one and the same time the two apparently inconsistent aspirations to a *maximum intensity and power of individual life* and a *merging of individual life into the Infinite.*

The Catholic conception of personal religion is not the *creedal* one, as in the case of the Oriental Christian sects and certain Protestant ones; nor the *emotional* one, as in the case of other Protestant sects and certain Hindu and Buddhist ones; nor the *ethical* one, as in the case of Confucianism and Sunnite Mohammedanism; nor the *ritualistic* one, as in the case of the High-church Protestanism, Orthodox Judaism, ancient Brahmanism and Parseeism; nor the *ascetic* one, as in the case of the typical Buddhism; nor the *symbolical* one, as in the case of Shintoism; nor the purely *legal* and exterior one, as in the doctrine of the original "Reformers" and the Shin-Shu Buddhaism; nor the *intellectual* one, as in the case of the followers of the Jnanamarga; nor the *magical* one, as in the case of Spiritism and certain Pagan sects; but the *vital* one. All the other conceptions exist in the Catholic Church, but in complete subordination to that of supernatural life.

Salvation is the result of the possession of a Divine life, consisting essentially in the indwelling of the Holy Spirit of God (i.e., the Consubstantial Divine Love, proceeding from the re-

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version, as it were, of the Divine Thought upon the Divine Being, the doctrine that these constitute Three Hypostases in a Divine Unity infinitely more perfect than mathematical unity itself following, by a metaphysical necessity, from the very conception of a self-positing and self-determining Deity) in the soul.

This life flows from the personality of Jesus Christ, and is the formative principle of the Church, or Supernaturalized Society of Mankind, as well as of the supernaturalized individual lives constituting the living cells of that Divine-Human Organism, which is essentially an extension of the Body of Christ itself. Since the inner always expresses itself in the outer, and the higher in the lower, this life pervades the Church through certain definite channels and organs, especially the Seven Mysteries, or Sacraments, whose several functions are its impartation, maturation, nourishment, restoration, subjective perpetuation (from one generation to another), objective perpetuation, and consummation, and the threefold authority of the Church —teaching, ruling, and ministrative.

In the individual life it manifests itself primarily in the "theological virtues" of *faith,* which is the opening of the spiritual vision to the Eternal Realities (thus perfecting the intellectual or illative side of our nature); *hope,* which is the envigoration of the heart in aspiration towards the possession of the Infinite Beauty (thus perfecting the emotional and æsthetic side of the nature), and *charity,* which is the direction of the conscious volition toward the attainment of the Infinite Good (thus perfecting the moral side of the nature); secondarily, in the "Seven Gifts of the Holy Ghost," by which the soul is disposed to follow promptly and fully the Divine impulses, and which severally constitute the perfections of the speculative intuition, the speculative reason, the practical intuition, the practical reason, the altruistic emotions, the negative egoistic emotions (an-

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tipathy), and the positive egotistic emotions (desire); and, tertiarily, in the impulses, appropriate to the occasion, by which the entirely responsive soul is made the pure and perfect vehicle of the Divine Life, and that alone, a condition which is called sancity (see St. Thomas Aquinas' *Summa Contra Gentiles,* Book IV, chapter lviii, and *Summa Theologica,* Book II, part 2, questions 62 and 68, also *De l'Habitation du St.-Esprit dans les Ames Justes,* by Barthélemy Froget, O. P., published by Lethielleux, Paris, 1899).

The effects of the Incarnation are retroactive (but from the terrestial standpoint alone, since God is entirely above time and space, and all spiritual causes, even created ones, are capable of transcending temporal and spatial bounds) and universal, so that the action of the Divine Spirit, in every intellect and heart and life, from the very beginning and in every part of the world, reaches it by diffusion, as it were, from the Christ-life (individual in Jesus, and corporate in the Church). All supernatural life, like all natural life, has effects that radiate in all directions to the very boundaries of the universe.

The Supernatural is not a disruption of the Cosmic Order, but its completion. Just as each plane of Nature aspires toward the one next above it, and as Nature, as a whole, aspires toward Humanity, so Humanity, and Nature through and in it, aspires toward the God from whom it comes, and finds its most exquisite efflorescence in that Fellowship of the perfectly God-united in the Realms of Glory which is the consummation of the Catholic Church, and the entelechy of the Incarnation. All sectarian religions, organized and unorganized—all their doctrines, creeds, rites, regulations, customs, philosophies, and organizations—are efforts to attain to the One Universal Religion; all prophets and sibyls are heralds of the God-Incarnate in His Person or His Church; even the very revolts against that Church derive their vitality from a desire for that in it, and,

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fully in it alone, which human frailty has temporarily and locally obscured.

It is to be constantly borne in mind that it is an essential doctrine of Catholic theology that neither in the Incarnation, nor in any of its results, nor in answers to prayer, nor in miracles, nor on any occasion or in any sense, does there take place any real change in God Himself, in His will, or intention, or action, all of which are identical in Him, He being absolutely impartite, devoid of any shadow of multiplicity, and in no way subject to any manner of alteration. *What* and *as* He now is He IS from all Eternity. All the changes spoken of, owing to the poverty of human language, as if in Him, are exclusively confined to creatures in their relations to Him.

The conception of a Supernatural Order is not a mere limitation of the New Thought idea by attaching it, in a special manner, to a certain historic personality and a certain sociological organism, but an enlargement of it by superimposing upon it the complementary conception.

The Divine life to the possession and realization of which naturalistic mystics aspire, is the *reflected* manifestation in consciousness of the Life of God that lies at the basis of human nature and of all Nature; of the Divine essence, presence and power by which all things, by the most radical necessity of their natures, exist, and in which they live and move and have their being. All that anyone can claim for it the Catholic Church admits; but the supernatural Divine Life by which she lives and which it is her primary mission to perpetuate, protect and diffuse, is a lifting-up of individuals and mankind into direct union with God himself. The natural currents are Godward, but flow up out of Nature through the foundations of our being; the Supernatural current flows from God into the very pinnacle of the human spirit which has penetrated, by union with Christ, directly into the Divine Essence—supersubstantial, su-

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pernatural, superhuman and superideal—and it transforms that personality and raises it into the Divine Plane (Super-Nature), ultimately dominating, harmonizing and glorifying the whole life, including the body itself, and perpetually returning to its Source, while taking up into, and making one with, itself, all the natural Godward currents.

The Ideal Man exists, not only in the world of thought as the Archetypal Idea, but in the world of substances as Jesus the Christ, and in the world of terrestial Humanity as His Mystical Body and Sacramental Presence.

The supernatural impulses felt in every human soul, in proportion to its sincerity and its earnestness, are at once the seeking of the Ideal to give itself perfect expression and the seeking of God to unite mankind to Himself with a union so transcendently intimate and blissful that those of wife with husband, and of the soul with the Over-soul, even at their best, are only infinitely feeble shadows and reflections of it.

So far as Catholics do not realize these sublime conceptions in their thought, their utterances and their lives, this condition of affairs is the effect of the influence of the more or less naturalistic, sceptical and materialistic schools of thought, within and without the Church, which are intrinsically inimical to its essential world-view; and, still more, of the tendencies toward reversion to primordial Nothingness which fatally manifest themselves in proportion as the intellect, heart and will fail to submit themselves to the Divine impulses coming from the Heart of Nature and from the Heart of God—impulses which never contradict each other in reality, and which must coalesce in one ere man can reach his goal.

As a Catholic I would say that if the lovers of God in Nature and the lovers of God in Christ, the pure hearted and sincere partisians of the Ideal Man and of the Super-Man, whom I and my brethren maintain to be one and identical, we can at least

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learn to love each other for each other's love, and that will prepare the way for the removal of a myriad of dire misunderstandings which are, I am convinced, the only effective obstacles in the way of our corporate unification, and thus for the fruition at some happy day of the dream which is the chosen motto of the Pontificate of Pius X—"That ALL may be ONE in Christ."

MERWIN-MARIE SNELL, PH.D.: A BIOGRAPHIC SKETCH.

BY CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

Merwin-Marie (Fitz Porter) Snell was born on August 2, 1863, at Hallock Castle, New Haven, Conn.

His father, Rev. Moses Porter Snell, was the grandson of the famous Puritan divine, Dr. Thomas Snell (uncle of the poet William Cullen Bryant, and father of Ebenezer Strong Snell, first graduate of Amherst College and professor of mathematics and natural philosophy there), co-founder of Amherst College, by his wife the grand daughter of Jonathan Edwards.

His mother was daughter of Gerard Hallock, anti-bellum editor and half owner, with David Hale, of the New York *Journal of Commerce,* who was the grandson of Rev. Moses Hallock, from whom a large number of the Congregationalist clergymen and professional men of his generation received their collegiate or theological education. To the same family belonged the founder of Mount Holyoke Seminary and the poet Fitz Green Halleck.

Dr. Snell is also descended from John and Priscilla Alden, Rev. Solomon Stoddard, Hooker, the founder of the Hartford colony, and Pierpont, second head of the New Haven colony; and is as nearly related as any living person to Aaron Burr. His family is a branch of the Snells of Wilton, Wilshire, Eng-

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land, landed gentry; and the first American head of the family, Thomas Snell, came over in 1658 and was owner of a large part of the present township of East Bridgewater, Mass.

Dr. Snell's early education was received at home and in public and private schools of Washington city; his collegiate education was received from private tutors, and his post-graduate studies were made privately, with the aid of occasional special courses in various institutions of learning in Maryland and the District of Columbia.

He has ever since continued to prosecute the studies in comparative religion, and Oriental history, languages, literature and philosophy, then begun as subsidiary to hierology (positive and comparative study of religions), his scientific specialty.

He presented a paper on the Duality of Primitive Tradition before the first International Congress of Catholic Scientists, held at Paris, in 1887.

After the foundation of the Catholic University of America, in 1889, he became private secretary to the Rector, Bishop Keane (now Archbishop of Dubuque), and at the same time acting Registrar of the University, and lecturer and privatdocent in comparative religion and the history of religions. His public course on Theosophy attracted much attention, and gave rise to several newspaper discussions.

During the autumn of 1892-3 he left the Catholic University, married a daughter of E. W. Andrews (who had many years before been the first pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle, New York), founded the short-lived Oriental Review, and lectured for a time in the theological department of Howard (Congregationalist) University. In the early part of 1893 he was employed, as a specialist in comparative religion, to take charge of the preparations for the Oriental representation in the World's Parliament of Religions; and during the sessions of that body was president of its Scientific Section.

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From 1894 to 1896 he divided his time between scientific work, public lecturing, and miscellaneous literary activities,—lecturing occasionally in the comparative religion department of Chicago University; from 1896 to 1898 he was editor of the "Church Progress" (Catholic) at St. Louis; and in 1899 he became the head of a school at Wichita, Kansas, which in the following year was chartered as Albertus Magnus University, with the intention of making it the center of a great international coöperative institution of learning, having a plan of organization modeled after that of the old University of Paris, but adapted to modern conditions.

The subject of this sketch was in his youth a strict Evangelical Protestant of the old-fashioned Puritan type, and quite active in the work of the Congregationalist and Presbyterian denominations in Washington city. But about 1885, as the outcome of a serious inquiry directed at first merely towards the vindication of the claims of his own sect (the Congregationalist) against those of the Episcopalians, Methodists, Baptists and other branches of the Protestant group of religions, he became a member of the Catholic Church, to which he now belongs.

From 1893 to 1895 he was excluded from its fellowship by his own act, in the violation of a canonical law (forbidding marriage before a minister of any other religion), the penalty of which is excommunication *ipso facto*. After the close of the World's Parliament of Religions he presided over the World's Congress on Ways and Means of Universal Religious Unity; and he also participated actively in the first National Congress of Liberal Religionists held in Chicago some months later.

Both before and during his connection with the Catholic University he was closely associated with representatives of many forms of advanced thought, including the Theosophists and occultists of various schools, among whom, as well as

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among the Catholics themselves, he had several devoted disciples; and was a member of the "Emerson Ought Club" and a frequent participant in the meetings of the Channing Club connected with a Unitarian church in Washington city.

In 1894, when he fraternized almost exclusively with the extreme left of the Liberal Protestant School, he had for some time held, as he still holds, that the Liberal Catholicism, in its typical form, is essentially a movement towards Orthodox Protestantism, while the ultra-radical Protestantism which has reached the consummation of negation and begun to be constructive, is a movement towards the very same world-view represented by the most consistent and reflective form of Ultramontane Catholicism.

In 1895 he was relieved from ecclesiastical censure by the Archbishop of Chicago, and subsequently his wife and her two sons by a former marriage went into the Catholic Church.

As a philosopher he was in his earlier years particularly influenced by Herbert Spencer and the Oriental philosophers on the one hand, and by Brownson, Azarias and the Jesuit school on the other; but in the course of profound study, never wholly interrupted, of all the ancient and modern systems of philosophy, especially as bearing on comparative religion, he developed a system of his own, the epistemological side of which had shaped itself as early as 1891. He was greatly influenced about that time by the Hegelian philosophy, especially in that form of which Dr. William T. Harris, U. S. Commissioner of Education, was an exponent.

Later on, a very close study of the works of St. Thomas Aquinas led him to become a pure Thomist, giving to the system of the "Angelic Doctor" an interpretation in general accord with that of the Dominican school. Still later, he made extensive developments and applications of the Thomistic system, in such wise as to completely reconcile with it the re-

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sults of all the other great Occidental and Oriental philosophies, especially the Vedanta, as interpreted by Upadhyaya Brahmabandhav, of the Kasthalika school; calling the system thus elaborated "Transcendental Monism," in contradistinction from the Dualism of the Cartesians, the openly Materialistic Monism of Haeckel, the Positivistic Monism of Carus, and the Substantial Monism of the Hegelians, Eddyites, and typical modern Vedantists.

Before going West Dr. Snell was for some years a member of numerous scientific and other societies, including the American Academy of Sciences, the Philosophical, Anthropological and Biological societies of Washington, the National Geographical Society, the American Institutes of Civics and Christian Philosophy, the American Academy of Political and Economic Science, the Folk-lore Society, the Sons of the Revolution, and the Sons of the American Revolution.

Early in 1892 he took part in the organization of the Society of Philosophical Inquiry, at Washington, of which he is still a member.

His literary activity has been great and varied, but thus far of a more or less ephemeral kind. Among the publications to which he has contributed are *The Arena, Cosmopolitan, Monist, Open Court, New Englander and Yale Review,* the *Biblical World* of Chicago University (to which for a number of years he frequently contributed articles on Oriental subjects), *Globe Review, Conservative Review, Wilshire's Magazine, Mosher's Magazine,* and the *Royal Standard.*

Much of his writing has been on religious lines, but it has never been confined to the publications of his own religion. He has contributed on the one hand to the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record, Dublin Review, Association Catholique, Review of Catholic Pedaogogy, American Catholic Quarterly Review, Catholic World* and *Dominicana,* and on the other to such periodicals

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as the *Independent, Westminister Teacher, Christian Register, Congregationalist, Non-Sectarian, Hindu Mirror,* and *American Israelite;* to say nothing of numerous other weekly and minor periodicals and newspapers.

His studies in comparative religion have made him peculiarly sympathetic with representatives of all schools of thought, and led him to hold that a large part of the differences among men are either the result of a onesided and incomplete view of the questions at issue, or are mere matters of phraseology.

While opposing latitudinarianism as strongly as any Ultramontane, he maintains the possibility of reconciling the principle of the sacredness and objectivity and essential exclusiveness of truth (for the opinion that two and two make five, for example, cannot be tolerated), and the universal obligation in reason and conscience of visible fellowship and co-operation in the service of the Truth, with the principles of the essential veracity of the human intuition and reason, and the consequent impossibility of any human being giving honest adhesion to any system whatever, save because of the elements of truth which are contained in it.

In like manner he mediates between conservatives and progressists, monarchists and democrats, socialists and anarchists, mystics and dialecticians, theorists and practitioners, intuitionalists and rationalists, authoritarians and equalitarians, esotericists and exotericists, religionists and secularists, theologians and scientists, idealists and realists, antiquity and modernity, Orient and Occident; following in every field the principle of "perfection through universalization,"—seeking to mould the future into shadowless beauty by making full use of all the past, while seeking the knowledge and inspiration of the very highest attainable ideals.

The only books that he has thus far published have been little brochures called forth on special occasions. Among

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these are "Hints on the Study of the Sacred Books" (1885); "Hundred Theses on the Foundations of Human Knowledge" (1891); authorized translation of Ribot's "Diseases of the Will" (Open Court Publishing Co., 1894); translation and adaptation to American use of Bertillon's "Signaletic Instructions" (Werner Co., 1894); and college edition, with notes, illustrations and other critical apparatus, of Matthew Arnold's "Sohrab and Rustum" (Werner School Book Co., 1895); to which may be added "The Glories of the Catholic Church in Art, Architecture and History" (McBride & Co., 1895), nearly all the letter-press of which was written by him, anonymously. Announcements have been made of a forthcoming volume by him entitled "The Synthetic History of Nations," and he has in preparation a history of "The Empires of Northern Asia," and several philosophical works, including a "Synthetic History of Thought."

He is one of the very few Americans who are in close touch with the great Catholic Social Reform movement of Europe, and represents the school headed by Prof. Toniolo of Pisa in Italy, the Marquis de la Tour Chambly in France and Prince von Lichtenstein in Austria.

Dr. Snell is a communicant of the Catholic Church in perfectly good standing, and has multitudes of admirers and many friends among its prelates, clergy and people; but many American Catholics (representing "Liberal Catholicism," on the one hand, or "Theological Positivism" on the other) would vehemently deny the representative character of his thought, though he himself claims that it is in closer accord with the doctrinal standards, ancient traditions, and philosophic presuppositions of the Church to which he belongs, as well as with its own living though, as represented by the Neo-Catholic movement, or Catholic Revival now taking place on the European Continent, than is that of any other school.

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THEOSOPHY.

The Law of Karma.—An Instrument to be Intelligently Used.

BY MARY F. LANG.

The mind of man is the cause, both of his bondage and his liberation. Its attachment to objects of sense is the reason of his bondage, and its separation from objects of sense is the means of his freedom. —*Vishnu Purana.*

Fate is unpenetrated causes.—*Emerson.*

It is sometimes argued that it is an injustice that we must endure the results of actions committed in former and forgotten lives—that we must reap effects, when we have no recollection of having sown causes.

This objection, so stated, is the result of a misapprehension of the real action of Karmic law. We do not at any time or in any case suffer from wrong actions, but from the weakness of character which makes wrong actions possible. Our acts are the results of mental and moral condition. They are the index of our weakness or our strength, as the case may be. That a boy steals the knife of his playmate is not necessarily an irreparable injury. That he has the weakness of character which allows him to steal is the vital point. If he has come into present life with an innate tendency to steal, and is thus led into shame and sorrow, all this is, strictly speaking, the outgrowth of weakness not overcome in the past. "Karma," says Patanjali, a very ancient theosophist—"exists only in the form of mental deposits." That is, if a man commits a wrong he does it because of moral weakness, and by doing so he morally weakens himself still further. The real wrong is done himself rather than any other. We are punished by our sins—not

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for them. When the truth of this is realized, punishment of criminals will be educational. Viewed in the light of Karmic law, we learn to accept all experience as opportunity for growth. From this point of view, we become impersonal, and, happily, lose what Whitman calls our "mortal adhesions."

In the last analysis, we must regard all experience as the operation of the law of cause and effect. Hence we may suffer from disease, the germs of which were contracted under conditions of which we are entirely ignorant.

A child may touch a heavily charged electric wire, and be fatally injured, but there would be no element of injustice in the relation between the cause and the consequence, for the beneficence of the law inheres in its inflexibility.

We are asked: Does not belief in Karma lessen the importance of heredity? To a great extent,—yes. And in turn, we ask: Are not men of science themselves growing more skeptical of the infallibility of heredity?

Theosophy admits physical heredity alone. The parents are the progenitors of the physical body only. "That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the spirit is spirit." But, it is asked, what of plainly inherited tendencies to the liquor habit and other kindred vices? The reincarnating Ego is Karmically drawn to the environment best adapted to express its character. A man during lifetime frequents the society he finds congenial. If he prefers the companionship of drunkards and the environment of saloons, he seeks it. When the time for reincarnation arrives, the Ego is irresistibly drawn by the law of Karma to the parents who can furnish the physical body best fitted to express the tendencies of character he has already formed. The family into which he is reborn, may be one with whom he has been connected before. If Karmic force previously generated has not been fully satisfied, he must reincarnate with them again.

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This certainty is one of the safeguards of Karma. We do not know how nor why we were born into this life exactly as we have been, except that it is through the action of Karmic law. But the potency of the tie that unites us to certain other persons is proof of its preexistence, and whatever Karmic relations are not exhausted in one incarnation must be resumed in another. Why should we be brought together in this life, where the only certain accompaniment of love is grief, if it is to be for one short life only?

In consideration of the boundless scope of Karma and reincarnation, that which we have been apt to call injustice and inequality in life is eliminated. Perhaps the most fertile source of bitterness and skepticism has been the apparent inequality in the widely varying conditions of mankind. We see one child born in the slums, of depraved parents, and with no possible outgrowth but vice and degradation. Another is born in luxury, surrounded by love, every want supplied, and with every opportunity for education and culture. If each incarnated soul is a special divine creation, each equally pure at birth, then injustice is indeed the law! The recognition of the truth of unity, and of evolution by means of reincarnation and Karma, involves the recognition of the additional truth that each of us is exactly where he belongs. Excepting the unavoidable results of more or less of "that intellectual blindness which men call sin," there are no inequalities, for the law is impartial. Our habits, instincts, tendencies, are our Karmic accumulations, our fund of character. Our surroundings are of our own making.

But wherein does this doctrine differ from that of fate? It differs in that we can control it, take advantage of it, use it, as we would avail ourselves of any force or any law upon the physical plane. The fierce ocean wind, instead of being an obstacle to trade, is utilized and made an instrument where-

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by commerce is augmented. Electricity, if persistently generated (as we persistently generate Karmic effects) and then allowed to play upon whatever came in its way, would execute nothing but destruction; but when properly directed, worked with, instead of against, becomes our most powerful ally and obedient servant. In like manner, Karma must be used. We must work along the lines that Karma has marked out, or we have simply to learn the whole lesson over again. Every circumstance or incident of life, however apparently trivial, reveals, in our use of it, either strength or weakness. If weakness, then there is need of repair, and we have that in our own hands. "Choose the better rather than the dearer," says the "Katha Upanishad." What is that but to convert the dearer into the better? Happiness, in its highest aspect, means harmony. The attainments of happiness, then, must depend upon the development of harmony within, or, perhaps one might say, the harmonizing of the outer life with the inner. Now, Karma becomes painful in exact proportion to interior discord, and as soon as we acquire an appreciation of this, the responsibility is consciously ours, whether Karma is a tool or a hindrance. If we could learn to ask ourselves, in each trying circumstance in life: "What is there in this for me?" and could learn to regard each circumstance as a test, and to make our use of it an affirmation of the Divine Self within, we should not only grow, but be better able to help others, which is, after all, our only object in desiring growth. There are two aspects to man's nature. We often hear them spoken of as the higher and lower, but the words are a trifle misleading. It is true, however, that there are two tendencies in each of us —the one to ease and pleasure and inertia, and the other to struggle and consequent growth, and so to happiness. As long as we each present these two phases, so long will disharmony prevail, and we will incite the action of Karmic Law. This

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does not involve a deliberate effort to "kill out" what is called the lower self. It is rather the conversion of the lower into the higher by the constant direction of thought to higher levels, the lower thus evolving into the higher. It is a process of fusion by means of the fire of aspiration. In the constant effort toward a union with the Spiritual Self hides the secret of happiness—the secret of harmony—the secret of the utilizing the law of Karma. When we can thus habitually choose the better rather than the dearer, we shall act in harmony with Karma; and when there is no longer Karmic friction there can no longer be suffering.

The value of Karma as a doctrine depends upon its practical use in the affairs of every day. We may say first, in considering this, that it is a stimulus to right and unselfish action. Believing in Karma we can no longer depend upon any one but ourselves for "redemption," upon any chance or mercy, contingent upon our own change of opinion at the last minute. We must rather acknowledge that it is innate character which counts, that spiritual evolution is what we must all ultimately attain, and can hasten if we will, and that every act of our lives must be either a step forward or a step back. And as it is through the mind that the spiritual man must gain individuality at this stage of evolution, it follows that we must first of all, purify the mind. It is the character of our thought that determines our next incarnation, for thought takes form before deed. Hence, it is more important than all else that we learn to think right.

Believing in Karma, if one is conscious of possessing traits and characteristics that are small and mean and weak, he knows they must be overcome, or else be brought back into another life, to renew the same old struggle that is so wearisome, and has already been the cause of so much sorrow. But he knows, also, that if the fight is made now, and the weakness outgrown,

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that conflict is ended for eternity—*that* warfare will never be reopened.

Believing in Karma, we know that each fellow creature, be he strong or weak, is in that respect a Karmic expression. If he shows some apparently overwhelminig infirmity, Karma bids one remember that possibly that is the greatest fault he has to conquer, and when that is accomplished, his ascent may be much more rapid than one's own. So Karma teaches charity, patience and compassion.

"Such is the law which moves to righteousness,
Which none at last can turn aside or stay;
The heart of it is love, the end of it
Is Peace and consummation sweet. Obey."

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD.

Do not neglect benevolence. The little minded ask, "Does this person belong to our family?"—*Taittariya Upanishad.*

Broader and deeper we must write our annals—from an ethical reformation; from an influx of the ever new, ever sanative conscience—if we would truly express our central and wide related nature, instead of this old chronology of selfishness and pride, to which we have too long lent our eyes.—*Emerson.*

It was the conviction of the founders of the Theosophical Society, that the time had come in 1875 for the formation of an organization, broad enough in its aims and platform to admit to membership all persons who love their fellow men. The constitution of the Society states its three objects to be:

First.—To form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or color.

Second.—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern religions, philosophies and sciences, and to demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third.—To investigate unexplained laws of nature, and the psychic powers latent in man.

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The first object of the Society is the principal one; the two remaining are subsidiary.

It will be seen from consideration of these three objects, that the Society is absolutely unsectarian, and that no assent to any formula of belief, faith or creed shall be required as a qualification of membership; also that no attempt will ever be made to interfere with the existing belief or faith of members, each and every one of whom has the right to believe or disbelieve in any religious system or philosophy, and to declare any belief or disbelief, without affecting his standing as a member; each member being, however, required to show that tolerance of the opinion of others which he expects for his own.

The society, as such, does not interfere with caste rules, nor other social observances, nor with politics, and any such interference in its name is a breech of its constitution.

The first object is the only agreement or obligation which members take upon themselves, and any person declaring his sympathy with this may be admitted to membership as provided in the by-laws. To quote from a New York paper of November, 1875: "The Society appeals for support to all who truly love their fellow-men, and desire the eradication of evils caused by the barriers created by race, creed, or color, that have so long impeded human progress; to all scholars, all sincere lovers of Truth, wheresoever it may be found, and to all philosophers alike in the East or in the West; and lastly, to all who aspire to higher and better things than the mere interests and pleasures of a worldly life, and are prepared to make the sacrifices by which, alone, a knowledge of them can be obtained. It includes members who take a merely philanthropical or intellectual interest in its aspirations, as well as those who, believing that Oriental Philosophy embodies truths worthy of a life's devotion, seek, through its instrumentality, access to the recesses of ancient culture." It is thus clear that

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the Theosophical Society occupies an exceptional position among the world's organizations.

Brotherhoods there are in abundance, but all with tacitly understood, if not distinctly stated, definitions of what is required to constitute a "brother." It is hardly necessary to call attention to society brotherhoods, Masonic, Odd Fellows, and the like, in which membership is the only requisite.

We turn next to the churches, where, it is by many persons asserted, we shall find the true spirit of brotherhood. But is it not a fact that upon analysis we find distinctions just as clearly outlined there as anywhere else? In the first place, if we can overlook the palpable gaps in theoretical church unity, the basis of brotherhood must be a belief in the Fatherhood of God, and that, analyzed, means a personal God. The man who sincerely doubts is not a "brother," but an object of suspicion. Study the creeds as we may, hungering and thirsting for one that will develop instead of stifling our spiritual reason, that will be broad enough to enfold in its love all who simply and ardently aspire to live right, and to know truth, and what do we find? The weary and perplexed mind, however earnest and unselfish, if not professing Christ, is not capable of works that are "pleasant to God;" and again, none are "saved" but those who hold the orthodox view of the atonement. That these creeds are, to a considerable extent, a dead-letter, we gladly admit, most of the nominal adherents thereof knowing as little of the Thirty-Nine Articles and the Westminster Confession, as they do of the Book of Dzyan; but the creeds, nevertheless, remain, an insurmountable obstacle to the man who reasons, a ludicrous travesty on the ideal brotherhood.

Socialism has fiercely demanded a recognition of the Brotherhood of Humanity, but has sought its accomplishment by means of change of external conditions, dealing with effects, working from and upon outer planes of being. This method must al-

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ways ultimately fail. The law cannot eradicate the sweat-shop so long as the mental inclination of the man who conducts it remains unchanged. It may be closed, but the same influence which set it in operation before will create its like again. The evil, of which it was simply the physical expression, will still exist. Legislation will not abolish monopolies as long as monopolists remain unchanged. It is only by influencing individuals that we can affect the masses. It is only by dealing with interior planes—the planes of cause—that we can effect changes that are permanent. Clearly, then, the foundation for a structure of brotherhood is too narrow in these organizations. Assuredly, it is too narrow if any must be left out.

The basis of the doctrine of Universal Brotherhood in Theosophy is broad enough to answer all requirements. Instead of being a religious sentiment, or merely an intellectual idea, it is based upon the constitution of man himself. It is a basis which was not selected by the founders of the Theosophical Society, but which exists as a pivotal and scientific fact—a fact which is at once the cause and the result of the law of spiritual evolution.

Theosophy does not teach that man is composed of two separate and distinct principles—body and soul—but that he may be studied in seven different aspects of the One Universal Principle. These aspects vary in Spirituality, from the external manifestation which we know as the body, to the innermost, or pure Spirit. Now, this most spiritual aspect of man's nature —this fundamental element—is not the sole possession of any one man, but is common to all mankind. All partake alike in its divine beneficence, and it is thus the basic fact of brotherhood.

The churches declare brotherhood upon the assertion that all men have souls created by God the Father. Theosophy declares brotherhood because the divine essence of all being

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is One. This truth presents both a religious and a scientific aspect of brotherhood, and hence furnishes a basis which is safe and broad and reasonable, upon which to rear an ideal.

Turning to the practical application of this belief, Theosophy offers us an assurance of attaining our ideal, for not only does it teach that devotion to the uplifting of humanity is the only means of personal growth, but, so close is the personal relation of man to his brother, that all the race is benefited by the advancement of each one. Only externally—only in manifestation—is each one of us separate from his brother. In that which is eternal, in that which is divine, we are one. The struggle of another is his only apparently; in reality, it is ours also, for separateness exists only in physical manifestation.

The ultimate object of manifestation being evolution—the cause and the effect of the law of evolution being Unity—it follows that we are so dependent upon one another, that the real evolution of one cannot be accomplished until it is accomplished for all. We are so one in real essence, that whatever harms or delays one, harms or delays, in lesser degree, all mankind.

The Theosophical Society is thus committed to the formation of a nucleus of Universal Brotherhood—a brotherhood into which is welcomed alike, Christian (Catholic or Protestant), Atheist, Buddhist, Jew or Agnostic—all who profess the one point of contact—the brotherhood and service of man.

(*To be continued.*)

LEARN that to love is the one way to know
Or God or man: it is not love received
That maketh man to know the inner life
Of them that love him; his own love bestowed
Shall do it. —*Jean Ingelow.*

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THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE USEFUL.

BY MARCIA DAVIES.

It is borne in upon us by the spirit of a scientific generation, that this is after all a world of mistaken idealists, and that the only really sane people are the practical, or those who put into force the philosophy of the useful.

It must be understood by this that we could exist in this very material world without the Ideal or that men and women could endure life without its visions, nor is the idea intended that ideals in themselves are not good. The contrary of this is much too self-evident a fact, but it cannot be denied that our ideals—or rather our interpretations of them—leads us far astray, and that unless we have a clear idea of what we are worshipping, and of why we persistently burn incense at certain particular shrines, we are apt to waste a vast deal of valuable time.

It is, in fact, through the knowledge of the useful that men have found the soundest basis for the Ideal. This is, of course, opposed to pre-conceived opinion, and at first blush, may appear to be a utilitarian point of view, but it is a sound view, nevertheless. To maintain for the philosophy of the useful, does not mean that it is necessary for all men to be forced to associate with, or be controlled by, baffling material conditions, which simply serve to hinder and impede intellectual development. Frustrating details are admittedly destructive to that serenity of mind so essential for the construction of any form of creative work.

The broad contention is made for more correct ideas of the relative values of all kinds and classes of imaginative and

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creative work. A generalization which includes the useful as well as the beautiful, the practical as well as the poetic, the mechanical as well as the ornamental, for scientific plans, as well as artistic designs. To attempt to break down the barriers which have separated the useful from the beautiful, the ideal from the practical, is not in any sense iconoclastic, if it is proposed to unite these things by a common basis, or at least show the relation existing between the useful and the beautiful arts. Why must we look at the creations of the mind from a different point of view? Why, for example, do we consider the inventor on a lower plane than the poet?

It is true the one ministers to the physical side of life, and the other to the intellectual, or the imaginative, but we must not lose sight of the fact that man cannot be in any large sense a useful factor in the world, unless he controls the material condition of his environment. Primarily, then, man ought to be comfortable first of all, in order to demonstrate his usefulness. Of course there is a place for debate here as to what constitutes "comfort," and what is luxury. There is a wide difference between the two things. "Comfort," in this instance is assumed to be that temperate state somewhere between degrading poverty, which paralyzes the energies, and that unbridled luxury which generates selfishness and cruelty.

This plea for conditions of relative comfort, is, of course, purely utilitarian, still it is the strong point in the philosophy of the useful. Here we find that alluring touch of truth which appeals to men of different classes, a universal sentiment in fact, where a common platform is found upon which to erect the most antagonistic theories. So much, then, for the truth underlying the contention—man must first of all be comfortable in order to be useful.

When it has been pointed out by science that poverty is of all forces the most demoralizing, and when we see that selfish-

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ness of conduct and despotism of action are the great vices of the moneyed classes, we realize that there must come some final adjustments in regard to the inequalities which create the antagonisms between the two. It is inevitable that a balance must be struck, and the general average benefitted. But how? The question is still unanswerable. It is the problem of the century.

To many of us the idea of "universal equality" is a wild impossible dream. The practical necessity for the diversity of man's powers in order to develop and carry forward the civilization that we know, is so patent that any imaginable plan for reducing men to a common level at this time would absolutely frustrate the progress of the world. The diversity and the unlikeness of the powers of men are necessary factors for the accomplishment of this object. From this point of view "social equality" shows its practical impossibility.

But while we cannot agree to these visionary plans for the reconstruction of society, it is impossible to ignore the fact that the forces of the world which impel men forward have always kept the principle of equality of *condition* well in view. The ideals of Democracy have been shaped by the philosophy of the useful. The practical ideal at the base of the dreams of equality show their strength. To look at the history of the past is to see that the impossible has often been accomplished, and when we realize what great things have been done in the world we know that still greater things are to come to pass.

To drag down existing conditions of society, and have a fair division of all the money, has been pointed out as the most fallacious of all plans for the solution of the difficulty. The violence of the revolutionist must always be shocking to the unitarian. It is true destruction always precedes reconstruction, but the changes engendered by sound methods of thought are the only real and lasting influences for reconstruction. Not violence, blood, or carnage, but changing the point of view.

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If, in considering the relative values of work, it is shown that the characteristic which has done the greatest good for the greatest number is on the side of the useful, and not on the side of the beautiful arts, and separated from conditions commonly classed as "religious," we cannot ignore the plain fact that the world has, whether consciously or unconsciously, changed its point of view in regard to the value of useful and beautiful things.

The inventive faculty in wresting from nature some of its most marvelous secrets, has entirely revolutionized the conditions of civilization. Poetry, music and painting have amused and comforted man from the earliest ages, but man was not sacrificed on the altar of Truth for the preservation of these things.

When we reflect upon the agonies impressed upon our heroic race, when we remember the single-handed conflicts fought with the great tyrants of the past, we cannot eulogize too much or praise too extravagantly the action and the conduct of those brave souls who perished for the liberty of speech and freedom of thought that we enjoy to-day.

The conditions which shaped the philosophy of the useful were the natural protest against the distorted and unthinking methods of the ages that preceded the era of thinking. After sixteen centuries of dreaming, as the historians have so well pointed out, men found the courage to form opinions of their own. Then Shakespeare wrote his immortal dramas, and Bacon formulated his philosophy that was to change the whole aspect of the world. So far as the principles of this philosophy have been applied, civilization has progressed. That the application of the principles is still unintelligent, does not affect the value of the principles themselves. The ideals of Democracy are none the less dear because its problems are still unsolved. The same thing can be said of the ethics of Christi-

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anity. But while we see that the conditions of Christianity are far from ideal, we cannot deny the great advance in religious thought which is now one of the most important forces of the age. The altruistic idea permeating religious systems, and particularly as it assimilates with the scientific thought of the century, is practically portraying the philosophy of the useful. This happy note of Optimism—the forward movement of the religion given to benefit humanity—is, however, retarded by that pessimistical tendency still so largely prevailing, still binding men hand and foot, still holding the mind in check, and distorting the ideals of Christianity.

The philosophy of the useful has little effect in this realm, where the self effacement of man is still considered a necessity. The romantic, or pictorial element in human nature in a natural state is still so misleading in tendency, that, while the need for martyrdom no longer exists—since the truths of Christianity are too well proved—men and women still find pleasure in imagining themselves martyrs. This useless sacrifice of self is in line with the medieval idea of torturing the body as a means of propitiating an angry God. It would be difficult to imagine a human father who would be pleased or propitiated by such an exhibition, how impossible then to suppose an Omnipotent God would be pleased at this unintelligent abuse of the physical body, by means of which man was told to "overcome the world."

The philosophy of the useful in considering the necessities of man has actually preserved the ideals of Christianity. Science has proved that man must conserve his energy, and develop his powers into the highest activity, in order to "have dominion over the earth." The scientific establishment of the uniformity of natural law has demonstrated to man his place in nature. To comprehend and control the forces of the earth to effect "the greatest good for the greatest number," is pri-

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marily man's work in this sphere. Any attempt to frustrate development in the pursuit of this object must be wrong, opposed to right, and, therefore, irreligious. Let us seize the forceful fact that the most highly religious man is the most highly useful man. Man must be useful in order to show the most vital forces of Christianity.

The ideal forces of the soul, ungoverned and uncontrolled by the reason, naturally lead men astray. The race has been so enamoured with the ideals of the imagination that it has been willing to resign all things in order to reach some imaginary state of perfection. Just as all men in a primitive condition are naturally superstitious, so the ungoverned ideals of men lead to the fantastic. Excess in any thing is so easy, the very hardest thing of all is to be temperate! This frantic love for the ideal in some form is at once the despair and the torture, but still the unfailing joy, of the human race. Without it we could not exist. It is the animating desire for a larger and a fuller life. This devouring unrest, this undefined element of desperate aspiration, is only explainable as the protest of the higher or spiritual nature against its material limitations. Taken as a principle or regarded as symbol, the "primeval curse" shows some undeviating law, the meaning of which man is struggling through the centuries to understand in order to obtain dominion over the earth. The insatiate necessity of expression, in its best aspect, is seen wherever the genius or the talents of men have accomplished something to ease the suffering and woe of the world; the opposite aspect, the prodigal excess of a good quality, is the reason for all the fantastic, absurd, and misguided fallacies of the human race. The alluring consciousness of doing something larger than ourselves, is continually leading us astray. The impassioned love for the ideal makes us scorn the useful things at our feet, the simple duties and the sordid tasks that we think others are so

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much better fitted to do than ourselves! Urged on by a terrible impetuosity we pursue the deluding, delerious, unexplained Impossible! We lose sight of the certain fact that man must first assimiliate with constructive principles, before he can truthfully portray either ideal creations or useful inventions. It has taken the world a long time to discover the primary truth, that underneath all pictorial, dramatic, and poetic efforts, all forms of government and systems of religion were certain laws necessary for their constuction. In denying the scientific all-embracing law of "use," the guardians of religion forced men to believe that religion was an ideal, and not in any sense a useful force, hence the false ideas in regard to the useful arts, and the contempt for their construction. Medieval religion scorned the useful while it demanded of men unceasing worship and contemplation. This demand was purely ideal, and its practical impossibility for the development of humanity was proved by the friction within and without the Church at that period.

Such influences as these naturally tended to make strong forces for a separation in religious thinking, and the Reformers gave to men the intellectual birthright that the church of that age denied. The separation of the beautiful arts from an atmosphere which precluded original thinking, and the final rise of the inventive arts, the outcome of positive methods of scientific thought, has proved the strength as well as the adaptibility of religion for human needs, and proved man's necessity for demonstrating his useful ideals in a practical way. This attitude of man for developing his resources and showing the worth and value of his intellectual powers, has also proved its extraordinary usefulness. As a practical working force, man has demonstrated his religious significance The principles of religion are no longer confined to the churches. The essential spirit of religion is found in a practical shape wherever the

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talents or the genius of man has simplified labor and made easier and less despairing the relative conditions of human life. It belongs as absolutely to the machinery shops and to the manufactories as to the arts, as much to the professions as to the churches.

The universal desire now existing for sound principles of construction to underlie the inventions, the arts, and the professions, must inevitably bring the beautiful arts and the useful and inventive sciences into a different relation. The spirit of Democracy is seen here re-shaping the old ideas as to the relative value of useful and beautiful things.

But to suppose that the ideals of mankind could ever be reduced to a common level would be to suppose an impossibility. There must be degrees and different kinds of work, as there are degrees and different kinds of men.

To talk, then, of the equality of men at this period of the development of the world, is beyond understanding, for, as we have seen, the inequalities or diversities of men are absolutely necessary for the construction of the civilization that we know.

But to talk of the relative values of work, whether of useful inventions, or exact sciences, or in the beautiful arts, is to bring a cosmopolitan spirit into a realm of opinionated traditions, not for the purpose of dragging down the Ideal, but for uplifting the Real. The farther we get away from classifying what is useful and what is beautiful in the arts, and the more we recognize the interdependence between the two, the more completely will men and women impress their individuality upon the useful arts, thereby making them more beautiful, while the same impetus will be given the beautiful arts, to conform its ideals to the highest technical skill.

The philosophy of the useful has brought the spirit of compromise into the realm of fine arts, and enormously elevated the useful inventions. The essential principle of the pre-

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Raphaelite school was to portray truth in art—to establish pictorial art upon a strictly scientific basis. That this was not always accomplished by the disciples of this famous school, and that absolute fidelity to truth was finally declared to be an impossibility, did not mitigate against the fundamental idea, and that this idea was at length abandoned does not prove that the movement was, in any sense, useless. On the contrary, a principle was established which laid the foundation for an agreement between the useful and the beautiful arts.

The departments for instruction in the mechanical arts and sciences, connected with modern schools and universities, are certain factors for changing the point of view about the true values of art, and in this change of sentiment the problems of Socialism and the ideals of democracy find a great auxiliary. The things themselves seem far apart and entirely separate, but their relations are close, nevertheless, since both depend not on changes of form but on changes of sentiment. The great mistake of the past was in the false reasoning which separated things and principles primarily related. The idea of cohesion, or showing how these principles are related, and their mutual dependence one upon the other, must be the ultimate expression of the philosophy of the useful. As we have seen constantly in history, it is not the principles fought about and bitterly contested for that have proved to be of the most consequence. The side issues which spring from any great movement are often of much greater benefit to mankind.

When the crafts and the inventive sciences are uplifted, as they will be by the tendencies of education, when the "higher classes" patronize the useful arts as a profession, the working man will feel that it is not the work that is to be despised, or the mechanical occupation that makes the distinction between man and man. It is obvious from every thoughtful point of view that it is not the breaking down of the fabric of society,

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not a general disposition of the fruits of toil that will ever do any good for the great army of the discontented, but a change of sentiment in regard to the values of all classes of labor, whether commercial, mechanical, or professional. The spirit of democracy permeating through every class of society, and making people think about the relative values of class conditions, or of work in any form, will ultimately show the only practical solution of the problem of equality of condition. We see small forces with this end in view in all directions, leveling the antagonisms of the professional classes, and propelling upward the useful occupations. The club man with his chafing dish, is unconsciously lifting up the despised art of cooking into an esthetic atmosphere. The waiter who brings the chafing dish, through this object lesson, immediately feels a sense of respect for an occupation the principles of which even clubmen do not scorn to know. The introduction of the scientific spirit into the kitchen and the importance of the knowledge of the values of food brings into the culinary department of the household a scientific atmosphere that must ultimately obliterate many of the grievances which now exist between the mistress and the maid.

Some such considerations as these point to a more reasonable attitude in the future in regard to the true values of real and ideal things. There is, as we all know, a vast deal of suffering in the world which is entirely useless, and much of the worst suffering is induced by the false interpretation men and women have about the Ideal.

In spite of all the great things accomplished by the philosophy of the useful, there is still the fatal tendency in human nature to shirk the real facts of life, if there is any possible way of doing so. This contempt for the actual, and the disposition not to see things as they are and human nature as it is, largely differentiates the old civilization from the new.

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It is the lingering strain of that false philosophy which kept man in a continual state of abject humiliation, under the dominion of the idea that in order to "be good," he must forswear everything that contributed in any way to his physical comfort or happiness. A condition of enforced contentment which excluded criticism, and to exclude criticism means to stifle progression.

When we realize the superiority of the nations that have put into the practise the philosophy of the useful, and the extraordinary inventive power of those people who have assimilated with the principles of the Baconian system, which has a practical basis for its most sublime theories, it seems quite natural to believe that the only really sane people are those who have identified themselves with that useful form of practical philosophy, that has so markedly carried men and nations forward. To ignore the basis of physical, intellectual or spiritual law is as foolish as to ignore the practical use of the alphabet as a final means for intellectual expression. Proportionally as men have frustrated the original work or thought of their fellows, and denied the use of the mechanical and inventive arts, proportionally has the progress of man and the civilization of the world been retarded.

The dominion of the ideal in the soul of man has confused and distracted humanity from the beginning of time. It was not that the ideal was wrong, but it was the false interpretation about the truth of the ideal by men in authority that has created such anguish and suffering in the world. Such false conceptions of religion, so dogmatically opposed to the development of man's intellect, created the conditions for the most sublime struggle of the human race, and demonstrated the necessity for man to exert the God-given power of thought. The certain proof of our heritage from the past, and its great significance, is shown in the wide-spread dissemination of re-

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ligious principles throughout our civilization—the fact that modern science and invention, the result of man's thought independent of religious interference, have completely revolutionized the daily conditions of human life. These influences, the giant forces of the Reformation, have found their most practical expression in the philosophy of "Fruit and Progress." Man has shown himself to be a religious force proportionally as he has impressed his usefulness upon his generation.

The trend of modern education, in its best aspect, leads to the highest development of the individual. To make real man's personal ideal is the object of the most advanced educators. Man, highly individual, must be largely useful. From this point of view the solidarity of society is conceivable. Here we perceive the worthlessness of those decadent systems of education whose ultimate object is to crush individuality, and make men machine like in resemblance and mechanical in expression.

In the evolutionary process of man's development through the centuries we see how the mind has been fenced in and guarded by the slavish adherence to rigid rules, and how the intellect of man has been frustrated by this short-sighted policy. In looking back at the history of the race, and of man's steady advance in spite of the constant hindrances impressed upon him by the ignorance of his fellows, we realize that the banners of civilization must still be carried forward, and that every man owes a debt to the past which he alone can cancel. History shows the records of those gigantic struggles which have given us the peace and comfort we enjoy to-day. The deeds of great men are like finger-posts along the path of life.

The philosophy of the useful, the practical working spirit of religion, must be continually progressive. Its policy must be always forward, in the nature of things it cannot stop. It reaches a given set of conclusions to-day, only to abandon them

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for better methods and conclusions to-morrow. It is inevitable that man must continually progress, since nothing is more certain than his progression through the ages.

Through the philosophy of the useful science and scientific inventions have largely put the world in order. It is impossible to deny the religious significance of this great utilitarian force when we realize how completely it has reconstructed civilization. Through this medium we can easily imagine the solution of missionary problems in foreign lands. Indeed, no better proof could be given of the extraordinary efficacy of the philosophy of the useful, than the fact that science, the sworn foe of religion, leads the forward van of civilization, and protects religion on her way to bring souls to Christ.

Reflections of this nature show us plainly that while religion is the all-embracing and all-comprehending law of life, the different powers of man are necessary to demonstrate its laws. Man must work as well as worship, and to find out the work he can best accomplish must be the primary object of each man. Here we come again upon the necessity of the diversity of the powers of men, and the need of the largest individuality, for the ultimate solidarity of society. Thus man's ideal forever tends to make him first of all an individual, then a valuable individual for the furtherance of his own comfort, the good of his family, and finally the good of society.

It is obvious that the useful and the ideal qualities, forever struggling in the mind of man for expression, are interdependent, that neither is complete without the other, and that both in their best aspect are necessary factors for developing the powers of men for the ultimate object of completing each other.

If it is conceded that religion includes all forms of law, it follows that all sincere and honest forms of work are expressions—to a greater or less extent—of religion's law.

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Religion, then, is not confined to the act of worship, nor the realm of morals, nor to states of conduct, since it includes conformity, in the largest sense, to the highest and best known forms of law. Worship has been and must always be the visible form by which man communicates with his Maker—aspires to reach the highest Good—or understand the Force which sets in motion "The Infinite Eternal Energy," and as certainly as worship—or a high degree of aspiration—is the ideal form of religion, as certainly has man unconsciously proved its useful aspect, and logically demonstrated the fact that the highest development of religion is necessarily dependent upon the highest development of the intellectual and spiritual powers of men.

HOLD fast upon God with one hand, and open wide the other to your neighbor; that is religion; that is the higher goodness. When we stand face to face with one who is taller, it is easy to look up. And, if we are attracted by the expressive features, the luminous eyes, the winning smile, we cannot help looking up. So, when we make daily companions of those who are spiritually of greater stature than we, perhaps invisible companions they may be, whom we know by their biographies or their writings, we inevitably look up and reverence them, and then we feel our own shortcomings. Whatever reminds us of wise and noble lives, such as portraits on our walls or memorial buildings or statues or souvenirs, all reproach us for our self-righteousness and awaken in us a noble discontent.—*Selected.*

THE effective life and the receptive life are one. No sweep of aim that does some work for God, but harvests also some more of the truth of God and sweeps it into the treasury of the life.—*Phillips Brooks.*

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STOICISM, THE NOBLEST OF THE PAGAN PHILOSOPHIES.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

On the northern side of the market-place in Athens extended a spacious corridor called the *stoa,* which, during the ascendancy of Cimon, the eminent Grecian painter, Polygnotus, adorned with remarkable frescoes illustrating those scenes in the Trojan war most dear to the Greek imagination. On this stoa, 300 B. C., Zeno taught his disciples the lofty and austere ethics of Stoicism, and expounded to the ever-curious Athenians a theory of creation which to most of them was novel, though to the Attic mind perhaps not particularly attractive.

Zeno entered Athens in a melancholy hour of her history. The shadow of night had fallen over the immortal city. The political power and prestige which she had enjoyed, and which had made the name of Athens feared wherever it was not loved, had vanished. The glory of Attica had become a dependent city. Moreover, one looked in vain for the old-time courage, lofty ideals and worthy ambition among her statesmen, soldiers and men of affairs. Marathon and Salamis were no longer names to conjure by, for moral inertia had settled over the people. Corruption and immorality had paralyzed the once invincible arm of Hellas. This was so apparent that the illustrious Stoic, Chrysippus, was constrained to hold aloof from public life. "For," said he, "if I counsel honorably I shall offend the citizens, and if basely, the gods."

Such was the condition of Athenian life when Stoicism arose. Men were hungering for some satisfying truth. The old theology was no longer a vital force in Attica, though temples

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continued to rise and deities to multiply. Thoughtful people had ceased to hold any vital belief in the popular religion, or to reverence the gods. From the days of Socrates, Plato and Phidias, there had been a steady and marked decline in all those things which make nations truly great. The soul of man soon sickens of shallow pseudo-pleasures and those things which minister only to the physical senses. Hence there was everywhere a deep and yearning desire for something nobler and better. It is not strange, therefore, that Zeno quickly attracted to the stoa a group of earnest Athenians who greedily drank in the exalted ethics, so like those which ennobled violet-wreathed Athens in the days of Socrates, nor that he succeeded in laying the foundations for a school of philosophy whose influence soon spread to Cyprus, Sidon, Alexandria, and scores of other eastern cities; and which later took deep root among the more serious of the Romans, to blossom forth in the lives and teachings of three of the most noble and illustrious names in the imperial history—the philosopher emperor, the philosopher statesman, and the philosopher slave—Marcus Aurelius, Seneca and Epictetus.

Zeno was born in Cyprus, and grew to manhood during a period when the religious and philosophical theories of the far East were at least tingeing, when they did not color, the views of Grecian philosophers who were in any measure attracted by mystical theories or metaphysical speculations. He was a man of high ideals and noble impulses—a bold reasoner, who also possessed an aptitude for appropriating the best philosophical thought from various sources. This he blended into a consistent system. At first he was attracted to the Cynics, but soon grew beyond their narrow range of thought. He studied all the great Grecian masters, especially Heracleitus, Socrates, Aristotle, Diogenes and Pythagoras. No thinkers, however, seem to have influenced him so markedly as did Heracleitus and

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Socrates—the former in the domain of physics and metaphysics, and the latter in the field of ethics. Indeed, so convincing were the reasonings of these philosophers that one might almost say that their teachings formed the ground-work upon which Zeno and his two illustrious successors, Chrysippus and Cleanthes, builded their imposing system of philosophy; a system famed for its logic, its elaborate physical and metaphysical theories, and, above all, for its exalted morality. This last feature has stood the test of time and has made Stoicism an inspiration and a help to aspiring souls in all walks of life, from slaves to emperors, through successive ages and amid the rise and fall of nations, empires, religions and civilizations.

That ethical system may be justly called the soul or vital spark of Stoicism. Nevertheless, it is interesting to know something of its physics, in which the old-time philosophers unfold to us their fairy-tale of science and deal at length with the universe and man. "In the beginning," according to the physical theories of Stoicism, the Self-Existent One—Brahma of the Far East, or the Over-Soul of the transcendentalists —was found in his supreme glory, manifested in an etheral or sublimated fire. Here, in this sea of light and warmth, throbbed the Divine life—the creative thought and impulse. In the universe, however, nothing is stable in its outward manifestations. There is an eternal transition—a never-ceasing change or flux; and out of the ocean of light and heat came water, appearing first as vapor; and after water came various material phenomena, down to earth and stone, yet all pervaded in varying degrees with the Spirit of Life. Next came life in its separate manifestations, from the lowest order up to man. In man, as in the other manifold creations, were found varying degrees of the Divine afflatus. Thus, in his passion-swayed body there was comparatively little of the Divine essence, but his soul was a ray of the Divine light.

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Just as all manifestations of active life proceeded from birth through youth to the glory of maturity, and thence through decrepit age to death, so the Stoics held that the material or visible universe passed through similar changes, and that after it reached the glory of its prime it gradually decayed. The steps taken joyously are retraced painfully, and at length comes the supreme catastrophe, so strikingly described by Seneca in these lines: "The fatal day . . . when it seems good to God to make an end of old things. . . . Then shall the ancient order be revoked, and every creature be generated anew." Thus at the end of the cycle ordained by Diety all life in its separate manifestations is absorbed—lost in the central sea of being; and, as in the beginning, God is found again in the all-pervading sea of light and warmth, "alone in the conflagration, self-contemplating in the solitude of thought." But this condition is not permanent, for change is the law of the universe. Forever there is the ebb and the flow, the condensing and the expanding, the coming together and the going apart. The Stoic philosophy recognized, as has well been observed, that "which is perhaps the profoundest law of life, systole and diastole, the expansion and contraction of balanced forces." And thus, after all the rays have been called back to the central sun, after all the atoms of the Divine life have again entered the bosom of Being, purified and refined, they begin again another cycle of life in multitudinous manifestations.

In the physical theories of Stoicism we see clearly the embodiment of the central idea held by many of the profound seers and philosophers of India. To them, evidently, Heracleitus and others, who anticipated the elaborate theories of the Stoics, no less than Zeno and his followers, were indebted for the universe which, with some modifications, became the accepted belief of the noblest school of Grecian philosophy; for here, in new terminology, is found the essence of the doctrine which

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the Indian philosophers designated as the Day and Night of Brahma, long before Zeno's time. The sages of the East, after generations of contemplation, had reasoned out a solution to the problem which has challenged the thought of every age, but which to no people has held such irresistible fascination as to the Indian mind—the natural mystics of the Far East—and their conclusions concerning the Day and Night of Brahma may be epitomized as follows:

Brahma exists in perfection, but perfection, knowing no degree, becomes monotonous and intolerable. Hence, he distributes himself, becoming manifested in millions of phenomena, and through cycles whose days are ages he enjoys the rise of life, until at last the climax is reached, and all life returns to the source from which it emanated. Millions upon millions of lives have been lived, in pleasure and in pain, and enriched with experiences as varied as are the entities represented; and all the rich harvest enters again into one complete whole. The manifestation is called the Day of Brahma, and this is succeeded by the Night of Brahma—the quiet resting period prior to another glorious cycle of manifestation. Thus it is quite apparent that Stoicism appropriated the essential theories of a great school of the Far East to explain the phenomena of the universe.

On the question of a future life the Stoics hold divergent views. Thus Chrysippus believed that only the wise and the good lived after death. On the other hand, Cleanthes held that the souls of all persons survived death; while many of the great Roman Stoics were agnostics, hesitating to express any positive views. Still it was a question of comparatively little importance to those who held the physical theories of Stoicism, whether the soul survived the shock called death or ceased to exist as a bodily entity when the breath left the clay; for, as we have seen, they believed that all life—from the demi-gods,

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angels, heroes and man, down to the most insignificant manifestation of being—must inevitably suffer eclipse in its individual manifestation. The dusk of the gods awaited all the higher intelligences under the one Supreme Being, no less than the lowest expressions of life.

The Stoics were, as a rule, deeply religious. To them life was august. The soul of man being a veritable ray or spark of Deity, it was clearly the serious duty of life to live "according to the will of God as revealed in the heart and conscience of those who seek to know it and interpret it through observation in a reverent and faithful spirit of the facts of life."*

"They," observes Professor R. D. Hicks, "discerned God everywhere as the ruler and upholder, and at the same time law of the world that He had evolved from Himself." Nothing among the fragmentary literature that has come down to us of early Stoicism so beautifully reflects the lofty religious spirit that permeated this system of philosophy, as Cleanthes' sublime "Hymn to Zeus," of which the following extract will give some idea:

"Most glorious of immortals, O Zeus of many names, almighty and everlasting sovereign of nature, directing all in accordance with law, thee it is fitting that all mortals should address. * * * Thee all this universe, as it rolls circling round the earth, obeys wheresoever thou dost guide, and gladly owns thy sway. Such a minister thou holdest in thy invincible hands—the two-edged, fiery, ever-living thunderbolt, under whose stroke all nature shudders. No work upon earth is wrought apart from thee, Lord, nor through the divine ethereal sphere, nor upon the sea, save only whatsoever deeds wicked men do in their own foolishness. Nay, thou knowest how to make even the rough smooth, and to bring order out of disorder; and things not friendly are friendly in thy sight. For so has thou fitted all things together, the good with the evil, that there might be one eternal law over all. * * * This the evil ones among men heed not; for though desiring to possess the good, they fail to see or heed the universal Law of God, which, did they obey with the heart, then life would be well. But these pursue

*T. W. Rolleston's Introduction to "The Teachings of Epictetus," page 26.

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each his own aim, some lured by fame, the nurse of strife, some seeking great gain, and others won to folly by the allurements of the flesh, and thus bringing upon themselves the contrary of what they seek and desire. But thou, Zeus, the All-Giver, dweller in the darkness of cloud, and lord of the thunder, save and deliver men from their unhappy ignorance!"

The Stoics held that God is best worshipped in the shrine of the heart by the desire to know and obey him. They cared little for temples and less for rite and ceremonial; but in the national myths they read allegorical meanings and helpful truths, clothed in figures that might make them attractive to child minds. They believed that it was possible for man to know the future—at least the pleasure of God—through consulting oracles. This belief, coming from so rationalistic a philosophy, was vigorously combatted by other skeptical systems of the age. If, urged the opposition, the rational doctrine of strict causation everywhere prevails, if immutable law holds sway throughout the universe, if, in a word, things follow the course fore-ordained, what excuse is there for divination? To these objections Chrysippus replied that "Both divination and our behavior under the warnings which it affords are included in the chain of causation." He further urged that "Omens and portents are the natural symptoms of certain occurrences. There must be countless indications of the course of Providence, for the most part unobserved, the meaning of only a few having become known to men."

Those, however, who would know the secrets of Divinity, who would peer into the future and catch glimpses of what is to be, must approach the shrine of mystery in reverent spirit and with pure hearts. In a word, they must become as like God as possible in spirit before they seek to know what is behind the veil. "The Stoics," observes Professor Hicks, "were at pains to insist upon purity of heart and life as an indisputable

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condition for success in prophecying, and to enlist piety in the service of morality."

Far more important than their conceptions of God and the universe, though intimately related to these, are the ethics of Stoicism. In its moral system this school rose far above all the Pagan philosophies, and, indeed, its teachings were a fruitful source of inspiration to the early Christian fathers. It is not too much to say that Stoicism bequeathed to civilization so rich a treasury of lofty precepts, reinforced by the exalted lives of most of its illustrious apostles, that all after ages have been its debtors. No man can imitate its teachings without gaining moral strength and spiritual exaltation.

"Zeno," as Professor Mahaffey well observes, "started from a large conception of the universe ruled by the laws of a Divine Providence, and exhorted his hearers to ascertain and conform to these laws, promising perfect happiness to him who regenerated his soul by following the great voice of nature—by obeying the will of God in His ordering of the world."

Observing order prevalent throughout the universe and a nice precision everywhere present, the Stoics inferred that all things were governed by law; that behind law, or operating through it, was Supreme Intelligence. In other words, the universe was dominated by Divine reason—reason which included those attributes which we characterize as ethical, or which belong to the moral order. To them God was at once the supreme manifestation of power, wisdom and goodness. He was the All-Father, whose sun, rain, and dew were but a few of multitudinous testimonies of his loving-kindness. He was all-powerful, but that power was manifested chiefly through the orderly operation of law, based on infinite reason.

Now man had present in his clay his passions, appetites, and desires, but he was also endowed with a soul, or reason, which was a veritable part of the divine All-Father. If man, with

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this royal heritage, ignored his high relationship and refused to yield to its promptings, he exhibited folly and wrought evil—he sowed the seeds of sin when he should have sowed those of wisdom, and inevitably reaped the harvest of his sowing. Those philosophers held to the belief that all in the universe was good and wisely ordered, save the man who, refusing to obey the mandates of the Divinity within, sought empty fame, gold, or the gratification of the flesh, and who thus blindly heeded the voice of the clay instead of the voice of God.

As has been noted, Zeno and his successors held that the soul was an emanation from Deity. Hence it logically followed that the soul, or right reason, as the Stoics most frequently termed the spiritual part of man, should have absolute rulership or sway over the passions, appetites and desires. Stoicism insisted that what God was to the universe the Divinity within, or the soul, was to man. Hence, he who turned away from the inner light or voice committed treason against his higher self, and as a consequence forfeited the peace and happiness that were the birthright of the wise; happiness which could only come when man yielded complete obedience to the soul or reason, and thus placed himself in harmony with Divinity, or—as they frequently expressed it—"lived according to nature," meaning according to the higher nature or Divinity.

Buddha's famous precepts, "Think purely, speak truly, and live nobly," well sum up the ethics of Stoicism; and its apostles undertook to show how man might ever think, speak and live worthily. They laid little emphasis on externals. They never tired of insisting that no evil could come to the essential part of man without his will. He who mastered himself and came into alignment with the Eternal was as one who dwells upon the heights and who witnesses the mad fury of the storm-tossed ocean dashing on the rocks beneath him. He is serene; he has risen above passion, and is calm in the security that

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comes only through victory over externals; while those who persist in foolishly seeking satisfaction from the transient or fleeting things of sense are as men who build upon the sand, in the reach of the ever-hungry waves. In times of calm they are haunted by fear of the evil day that may at any moment break upon them, and in times of storm they are lost. In no respect did Stoicism stand out in greater relief from the background of decadent Greek and Roman life than in its appeal from externals to the Divine promptings, or the still small voice within.

"Not even Christianity," says Professor Hicks, "laid more stress upon inwardness, or taught more explicitly that motives count for everything and external professions for very little. Once let the reason become right, and it imparts this same character to all it affects. First the soul is made strong, healthful and beautiful; when, therefore, it thus fulfills all the conditions of its being, it is absolutely perfect. Now the perfection of anything is called its virtue. The virtue of a man is thus the perfection of his soul, i.e., of the ruling part or rational soul. 'Out of the heart are all the issues of life.' Make the soul perfect, and you make the life perfect. From such a disposition must proceed a life which flows on smoothly and uniformly, like a gentle river. . . . Goodness must be interpreted as Socrates used to interpret it—that which furnishes some advantage or true utility; its opposite, evil, as that which produces harm or disadvantage. Obviously, only virtue and that which comes from virtue confers any real advantage. Only vice can really do harm."

Stoicism taught men to seek at all times to be just and fair. It also taught in a large way the kinship of life and the obligations of the implied brotherhood. All men who recognized the Fatherhood of God by living according to nature, or in harmony with justice and virtue, were brothers—children of

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one father. "They were citizens of one state—the city of Zeus."* This tendency of their teachings was diametrically opposed to the old Greek prejudice, which for centuries regarded all persons born beyond the boundaries of Hellas as barbarians. Greece, however, had for some time been growing more and more cosmopolitan, and after the Alexandrian conquest the old exclusiveness had rapidly given way. Yet it is probable that the new philosophy sounded strange to many Athenians, and we can easily imagine that the dictum that "There were no longer differences between the Greek and the barbarian, male and female, bond and free, all being members of one body and partakers of reason," aroused much opposition among leaders of conventional opinion. Certain it is that Stoicism took deeper root in many eastern centres, and also in Rome, than in Athens. Yet from the time of its promulgation it exerted a powerful influence over noble minds wherever its tenets were made known. It satisfied a deep heart-hunger felt by sincere natures in the age—the decadent age—in which it was born. But nowhere was its influence more pronounced than in Rome, after the long struggle for popular freedom and the maintenance of a simple and virtuous life, had gone down before the triumph of imperial Rome with its despotism and corruption. In that sad night-time of national and social life many of the noblest souls, from the scholar and philosopher, Musonius Rufus, to the statesman and premier, Seneca; from the slave Epictetus to the emperor Marcus Aurelius, passionately embraced Stoicism.

*It is well to remember that the Stoics frequently termed God, Zeus. This was doubtless because Zeus was the supreme divinity in the popular mind, and also it is probable that the philosophers were wise enough to avoid arousing needless antagonism, and thereby defeat their purpose to enlighten men, by stimulating prejudice and driving men from that which, without this antagonism, might lead them to a realization of the larger and truer conception of life and its duties.

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No one can study the lives and teachings of the great Stoics without being helped to higher thinking and truer living. Never in the Pagan world was the voice of God heard so clearly as through the exalted utterances of this philosophy. It strove to make men God-like, not by attempting to bribe them with promises of future bliss, but by appealing to all that was finest and most divine in their beings. The key-note of Stoicism may be said to be found in these lines of Browning:

"Aspire, break bounds! I say,
Endeavor to be good, and better still,
And best! Success is naught, endeavor's all."

IT is worth realizing that there is no such thing as commonplace life or uninteresting circumstances. They are so only because we do not see into them, do not know them.—*Selected.*

TOLSTOI.

He sought to follow God. The church,
Respectable and old,
Accustomed but to follow form,
Was shocked at one so bold.
To follow God was blasphemous—
It drove him from the fold.

He sought to help humanity.
The despots in command
Had never heard of such a thing—
They could not understand.
They thought it must be treason, so
They drove him from the land.

J. A. EDGERTON.

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THE RESULT OF A THOUGHT.

BY L. WAYLAND EASTERBROOK.

The holding of any thought tends to perpetuate and make it true; and, as it is perpetuated and held by many minds, it becomes more powerful, and the truth of it becomes evident: so that evil doubtless came into the world somewhat as is related in the Hebrew Bible. For, with man's first thought of sin, he doubted his own rightness and became afraid. He continued to dwell on the idea until it became a reality; and Sin, the child of Fear, stood forth, as hideous a spectre as its parent could conceive. The monsters that have materialized after being conceived in the human mind have peopled this world to an extent that is amazing. Thoughts are things, and, sometimes, monstrous things. Let us trace the birth and history of one of these children of immature mind.

Sometime in the unrecorded past, man, attempting to quench his thirst, got hold of the fermented juice of some plant, fruit, or nut, and, having drunk deeply thereof, experienced a new sensation of exaltation which must have given him an unusually intense feeling of sensual enjoyment: So that thereafter he searched for more of that same elixir the production of which he did not at first understand. Then, as the connection between the beverage and its source dawned on him, he went to collecting fruits or other vegetable products to make a supply for himself and family; and ever since that time some form of fermented or alcoholic drink has been in use by mankind.

Just when the human race was far enough advanced in the knowledge of good and evil to first declare the use of intoxicating drinks evil we have no way of knowing; but it happened,

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and the tradition has been handed down until to-day it is strongest in the United States, where there has probably been more apparent harm done by excessive drinking than in any other country of our day.

There is something about terror that hypnotizes its victim, and if a man be sufficiently frightened, he will always be attracted to the thing he fears. Hence, when some early moralist had succeeded in convincing one of his fellows that there was death in the cup, the poor fellow must have proceeded at once to drown his terror in that same vessel, and after giving way to temptation a few times he, perhaps, considered himself lost, and thereafter remained intoxicated almost constantly, until he developed a case of delirium tremens; thereby proving to the satisfaction of his mentor that such drinks contained an evil spirit. Our primitive reformer was probably a man of some influence and successful in getting converts to his new theory; many of whom, being strong-minded and above being influenced by alcohol anyway, stopped the use of these beverages and held the thought that they were doing immense harm, thereby adding to the slight harm already done. There must have been others also who laughed at the idea and continued to indulge without its having a notably bad effect on them. The weaker minded must have begun to develop the worst forms of drunkenness as they were affected by the new evil thought; and from that time until the present, that thought has been held and will probably be held for a great many years to come. With the development of the thought must have come the increase of drunkenness until, to-day, it is as real as any evil. Like other negative thoughts men are hypnotized by it, so that many who abstain are hurting the cause and producing more drunkenness than the saloons themselves could do without their aid.

We have all attended temperance lectures at some time in our lives and know the manner in which they are conducted;

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the leader or speaker, who is usually a reformed drunkard, stands before the people and tells either his own terrible experience or that of someone else; if it is of some one else, that person either dies on the gallows, or is sentenced to prison for life, and the last thing he had to say was:

"Liquor has done this for me!"

Then follows such an invective or anathema against "whisky" as makes the hearers' blood run cold; until those emotional persons present are so affected they do not recover from the fright for many days. And we may be sure that in that audience was some one or more individuals who had never thought seriously of drunkenness before, that is destined to fill a drunkard's grave: For, with the first drink, the words of the lecturer recur to their minds, and they feel themselves lost from that moment, and, believing that they are going to the devil they follow their creed with great alacrity, while the saloonkeeper gets the credit for it all.

Men should be men, and stand up and declare that each one is answerable for his own failings, and not try to throw off the blame on whiskey or on other people.

Of course we know that not all people are sensitive to the same degree, and not all would be affected alike by a temperance meeting, for anyone with self-respect would ridicule such sensational oratory, and all who declare that terrible results are sure to follow if any one dares so much as to look at the cup. These people are not so badly affected and are said by the so-called temperance people to be on the devil's side, because they will not aid in propagating this thought of evil.

We, of the higher and more liberal thought, know that there are many things much better adapted for our consumption than alcohol, and, as we are seeking the best, we avoid that—not but that we have the right to use anything on the earth as we see fit, for the earth and its fulness are ours; but we have no desire

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to indulge the body as we once had when on a lower plane. Let those who have not passed that stage do as they think best, for they will anyway, and the Prohibitionists, with all their boasts, would not materially improve conditions if they were to stop the use of intoxicating drinks entirely. The same people who are now drunkards would take to using something else equally harmful; there would be a transformation of thought, that is all; the fear of alcohol would go with the disappearance of its use and in its place would come something else, for a large portion of the human race must have its bogie, be that what it may.

But there is good even in this agitating of an evil thought. It takes radical people, as well as radical means, to arouse the world and the very "cranks" call our attention to the opposite of what they preach, and if everything were perfect nothing would remain to be done; we could not have the pleasure of developing ourselves or helping in the development of others. Then let us neither have a fear of alcohol, nor horror and disgust for those ignorant ones who are not using this life to the best advantage; let us remember that they are travelers on the same road as we, and that everything is good, even alcohol and the users thereof.

FIND out men's wants and will,
And meet them there. All worldly joys go less
To the one joy of doing kindnesses.

—*George Herbert.*

CHEERED by the presence of God, I will do at the moment without anxiety, according to the strength which he shall give me, the work that his providence assigns me. I will leave the rest: it is not my affair.—*Fénelon.*

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SORROW.

BY EDNA SMITH-DERAN.

Have you sought for success and met failure?
  Has life seemed a burden of care?
Have you almost lost faith in God's promise?
  Vain words seem the burden of prayer?

Do you long for true love and affection,
  Yet sit by your fireside alone?
And does some little mound in the church-yard
  Claim all that you once thought your own?

Have you learned that grim death and affliction
  Must come in the life of each one?
And that sorrow and much disappointment
  Is met with ere life's race be run?

Have you learned to laugh lightly when happy?
  Then learn to laugh still when in tears;
It is hard, none save God, knows the effort
  When days seem like long, weary years.

But among life's great heroes, are people
  Who laugh at life's burdens, nor fret;
And they smile in the face of fate's frowning;
  Whose lives are not one long regret.

And therefore, dear friends, e'er remember
  As you grieve o'er some sadness, forlorn,
That each sorrow that comes in our pathway
  Will have its twin, Joy. Both were born.

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It is not hand in hand they will greet us,
For joy, youthful joy, travels fast;
And behind lags the twin, slow, but planning
To greet us as she marches past.

If with trials some days you're o'erflowing,
And sorrow seems breaking the heart,
Remember each night has its morning,
And Time's silent shades will depart.

There's naught that comes to us that's worthless;
Life's joys and its griefs are not vain;
But each one is a step in God's progress.
Then take up your burden again.

Bear bravely the trials that o'ertake you;
Know 'tis for your good they are given;
So be patient, and trusting, and loving;
Each day stepping upward to heaven.

The steps may be steep and you, weary,
May feel that the effort is vain;
Do not grieve, but toil upward rejoicing,
You need not climb those steps again.

Each step that we climb in life's pathway,
Each vict'ry we gain 'gainst the wrong,
And each sorrow we meet with and conquer
Is making us daily grow strong.

It is best that this world has its sorrow;
That all must weep some bitter tears;
For the mingling of joy and of sadness
Brings wisdom that comes but with years.

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It is best that eash rose has its beauty,
Yet, hidden in perfume, its sting;
'Tis the vict'ries we gain with great effort
The greatest reward always bring.

It is easy to smile when you're happy;
To fall not when there is no sin;
Both temptation and sorrow are test signs,
And life's truest heroes will win.

A BIT OF SPRINGTIME BALM.

BY EVA SHERIFF EATON.

No, nothing in this life is lost. The fragrance which rises from the crushed flower is not lost, it wafts away, and in its wanderings mingles with that of some other flower.

The sweet strains of music, once heard, are not lost to us; they may leave us for a while and float through space to gladden other ears, but they come back again, even through the lapse of years, when we are in sorrow and lull us with their melody. We have heard them before.

The dear eyes closed to us in this life are not lost, we shall see and know them again in some other sphere, even with their added light.

And—"Love is the fulfilling of the Law." The Glory of this life is Love. Not only the passionate love of one being for another; but Love that is lofty, pure, beautiful and great—aye—and Love of the lowly, the weak, and the small. The Love of all Humanity.

It is the outflowing of the heart through every avenue, the center and life force of the whole universe. Underneath all our perplexities is a sweet, pure, river flowing, bubbling and surging and moistening all the life thirst.

This river is Love.

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BASIC PRINCIPLES OF SCIENTIFIC RELIGION.

BY HENRY FRANK.

PART I.

The popular mind conceives of religion as something mysterious, abstruse and indefinable.

It has been impossible clearly to comprehend its meaning, for it has been customary to expound religions dogmatically or with *ex cathedra* authority. To the mind sunk in traditionalism a definition of religion would be a sacrilege. It is too sacred to be defined, as to the ancient Jews the name of Deity was too holy to be pronounced. Hence all manner of crude conceptions and foolish superstitions have sprung up around the name of God. Primarily the priest was the special and only tribunal or temple officer, set aside to teach the mysterious wisdom of religion, for he alone had access to the secret presence of the Lord and heard his counsels. This notion prevailed in all the religions whether ancient or modern. Whether it is a Moses who is taken apart from the multitude to the top of a mountain, there to see and talk with God, or the chief priest who alone enters the dark place of the Holy of Holies and consults the magical Urim and Thummim, or the pythoness who sits at Delphi on the sacred tripod consulting entrails and concoctions; it is everywhere the universal expression of mystery, secrecy, and unnecessary solemnity which is associated with the religious idea.

Therefore even in our day, when knowledge is so broadcast and every man is free to think, the multitude still trembles at the mention of the word and fears to approach it with the sacrilegious analysis of the secular mind. The only way to

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rescue religion from the temple of superstition and restore to it its "native hue" of common sense is to treat it as a phenomenon of human experience, which must be put under the searchlight of scientific investigation, and analyzed as a naturalist would examine an entomological specimen for purposes of classification.

There is nothing mysterious, uncanny or supernatural about religion. It is simply an expression of human despair in the presence of insoluble problems. It assumed the shape of Hope, yet it was merely despair equipped with imaginary wings. It was the tear of sorrow weeping beside the grave at the approach of oblivion. It was the shriek of horror breaking from parted lips at the bursting of the heavens. Did not the lightning cleave the mystery and reveal the realm of the invisible? It was the moan of pain at the approach of darkness, when the sun vanished and wrapped his quiver in the blackness of night. It was the shout of joy when again he returned, flushed with victory, and flooded the world with splendor. It was the cry of despair when the tempest howled and the forests cracked and crumbled, when the sea swept the face of the earth and the floods descended and deluged the planet. Thus born, what wonder it has ever been nursed as a mother nurses a feeble child.

To plunge into the heart of our theme, then, let us ask at once is there anything mysterious about the subject of religion. By mystery we mean—"something that is inexplicable—an enigmatical secret." Anciently the word mystery had reference to a secret doctrine or rite which only the initiated understood and could practise. To all the outside world it was a source of confusion and bewilderment. Hence we must at once learn whether there was ever in religion a really secret truth which only the initiated knew and which was an unknown quantity to mankind in general. What was preached

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as a secret doctrine in the old religions was chiefly the consultation of omens and symbols of prophecy whereby the future might be foretold and disaster avoided. These rites were very curious, and consisted of purifications, sacrificial offerings, processions, songs, dances, etc.

Now let us examine some of these. One of the most occult and secret gatherings of these ancient initiates was in honor of the Eleusinian mysteries. What were they? They were the oldest religious rites in Greece and are supposed by some to have been imported from Egypt. If you read the account of the exercises you will see that the mysteries, at least in outward appearance, were in many respects similar to the elaborate services of the Roman Catholic Church, only they were wrapped in far greater secrecy. None but the initiated could participate, but any who desired might be initiated. Nothing is known concerning these mysteries, excepting that the rites were very curious, such as killing a sow which was first purified in a sacred river, long processions to the banks of a stream where the multitude was baptized, and entrance by a select few into the holy temple where they beheld a revelation which overawed the soul with mystifying phantasmagoria. Bulwer gives a glowing description of similar rites of the religion of Isis in his description of religious scenes in Herculaneum and Pompeii.

Although a cloud of uncertainty hangs over the ancient ceremonies, we know enough of them to discern their immediate relation to the especial ceremony of the Christian Church, known as the Lord's Supper. The identity is so exact that an unsophisticated Christian believer is horrified at this discovery. The rules for initiation were about the same as the rule which announces who shall come to the Lord's table. They could not enter the initiation of Eleusinian mystery who were "convicted of witchcraft, murder, or any other heinous crime."

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Nor could any one come to the Lord's table who is an "open and notorious evil doer or hath done wrong to his neighbor." Before entering the Holy Catholic Church every professor dips his hand in holy water and sprinkles his face and body. Thus did every initiate before entering the Eleusinian temple. In short we find that that supposed mysterious rite in the Christian religion—the Eucharist—is an exact imitation in most respects of the ancient Eleusinian rites. We find orthodox and devout historians, such as Mosheim (the greatest historian of the Christian Church) and Sir William Jones, who first divulged the secrets of the Oriental religion to the Western world, both admitting that the Christian rites were exactly like those of the pagan religions.*

For this reason you find among the old churches that the Eucharist is supposed to possess supernatural and mysterious powers, and whoever partakes thereof receives "great benefit." Out of this idea evolved the notion of transubstantiation—then water and wine became the actual body and blood of Jesus to the receiving believer. Now to-day no intelligent man gives the slightest credence to the supernatural efficacy of the Eucharist, whatever lingering awe may possess his soul as he beholds its celebration.

But the modern scientific mind approaches this mystery and seeks to study it as he would a floral specimen for his herbarium. Having discovered that the Eucharist is descended legitimately from the Eleusinia of ancient Greece, he seeks the origin of the latter in order to discern its real purport. He finds the Eleusinian mystery grew out of the celebration of Ceres, the goddess of grain and agriculture. Now as grain—corn or wheat—is the basis of bread, he discovers at once the

*For a more exhaustive and conclusive discussion of this subject, see my DOOM OF DOGMA AND DAWN OF TRUTH (G. P. PUTNAM'S) (N. Y.)

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origin of the notion that bread must be celebrated as the Lord's body in the Eucharist. For as Ceres is the goddess of grain, of course she becomes materialized or manifested in it, and hence the grain transmuted into bread is but the physical adumbration of Ceres herself. Here is palpable transubstantiation; the manifest transubstantiation of the goddess into the product of the agriculture of which she was the tutelary deity.

Again we find that the Eleusinian mystery was also celebrated in honor of Bacchus, the god of wine. Hence it is revealed how the notion of bread and wine entered into the meaning and ceremony of the Holy Eucharist. This is, of course, not the origin of this rite, which is discovered in the Gospels, but it is the origin which a careful study of history reveals.

This is one of the methods and results of a scientific study of religion. By this study we are enabled to denude religion of all mystery or secrecy and find its inmost kernel of meaning.

There is, however, another interpretation put on these rites. It is said that priests were possessed of powers of which the multitude were ignorant, and which they did not dare inculcate in the masses because of dangerous consequences. Therefore the idea of holding this wisdom as a supernatural secret, and allowing only those selected as safe candidates for initiation to learn it, became general in the ancient religions, as well as the Christian.

Even if this be so, a scientific religion will take nothing for granted, but rigidly abiding by its standard of the truth, will carefully examine the possible existence of such powers and discover their origin. It is said the ancient initiates were able to hold in awe the wild beasts, to control the elements, and even to remain alive in the midst of fire; as the three Hebrew children did. Scientific religion will discern an intimation of the possibility of the alleged fact in the knowledge which

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we now possess of the powers of mental control, such as mesmerism, hypnotism, clairvoyance, etc. It were easy enough for the order of the priests to absorb the real possessors of such occult powers, and by properly qualifying them, succeed in training them to the performance of such marvels as might speedily be exaggerated into stories of such supernatural achievements as above referred to.

The first genuine purpose of scientific religion will be to eliminate mystery and secrecy and alleged undiscoverability of the origin of religious doctrines.

Thus far we have been studying merely the scientific methods of analyzing religious phenomena. But a scientific religion must go further. It must not be merely a science, it must be a religion. Therefore it will draw a positive distinction between science and religion. Science it will define as an accurate knowledge of the laws and conditions that control phenomena. Religion it will define as the discernment of ideas, built on human experience, which inspire the life with intense emotion and zeal. Scientific religion will therefore be the enlightened emotion of the soul emanating from the conscious relation of one's inward experiences to the outward world, resulting in exalted ideals which inspire the heart to noble living.

Let us for a moment study such a religion. I say, first, scientific religion is an enlightened emotion. Religion of whatever type resides in the emotions. The primitive emotion that inspired worship was fear. This grew out of man's natural ignorance. What else could have occurred? With all our intelligence to-day and mastery of nature's forces, how soon do we lose heart and tremble when we feel our prize slipping from our hands! The most learned of men will fear and tremble and resort to moods of atavistic fetishism by falling in prayer to any imaginary savior.

Dr. Priestly ridiculed the notion of ghosts and spooks all

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his life, but one night while going home through a grave yard he imagined that he came face to face with a real ghost, and he straightway fell into its arms and fainted. Hence we must not wonder that primitive man was easily terrified and appealed to any savior for succor. But from the earliest days of man, fear—one of the deepest emotions—has constituted the essence and foundation of his religion. Without it the religion of superstition could never have conquered the race.

But is fear an essential basis of religion? Jesus Christ, and many teachers before him, intimated that there was a nobler and purer emotion on which to rest religion, and that emotion was love. Love is as powerful an emotion as fear. It has animated men to deeds as heroic and certainly far purer in their quality. Fear oppresses—Love liberates. Fear curses—Love blesses. Fear embitters—Love sweetens. Fear cramps, narrows and encrusts the soul, while Love expands, makes flexible and agile every quality of one's being.

But there is an emotion which is still nobler and more elevating than even love, and that is wisdom. I classify wisdom as an emotion, for it calms, soothes and blesses the heart with the restfulness of understanding. One may love, and yet not be wise. If one loves, one can hate. But a wise man knows better than to hate. The wise man finds the paradise of the middle ground, never soured by the intenser emotions of love or hate; but poised on the plane of peace, he divides the world, neither into friends nor enemies, but into neighbors, whom he must justly help and who must be just to him.

Therefore scientific religion rests in an enlightened emotion—an emotion which neither seethes nor swells—but ever seeks the equipoise of calm. Whoever attains that poise becomes the world's true leader—his heart ever mellow, for it cannot be soured—his mind ever clear, for it can welcome no phase of darkness.

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The next part of my definition is that the emotions must be consequent on the conscious correlation of one's inward experience with the outward world. The absence of this relation has been the origin of most of the religious superstitions of the past. Because man conceived himself to be something entirely different from all the rest of the world, his experience lifted him into an attitude of arrogant ignorance which both deluded him and shut out from his mind a correct knowledge of nature.

He thought, for example, that he was made after a wholly different pattern than were the inferior animals—therefore he conceived a special creation for himself, not satisfied to have come into this planet as comes the quadruped or the reptile. Hence he imagined that there must be somewhere in this universe a special Being who was as distinctly separated from the visible universe as he must be separated from and superior to man's physical surroundings. Forthwith a mutual understanding arose between egotistic man and his condescending God. It was a beautiful dream—the fanciful chimera of an ill-balanced mind. Man—the egotist, to gratify his sense of superiority must have a Protector better and stronger than all other living beings. Not discerning Him physically portrayed, he forthwith manufactures Him in the laboratory of his fantasy. Thenceforth he yields to his imagination and fondles and toys with this God as an inmate of an asylum toys with an invisible and imaginary crown which he imposes on his supposed regal head.

What wonder the insane attitude of the religious mind was ruthlessly shocked when Darwin bluntly told man that he descended from the ape, his progenitor, and his body contained no other elements than what constituted the physical constituency of the basest reptile! What wonder he was horrified when he was forced to hear that his body was built after the

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same pattern as that of any other animal, winged or unwinged!

Now, out of this notion of man's absolute distinctiveness from the rest of nature, and of a specialized Divinity whom he venerated, came the idea of special providences—the law of reward and punishment, the whole superstructure, indeed, of that foreboding theology which for centuries begloomed the intellect of man.

(*To be continued.*)

THE PROOF OF IMMORTALITY.

"Love racks the brain till the world reels,"
And the emotions, pouring their lava flames
Across the soul, make it tyrannical in its desires
And colossal in its aims.

There are no half-way measures in the lover's heart;
It gives entirely, and it asks for all:
Its cry is to submerge itself in that it loves,
And resents refusal to its call.

In religion, science, art, it is the same;
The devotee seeks but to sink his soul,
To enter into Cosmic Consciousness
As complement of the eternal whole.

This impenetrable law of verity
Works in the pollen of the flower,
In the measureless systems of suns, and is proof
Of the perpetuity of the universal power.

JOSEPHINE CONGER.

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THE MIND AND ITS FUNCTIONS.

BY MORTON F. W. HAZELDINE.

"What none thinks with the mind, but what thinks out the mind, that know as the Divine Mind, not this which is worshiped below."
Keneopanishad.

The object in bringing the mind under control is, first to obtain the cessation from sufferings, secondly to obtain peace, thirdly liberation from all attachments, and lastly to acquire absolute control over our own natures and destinies. The external world is but a prototype of the internal world, and though the former is infinite and beyond control, the latter is finite and controlable. So it is with us, the body represents the grosser form of the universal energy and the mind the subtler, the mind representing the cause and the body the effect. Therefore, he who has acquired the control over his body has acquired control over the whole world of matter, inasmuch that he has the power to build a strong, beautiful and healthy body; and he who has acquired the control over his mind has obtained perfect control over all the spiritual forces, inasmuch that he can make a serene, pure, calm and passionless ending, for "All that we are is the result of what we have thought," etc. So let us ask ourselves the same questions that have been asked through the ages and receive from out of the Infinite the answer which all for themselves must solve. What is the mind, and at whose command did it unfold itself. At whose command did man receive his voice, and what is the power by which we see and hear?

Do we, as students of mental science, make an analysis of the mind with the same care and consistency that a chemist would use in the performing of an essay? Or do we not rather

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use the term mind more often in the sense of a generality, when it would be more correct if we used a term which would definitely express a mental attribute, quality or function which we desired to describe or discuss?

Generality can never become specific knowledge, and to intelligently teach of the mind it would be of incalcuable benefit to those who are interested in mental philosophy if they would direct their energies into the dissecting and classifying, as it were, of this Divine quality called mind.

We should commence the science of mind by asking ourselves these questions. What is the mind and what thinks out the mind? They have been answered by the sages of old by describing them as a garland of manifold forms, which is the one reality of the Great Totality. This reality, being the sum total of all consciousness, gives unto man the power of infinite realization, being as it were the force of ingoing and outgoing. It reveals the duality and unity between ourselves and all things, the finite manifestation of this force is called the objective, or the mind of effect; while the infinite manifestation of this force is called the subjective, or the mind of cause. Thus the objective is the out-thinking quality and the subjective is the in-thinking quality.

Now to understand what is meant by the term mind we must picture to our minds a circle with a dot as a center, the circumference of which will convey to our intelligence the finite, external or the self-manifesting force, which emanates from that center like the rays of light from the sun, that center representing the internal or infinite mental quality or the un-manifestable, and the inner-space of the symbol, or the distance between the circumference to center, represents the subjected or finite quality, therefore the manifestable, and the outer space of the symbol or that beyond the circumference as the objective, neutralitive or manifested.

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For the purpose of demonstration in this article we will describe the mind in its unity, duality, triplicity, quadruplicity and cinquincy.

The unity of the mind expresses its totality or where the physical senses fail to recognize it, it being apparently soundless, touchless, and formless, beyond all exhaustion, past tasting, eternal, and scentless, absolute being, without beginning or ending, transcending the Great Over-mind, ever firm and beyond the range of mere distinction. It is in this mind where all the mental forces, powers, senses, attributes and qualities are united in the Infinite or Divine Mind. It is thus better described when it is styled the Absolute. The duality of the mind has been described "As two beauteous winged companions, ever mates, perched on the self same tree, one of the twain devours the luscious fruit, fasting its mate sits by." (*Shet Upd.*) It teaches of the external and the internal or objective and subjective mental qualities and attributes, its objective nature is the function of the brain, and expresses the rational quality of the mind, while its subjective nature expresses the irrational quality of our mental nature. It has been styled the "Pillars of Strength and Beauty," for when this faculty has been well developed it gives perfect discrimination, firmness and judgment to its owner. The objective mind is expressed through the powers of external manifestation in the following qualities: It is the mind of physical development; it grows through the experience gained from the earthly life; it is the forcible quality of the mind and is emphasized through the mental qualities of anger, passion, hatred, fear, revenge, sorrow, argumentativeness, combativeness, greed, pain, avarice and remorse. It is the scientific and analytical mind; it can reason both by induction and deduction; it has the animal nature of destruction, and ceases to be at the expiration of the earthly life. The Subjective or Divine mind has for its powers

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the silent qualities; it is the power that thinks, perceives, causes physical movement, controls the forces of evacuation and secretion, gives to us the spirit of enjoyment; it is the performer of all actions; it is the force whereby we speak, taste, smell, see, hear and feel. It has absolute control over the silent functions and is the exciter of circulation; it never sleeps, nor does its memory ever fail; it is the force of realization and the religious quality of us all; its arms are love and prayer, its head is wisdom, truth is its face, firmness its neck, justice and mercy its shoulders, charity its breast, goodness its body, enlightenment and pleasure its legs, and whose feet are knowledge and worship. Let it be known that the subconscious or soul mind is the Lord of all sensation, secretion, excretion, aspiration and inspiration, locomotion and emotion; it verily is the ear of the ear, mind of the mind, speech of the speech and life of the life, for this mental quality expresses the intelligence of the soul. Its birth came with eternity and has engraved upon its Leaves of Gold the sum total of all experience both past and present, it contains all wisdom and has been described "As a man the size of a thumb who resides right here in our midst, the center of wisdom is it, who of the past and the future is Lord, and from whom a man has no desire to hide; this verily is That." It is the force that controls digestion, pulsation, meditation and procreation. It is the function of the Solar Plexus and though centered it radiates through the whole being. The combined action of these two mental qualities give unto us our dual nature, the pros and cons, the opposites of life, the good and bad, the loves and hates, the lights and darks and truths and falsities.

The threefold quality of mind expresses gender, being triple in character it is positive and masculine, negative and feminine, and neutralitive or androgynous. It creates, destroys and restores. It is shade, shadow and reality. It represents to our mental faculties the divisions of time, past, present and future;

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it is the three Upright and Direct steps which lead into liberty, the ultimate goal of every soul. It contains the powers of discrimination; it defines and disparates qualities, thus there is that which is known, there is that which is knowable and that which is unknowable. It expresses the qualities of location, as here, there, where. In material analysis it expresses the qualities of compounds such as that which is separate, separable and unseparable. It is the positive, comparative and superlative measurement of time, space and manner, and forms our mental trinity of reason, knowledge and understanding.

The fourfold mental nature contains the force of vitality, conception, birth and dissolution. It is the quality of production, and is manifested in our lives as the seasons of evolution from birth to youth, and from youth to manhood, and from manhood to old age. It has for its modes manifestation, aspiration, inspiration, introspection and externalization; its ancient symbol is the Swautuca Cross which typifies the incarnations of the eternal elements through the law of evolution and involution, and this verse has been used in describing it:

"Into the mind the wise sink their senses, this into reason they sink, this in the Great Self Reason reaches, this in the Infinite sink."

This is the square within the circle of mental experience, it is the wheel of joy or woe on which all here are bound, its hub is love, faith forms the spokes, hope is the felly, and charity its tire.

The fivefold quality of the mind is described as—"A river of five streams, from fountains five of ugly turns, with waves of fivefold life, whose primal source is fivefold knowledge, with eddies five, whose tidal wave is fivefold grief, of fifty branches, level five." It has the absolute control over the senses, and has been called the mind of (maya) or delusion, for by unfoldment we discover that what we considered as value turns

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out, through experience, to be worthless. Hence the five rivers represent the five-fold quality of the appetites; the five fountains are called greed, avarice, lust, selfishness and hate which forever destroy the man as a torrent destroys the water-reeds, and from the indulgency of their nature comes mental and physical suffering. Every sense has a fivefold character, and though we commonly describe them as sight, hearing, touch, smell and taste, they but signify the senses through which we receive the consciousness of our physical nature. The mental consciousness is revealed to our understanding through the senses of perception, retention (or memory), analyzation, intuition and imagination, through whose action we are conscious of our mental being. The psychological consciousness is manifested through the senses that express qualities of action such as up, down, in, out and back, through whose instrumentality we are able to perform all anatomical and physiological action. The universal nature of the mind is explained through the qualifying terms of above, below, before, behind, between, or the classification of all external and internal limitless measurement and research.

And lastly, the absolute character of the mind is revealed through the superconsciousness of its own nature, which is designated as the soniferous, odoriferous, gustiferous, tangiferous and illminiferous ethers; these are the rudiments, the Alpha and the Omega, of all the sense existence, these aforesaid mental functions all come into their respective action when excited by opportunity, environment or growth. The question might here be asked what is the good of all these obtuse classifications of the mind? The best answer to that is the more we become familiar with what the mind actually consists of, the better able we are to reach its source and comprehension.

The science of mind can only be known through the study of the mind and of its functions and attributes. From the knowl-

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edge of self will spring forth the faith of the future. All knowledge of being is derived through sense experience, therefore all thought waves are fivefold in their nature, expression and realization. The tendency in every nature is to enlarge one set of mental faculties at the expense of the others, thus the mind resembles five eddies whirling from all sides, drawing into its vortex all and everything that comes within reach of attraction. And those who allow themselves to be controlled by the whirling eddies of their appetites become engulfed in the tidal wave of grief, for all thus controlled suffer pain both in this world and in the next, for greed cannot be satisfied even with a shower of gold pieces, and that man is indeed a prisoner within the Bastile of Lust, and like every other prisoner who has yielded to the supremacy of the senses, the senses then become the actual cause of the crime which is committed, through lack of sense control; and for his one error he is enforced to punish ninety-nine other parts of his being. The mental tree consists of the trunk of absolute wisdom which is not affected either by time, environment or growth, from whose sides put forth the fifty branches of action, and as every sense is a duality, having a rational as well as an irrational side to their natures, a false and a true, and a positive and negative, and each having the fivefold character of action, they represent the fifty branches or the fifty ways of experience. The Level Five or the absolute function of all the senses in which all qualities are united both in entrance and exit with the mind through the superconsciousness, which are manifested by the human soul in the following qualities, thus there is the upper, lower, equilibrating, distributing and projecting superconsciousness, and they are here explained in the following order. The upper or spiritual consciousness, the lower or animal consciousness, the equalizing or governing consciousness, the distributing or circulating consciousness and the projecting

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or manifesting consciousness, from which we learn of the law of universal mental causation.

The object of mental analysis is to the end of all mental control through the knowledge of its actions and nature. By dividing the mind into its different components we are able to recognize the difference between the animal world and ourselves, and between ourselves and others.

Text books are next to useless for the development of the mind, as the knowledge of mind comes only through revealed consciousness. Each mind must be educated to think and act for itself, to understand for itself and to rely on itself.

It is through the lack of such mental control that we have need of prisons and police courts with all their horrors and cruelty, and likewise for institutions for the care of the feeble minded. The ideal education is the education wherein the objective and subjective minds are jointly and severally developed according to their respective natures.

It is well understood and acknowledged by psychologists that the subjective mind is as susceptible to culture as the objective, and hence we must look to the kindergarten which is the proper place to develop our imaginative and intuitive senses. The culture of our sense of image creation or imagination should be placed in the higher grades of our college course instead of at the lowest. Cultivate the sense of imagination and we have the mechanic, the electrician, the chemist, the philosopher, the poet and the scientist. Neglect its culture and you have the common liar, the shortsighted and indolent.

Every organ and member of your body is equally intelligent, and the same force that moves the hand moves very mind itself, and likewise every physiological organ. Every organ is the seat of an individual consciousness, and every one should be taught to exercise and control them. In our present system of education we give a great plenty of history, rhetoric, and what is

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styled the higher branches of the University course to our students, and turn them out fitted with everything to meet the requirements of what may be described as the means to make a successful commercial or social career, but the knowledge of the mind, the laws of health and happiness, which are of all things the greatest of our natural gifts and the most important of all worldly possessions, are vigorously ignored by our collegiate curriculums. Now these qualities, as before stated, are to be cultivated to the end of their control; and to further simplify this end we have divided them into three great divisions. The first or the positive quality, which expresses indifference, dulness and ignorance; second, the comparative quality, which expresses badness, passion and suffering, and third, the superlative quality which expresses goodness, wisdom and happiness. By these three divisions mental evolution can be traced with exactness. Take, for example, the dull, indifferent and ignorant man, he never does anything that we call criminally or morally wrong, for he does not care, or, in other words, he is indifferent to everything, and therefore will make no effort to exercise his powers of development. He but onl yeats, sleeps and propagates his species. Then comes the bad, passionate and suffering man, with his rod of pain. That weapon is his salvation as it urges him on till from bad to better then to best he passes on the way to a peaceful ending of his life, emancipated from the bonds of lusts, and thereby he escapes the results of evil actions which is the cause of all woe. Then comes the good, enlightened and happy man, who is the true enjoyer of life, for he has acquired the control of his appetites and lives under bondage to none, for through the knowledge of right action he is free, and has at heart the well being of all things. In the cultivation of the mind one must be taught to push their minds into original channels. The sages are but teachers, and salvation can come to none except to those who

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salvation seek, for what is real to some may be delusion unto others.

No one to-day will attempt to deny that the mind controls the body and its members and organs, so let us cultivate this control to the greatest possible degree, not only to avoid physical and mental ailments, but for the benefit of the coming race. There is no amount of Ruskin or Emerson can help the mind which is not able to grasp these brilliant philosophers, but by educating the mind along general lines of its own mental consciousness you can soon educate it up to a point not only of appreciation of all schools of philosophy but it will develop for itself the philosophy which is necessary for its individual wants. The more we think about the mind and its different phases the more new worlds open up to us, and it is only through the knowledge of the soul's attainments that we can understand the divinity of its nature and its union with its Creator. The more we analyze the attributive nature of our superconscious mind, and think out for ourselves what force it is whereby we are able to think out what is thought, that perceives that which is going to be thought of and goes to the heart of its understanding and through discrimination is able to accept the real and reject the false, which produces that true happiness which is born of acquired knowledge and that puts into practise the truths thus discovered. Whose existence speaks in actions, not in words; that tastes of the sweetness derived from right-living; that enjoys the odor of virtue; that sees through the delusive veil of materialism, and that hears the voice of its Beloved as it is shouted forth through the lips of all religions and that feels this divine nature moving within its being, ever comforting, urging and guiding the soul from this mansion of its woe. This is the man that is crying in the Wilderness of Ignorance, praying to be heard, and who ever stands ready to baptize all with the waters of knowledge who come down to that river to drink.

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It is through right thought presentation to the young and likewise to the old that we enlarge their mental fields. It is easier to think of love than hate, of success than failure, of purity than impurity, of greatness than littleness, of creating than destroying, and of action than words. "All that we are is the result of what we have thought, it is founded upon our thoughts, it is made up of our thoughts, and who-so-ever thinks or acts with an evil thought, pain follows that man as the wheel follows the foot of the ox that draweth the cart."

"All that we are is the result of what we have thought. It is founded upon our thoughts. It is made up of our thoughts, and who-so-ever speaks or acts with a pure thought, happiness follows that man as his shadow, which never leaves him." Therefore know yourself to be the builder of your own life and that it lies within your power to make yourself a great, strong, healthy and righteous man or woman to the benefit of all mankind.

"Indolence is defilement, continued indolence is defilement, with earnestness and knowledge let us pluck forth the arrow of his pain." Therefore, let all come together as students of nature and strive to master this greatest of all earthly problems called the right knowledge of Mind, its functions and attributes.

THINK of good that you may avoid thinking of evil. The mind of man cannot for one moment remain in a state of inactivity.

As whole acres of Persian roses are required to make a single ounce of pure ottar, so the soul's balm is the slow product of a long course of right living and thinking, every separate act and thought of which contributes its own minute but precious particle of sweetness to the rich result.—*Selected.*

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

THE leading article in this number of MIND is one full of meaning. It tends to show what the editor has always maintained. That when you get to the heart of any religion you will come in touch then with the true spirit of religion which is universal. Dr. Merwin-Marie Snell's article, "The New Thought from the Catholic Point of View," is an able exposition of the spiritual significance of Roman Catholicism. We doubt if there is one statement made by Dr. Snell from beginning to end that any New Thought believer could take exception to. We furthermore believe that such articles giving the spirit of religion coming from great religionists of any particular sect would do very much to clear away the prejudices and misunderstandings that now exist. We therefore commend Dr. Snell's article to a thoughtful consideration by the readers of MIND.

Prof. Edgar L. Larkin has written a "Love-Letter" to the readers of MIND which we feel assured will be of interest to them. Prof. Larkin has just issued a most interesting book entitled "Radiant Energy" which we hope to review in an early number. His book deals largely with his astronomical work at the Mt. Lowe Observatory of California. It is pleasing to know that so many scientists are coming to the more idealistic way of looking at life. It seems as though the time is not far distant when science and religion will no longer disagree, but unite in trying to find points of agreement.

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Mr. Eugene Del Mar has written a short article about the forthcoming Convention at St. Louis. He, with the other members of the New Thought Federation Committee, is very optimistic in regard to making the convention there the greatest success of any New Thought Gathering.

This number of MIND is filled with interesting papers, and among others might be mentioned Rev. Henry Frank's contribution. Mr. Frank always writes in a clear, convincing way; and while perhaps not all of our readers will agree with him we feel, nevertheless, that they will find food for thought in what he has to say in his paper entitled, "Basic Principles of Scientific Religion." We would take exception to one position of Mr. Frank's, when he contends for a wisdom that would rise superior to love. We believe with Swedenborg that it is only through the conjoining of love and wisdom that we have the perfection of religion or the perfection of life. Love is not emotionalism, but something that is inherent in the source of all things, and it is just as vital to the well being of man as is wisdom. In fact there can be no true wisdom without love.

Morton F. W. Hazeldine contributes a most excellent article entitled "Mind and Its Functions." People who are directly concerned in the study of mental phenomena will find much food for thought in this article.

Another paper, "The Power of A Thought," by Mr. L. Wayland Easterbrook is one that without doubt many people interested in the cause of temperance reform will take exception to. Nevertheless we feel that there is a decided element of truth in Mr. Easterbrook's position. The picturing in mind of any wrong condition without doubt tends to

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perpetuate the condition. We have always believed that the real temperance effort should be directed toward giving the beneficial results that would naturally flow from temperance, rather than depicting the evils of intemperance. We believe this to be the New Thought position in relation to all reforms; to show the good that comes from any given cause rather than the evil that comes from a contradictory position. People see and know enough of the evil of the world without having good people tell them about it. What we want is the light and the truth to overcome evil, and that will never come save through taking the strong ground that only bright, hopeful, uplifting thought pictures can tend to the regeneration of mankind.

THE FOURTH ANNUAL NEW THOUGHT CONVENTION.

Unity is the basic conception of the New Thought. From mere abstraction, this conception continuously and increasingly has sought for expression, and in recent years it has been made manifest in various New Thought Associations, Leagues, Federations and Conventions.

A result of various and diverse conceptions of Individuality held by New Thought advocates has been the postponement of associate work. Before any great associate work is possible, therefore, it is essential that the conception of Individuality be developed more fully, and that it be tempered by the realization that the spirit of Coöperation is indispensable to a poised and matured Individuality.

With the complete union of these two correlated conceptions, the Brotherhood of Man will have become an established fact, and it is the province of the New Thought to assist materially toward this consummation.

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As the result of a Preliminary Conference held in Hartford, Conn., in February, 1899, the FIRST ANNUAL NEW THOUGHT CONVENTION was held in Boston in October, 1899, under the auspices of the International Metaphysical League, of which Charles Brodie Patterson was President.

The SECOND ANNUAL NEW THOUGHT CONVENTION was held in New York City in October, 1900, under the same auspices. Mr. Patterson presided at this Convention, but declining renomination, Rev. R. Heber Newton was elected his successor as President of the League.

The THIRD ANNUAL NEW THOUGHT CONVENTION was held in Chicago in November, 1903, under the auspices of the Chicago New Thought Federation, with T. G. Northrup as Chairman. This Convention elected an Executive Committee, to which were delegated the duties of forming a New Thought Federation and of holding a New Thought Convention at St. Louis this year.

The Executive Committee now announces the formation of THE NEW THOUGHT FEDERATION, which is designed to merge the work inaugurated by the International Metaphysical League and continued by the Chicago New Thought Federation. It has arranged to hold the FOURTH ANNUAL NEW THOUGHT CONVENTION at St. Louis on October 25-28, 1904. The last day of the Convention, *viz.*, October 28, will be known officially as "New Thought Day," and it is suggested that all New Thought people who intend visiting the St. Louis Exposition, make arrangements to be there during the Convention.

It is stated officially that not only will the International Metaphysical League hold no Convention of its own as suggested, but that it will unite its work with The New Thought Federation, and its members will participate actively in the St. Louis Convention.

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Official announcements, with full details, are now being issued, and every opportunity will be afforded New Thought people for the expression and manifestation, in greater fulness than ever before, of the Unity which lies at the basis of their philosophy and religion.

EUGENE DEL MAR,
Chairman Executive Committee.

557 West 141 St., New York City.

A LOVE LETTER TO MIND.

BY PROFESSOR EDGAR L. LARKIN,
Director Lowe Observatory.

ECHO MOUNTAIN P. O., CALIFORNIA.

Please let me come into your blessed circle, into your esoteric chamber. I bring a genuine California love letter. I know you were all longing for a letter about love, for it is now known scientifically to be the "greatest thing in the WORLD." The beloved editor of MIND sent me the January, '04 number, and with it, the love books, "Dominion and Power," "The Will to be Well," and " Beyond the Clouds,"—this letter is actually being written in a cloud—and beside these, a personal letter. How good.

The environment of a writer of a love letter ought to be known, so the readers will understand. Well,—this is being written on the summit of a high mountain, a granite peak forming an apex in the Sierra Madre range, in that fairy-land of the world, Southern California, six miles from beautiful Pasadena, and thirteen from that glory—Los Angeles.

The writing is in the library and computing room of the Lowe,—one of the greatest astronomical observatories of the world. The time is near midnight, Sunday, January 17, 1904.

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The darkness round about the vast mountains and in the mighty canyons below, rivals that of the Egyptians. There are "Canyons to the right of me, and canyons to the left," that on the right is 1,600, and on the left, 670 feet in depth. Their gigantic mouths and stony throats are waiting for something to tumble in.

The observatory within, is all aglow with electric light. The armature of a colossal dynamo is turning with great speed in Los Angeles. This revolving thing is composed of tons of iron, coiled with miles of wire; it is in the clutch of a mighty engine; it struggles and gives birth to the beautiful light, illuminating great rows on rows of books far away on the mountains. How impressive, wonderful! So the writer has fallen in love with electricity.

In writing this letter I am alone, not one of human kind is near. Silence and solitude are incredibly intense here at this midnight hour. Goodness! but it is esoteric. Thought oscillations of the brain of man encircle the globe, the thoughts of millions of human beings. As it were, they surge against this mountain; I can almost imagine that I "hear" humanity think—the silence is so profound. I know that friends, many of them from afar, send up love-thoughts. It is marvelous to "hear" the spirit of the human race. Only pure wave-lengths come up here; spotless white. All dreadful thoughts of the wicked, impure and unharmonic, cannot come up to this sweet place; they are earth-bound—near the surface.

Oh! that every one who may read this mountain love-letter could come up here and literally feel the goodness of the world. How pure! It is a wondrous thing to be an astronomer; and still more wonderful, to be in a glorious mountain observatory. And at midnight! all of the occult, the mysterious, the sweet, the pure, are common things to him. He actually thinks splendors all the time.

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Perhaps the reader is not personally acquainted with an astronomer and does not know what kind of creatures they are. Here is the great telescope, spectroscope, micrometers, prisms, and a multitude of costly shining instruments. They are so splendid that each one has a soul. They bring a hundred million unseen suns into view, measure some of them; tell their distances, and reveal their chemical composition. And there is a long row of glowing things, complex books—the higher mathematics. The wisdom of centuries radiates through their covers. They are mighty engines. See this one, it is easy to weigh the sun with it; and that, it will weigh a star; and this, it will drop a sounding line into space a quadrillion miles. All expand the soul.

But, the great telescope! the splendid lenses; more beautiful and valuable than all the diamonds on earth. How carefully they must be handled; great eyes,—just one look at them and you fall in love. And the great polished circles of silver, how they shine in the electric light! But, to look through the telescope at the majestic midnight Galaxy, at Orion and the wheeling planets! It is inconceivably splendid always to hear and see sweet pure things; thus I live in a place where it is impossible to lift the eyes and look in any direction, night or day, without seeing supernal beauties, piled on splendors. All who have studied the intricacies of that majestic new thing "suggestion" will appreciate.

Now, to be up here is to Love, a word whose meaning is unknown to any dictionary. Imagination is always vivid in an observatory at midnight, the writer has always noticed it in other observatories, but here on the mountain, it is far more intense. Some psychic influence hovers round about the vast summits towering above; lingers in the canyons, enters the dome and comes down into one's mind. So it seems, and by

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slight increase in its activity, one almost imagines, in his solitude, that he can hear the axis of the earth in its turning.

Usually, the air is so transparent that the stars shine through this thin garment of the world with wonderful effulgence; but to-night a mighty cloud encloses the observatory and presses against the windows. Let us see, there! a window was opened and a great mass of cloud, white in the electric light, rolled in. And this is wonderful! to be in a dense mountain cloud at midnight. But, all terrestrial beauties pale and fade and faint away before the blazing splendors of a clear midnight sky.

Stellar hosts burn and glow with supernal luster. The Galaxy hangs up its sidereal sheets of cloth of pearl, all splashed and spangled with literal millions of glittering gems, and then drags the careless draperies in the sea. The mighty sun Canopus—invisible from the latitude of New York—flashes its light in streams across the southern waves, blazes and burns during three hours, and then tumbles into the ocean. How splendid to see the Pacific devour the stars in its western wastes! The very foundations of the Universe are visible from this enchanted summit.

This is the stellar floor, a pavement of innumerable suns, at such appalling distances that their light comes hither in a confused mass—a shimmer and sheen. I never saw it until I came here. To see this amazing base of the sidereal structure and think about it is overpowering to all imagination, mind, spirit, soul, man. If only those who love, could come here to see this majestic splendor! Throughout the entire circle of the Milky Way, multitudes of suns are piled on blackened wastes of space; diamonds, sapphires and rubies are strewn in distorted heaps; arranged in spirals, and raked into windrows.

To the readers of MIND, the writer asserts that the entire cosmical edifice is based and founded in MIND. Goodness is

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everywhere, except in the minds of human beings; the evil there, is the only discordant note in the Divine harmony. But, all this will pass away. If man only would be pure, this lovely world would speed around the sun and count off splendid years. But how is it possible for an astronomer and "cold" scientific writer, to write a love-letter? Just astronomy, mathematics, physical sciences, electricity and then more mathematics, for years of writing and publication; and then change abruptly to love-writing—the idea!

The writer is fully aware that he is making great work of it. But up here he can see a great love-wave coming. It has healing in its snowy wings; and glad tidings of great joy. Listen! it is gathering up the "Finer Forces;" it has love-letters of blessed "New Thoughts;" and "Mental Science" on its gentle billows. "Suggestions" of all good things; blessed things—"good for the soul," are tossing and dancing on the vast rolling wave. It is bringing a thing so good, that we may not all be able to receive it.

Begin now to love pure, sweet things. Stop to think what CONTROL of your own soul means! It is now known to advanced psychologists that the human soul has no limits, and can be cultured to any height. How can it have limits? It is known to be a part of the INFINITE.

So, now here is love to Editor Patterson, for his helpful article on "Breath Vibration." This is one of the most potent forces that can act on the human body. The writer asserts that if rigidly applied according to the rules, its effects are simply astonishing. And to the good Rev. Dr. R. Heber Newton—love to him for his admirable biography of the Editor. And intense love to Henry Wood. Think of the title of his article—"Scientific Retribution." It upsets for all time, atonement, forgiveness, vicarious sacrifice, and every phase and form of the hideous blood religions of the world.

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The appalling psychological mistake of thrusting your wrongs upon a pure and innocent being is crumbling. Action and reaction are equal; we all receive exact pay for what we do, in this world and the next. Just the moment men find this to be true, a vast plan of world-wide reform will be instituted. First, men will lead good lives because they want to; and second, they will know that punishment is absolutely certain for every wrong.

I hear a roaring sound! it is rain falling on the great white dome. How wonderful this is to be in a rain where it is forming, not below it all! I must now put out buckets to secure some cloud, go and love the rain; sit in the dome and listen to the roar. The love letter is not finished, long as it is.

Morning, January 18th. And now renewed love comes again 'mid all the glories of a superb mountain morning. The dawn is coming. A band of rays escaping far away mountains, is already falling on the sea; now on the beach, now on the roofs and spires of Los Angeles, now on Pasadena, now on the wilderness of oranges below. Countless cypress, acacia, fig, pepper, magnolia, apricot, prune, peach, walnut and eucalyptus trees are waving love signals to the sun. And the mountain air! like May "back East;" just "Sunday every day!"

Many villages are visible, but partly smothered in the orange trees. Pasadena and Los Angeles lie below in beauty; and beyond, the sea! the sea! Breakers are clearly seen dashing on the coast, distant 22 miles. Vast mountain islands rise like bulwarks from the sea; distances, Catilina, 65, Barbara, 70, and Clemente, 97 miles. Poetry, drama, fiction, art, whether in colors or in words, all, everything human past or present, fails in an attempt to describe this soul inspiring scene, now on a peak near by, now into the jaws of the canyon, and just now, a blaze of sunrise glory kissed the dome. It is snowy white, the dust is washed away.

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The air is so pure that a hundred distant peaks, some a hundred miles away, stand like sentinels in the brilliant sunshine. Vast facades and colossal granite walls rise in the glorious light, and wild mountain flowers turn to the sun and love. I must now climb a peak and behold the amazing panorama. Hundreds of square miles of orange and lemon trees laden almost to earth with golden fruit are on display. The vast area below is laid out like a giant map of paradise. Great vineyards are everywhere, and birds are flitting and chirping round about this giant rock.

Here is love to Emily Wright Hood. How intensely esoteric every word is in her sweet essay on "Man, the Creator." It reaches to the bottom of nature. She has the true—the pure, and has seen the great light. How good is her philosophy. Love to Charles H. Ring for his paper on "Mental Concentration;" and to Minnie S. Davis,—love for her perfect paper on "Unity of Vibration." An occult library is contained in her words and these hover round about the base of the mental universe. And to Kate Alexander, love for the sweet little thing, the "Wind and the Soul." It tells of a soul that actually forgot what it was separated for,—to love. Floods of love for Florence Peltier; she has the highest department of all, the blessed children.

A steamer is now seen on the ocean; the acacias and orange trees are growing more beautiful as the sun rises higher. From the mountains the acres of carnations, the gardens of roses, heliotropes, hydrangeas and the dear wistarias cannot of course be seen, but they are blooming there below. The writer has no idea whether this letter is silly or scientific. The writer of a letter on this subject never knows. And now, dear readers, send up pure, sweet waves to this mountain summit. And if you cannot make them reach me, then write love letters.

Love—is it not life's ineffable melody?—*W. S. Maverick.*

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THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

Conducted by

FLORENCE PELTIER.

FOR THE PARENTS.

"For the gamin of the street we think longingly of surroundings that shall give him a clean body and contact with pure and honorable fellow creatures. We grieve for him, and if we may, spend of our little or of our abundance, to give him a chance to attain a manhood healthier in body and more decent in mind. But we fail to see that in his cramped and often grimy home, there is yet room and opportunity for the making of an unselfish, honest youth, who though his tongue is profane and his face unwashed, has learned to protect his little sisters, give up a share of his playtime to take the baby into the open air, and whose first idea of personal earning is to take it to his mother.

"True, his childhood is despoiled of those precious things which are as surely meant to be his, as that they are created for all the great concourse of human beings, to hold them close to God and feed the divine spark within them. The need to labor in untoward circumstances, and to live in places where light and air and decent space belong only to the rich, have made it impossible that his parents should give him the purifying joy of expanding where the summer sun shall brown his cheek, and his ear may listen to the song of birds. It hurts to realize that all the day and far into the night, he must have the delicacy of his hearing injured by that din which is made by the shriek of whistles, the roar of moving things jarring and jolting over stony streets, the cries of those who strive to sell and bargain, and the blasphemy of evil tongues.

"BUT—let us print the word in capitals—he can think his own thoughts as to what he shall do with his manhood when it comes to him; he comprehends, in some degree at least, whether he desires to wield a tool, or drive a horse, or follow a drum; he knows what he

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wants to do with himself—a germ of growing, determined, manly purpose has a chance to root itself in his heart, and, better still, he understands that he must work to live. He has not been defrauded of his individuality by indulgence and the proscribed alternation of duties and pleasures; he does not stand when he reaches a stature of six feet, and smile down at an inquirer, and say: 'I don't know what I shall do yet: my father has not yet decided where he will put me.' 'Put me'—an accomplished brain, a trained, stalwart body, a capable mind, robbed in his earliest years of the power of choice, the vigor of individual mental predilection, the strength of a purpose. Not only his foods, but his life has been predigested."—*New York Evening Post.*

A LONG GAME.

It was a "stay-in day." From early morning the rain had beaten incessantly upon the windows, preventing Eleanor from taking her daily outing—a necessity for every child, and particularly requisite for this active spirit which seemingly chafed within its walls of flesh; and the added ones of brick and mortar but intensified the longing for freedom in sunlight and air.

Every care was taken to make the mental, as well as the physical, atmosphere of the home as free from worry, discord, and depression as possible; but young life apparently seeks always a "vent."

After each toy had in turn been taken up, and its attraction exhausted, there was seemingly nothing to do but mischief. The most recent breaking of household rules had brought forth a reproval from Mother, which, to her surprise, was answered by the exclamation:

"My footeys (feet) won't mind me, Mamma."

Now, this idea coming from the erring tot of two-years-two, at once suggested that the correction should begin with teaching the child to control her own limbs and tongue, which are the evil messengers of misdirected thought prompted by desire which ignores higher guidance and lacks control. A beginning

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inspired the necessity of conveying to her budding consciousness, in some way that would interest her, the fact that her limbs and tongue were under her control, and that the control should be hers to exercise.

Calling Eleanor to her, the mother proposed a new game, in which dolly should not share, as the mates were to be all alive, and to bear names.

The little feet were chosen first: the right one (on the positive side), was called "Jack;" the left one (negative side), "Jill." Her tongue and hands were not named then, but postponed for another day, that the memorizing might not be over-difficult—and self-control is always a long game if we would *win*.

At the first symptom of again breaking the rules, Eleanor was sought and asked to look at "Jack" and "Jill," who had taken her into mischief which she refused to correct by returning the appropriated vase, that was in danger of accident in her tiny hands. Then she was asked to try and see if she could not compel *them* to mind *her* by walking into the other room, there to replace the vase where it belonged. The diversion of attention (which has been said "determines action"), from the rebellion to a command issuing from another to the privilege of commanding herself, brought the desired compliance; and, watching each step to the words, "Now Jack—now Jill," she did as she was then directing *herself* to do.

Later, the other names were taken up, and, day by day, the results grew better; for she had started on the path of self-control. Care was taken, however, not to practise too often, and never if others were present, as it required her individual attention to be successful. Neither was the "game" prolonged; but the moment she had gained her victory she was directed to something entirely different, that the newly forming recognition of the Will might not be strained.

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This game, begun that rainy day, is one which *all* must play if they would be real men and women—and who is so free, who is so happy, as he who self controls? for it is the only road to Freedom. Should we not then early commence with the little ones, and give them the reins as fast as they learn to use them?—even though we, too, assist in the guiding. And perchance even ours—our own kin—may be "greater than he who taketh a city." FREDERIC GILLMUR.

TRAGEDY OF THE WILD.

Out in the fields a young doe is calling,
Where is her mate? The hunter knows!
O'er fallen branches by stream and boulder
Leaping and running the fleet deer goes.

Out in the heart of the forest a young fawn is dying,
Where is its mother? The hunter knows.
Sad eyes yearning, heart slow throbbing,
Starving, fainting, in death's last throes.

Fall leaves, come snow
To cover its bed.
Who recks of a baby deer dead!

MABEL WARD CAMERON.

"SOMETIMES, as I see the tired workman carrying his little one whose arms are tightly locked about his neck, and mark the look of pride he wears and the satisfaction of the child's happy face, I count him among the enviable ones who walk our streets. To him at least, 'Daddy' is a word which is sweeter in his ears than any other, and his child finds in him the source of more than half his joy."

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FOR THE CHILDREN.

THY GOAL.

The world judges ever by what thou hast done,
What obstacles conquered, what victories won,
Then deem not thy bafflings a matter to rue;
But resolute struggle thy goal to pursue.

FANNY L. FANCHER.

A LESSON FOR EACH WEEK IN THE MONTH.

LESSON I.

Wherever there is sunshine there is no darkness. Where there is darkness, something is in the way that the sun can not shine through, and so there is a shadow.

Night is only the shadow of the earth.

Thus, I see that darkness is simply a shadow, and it is not a real thing like light.

All light is from God. Where God's Light is there can be no real darkness.

Discontent, fear, anger, and jealousy are not real. They are only shadows that I let come into my mind. If I will think about God's Light it will shine all through me; and the shadows will be driven away.

Then I will not feel angry, or impatient, or unhappy.

LESSON II.

I am God's child. God is love. So I, too, must be love; for God created me in His likeness.

Therefore, when I feel dislike for any creature—human being or animal—or when I am unkind, it is not really *myself* that feels and acts thus; for am I not love?

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I have simply forgotten to let the Light of God shine through me.

I must turn my thoughts to that Holy Light, and then the shadows will fly away, and I can not hate or be unkind.

Lesson III.

As I am God's child I am a part of God. I have some of His Holy Spirit within me.

My body is really a temple for that Spirit.

I must keep my mind pure and sweet so that the Spirit within me may shine throughout my temple and glorify it and make it a fit habitation. I must not defile the temple by wrong thoughts and actions.

When I feel the shadows of unkind, impure, or angry thoughts about me, I must say:

"I am God's temple. I must not darken it so that His Light within cannot shine out."

Lesson IV.

Every child upon this earth is just as much God's child as I am.

God is Love, and in love He made each child.

Whether that child is rich or poor, white or black, he is a temple for God's Holy Spirit. I must always remember this. Then I will never think I am of more importance than others, and I will love my brothers and sisters, neither looking down upon them nor envying them. F. P.

"Banish the tears of children; continual rains upon the blossoms are hurtful."—*Jean Paul.*

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UNDER THE DREAM TREE.

PART I.

There was a great flutter of excitement in what used to be the old nursery, but which was now fitted up as a study, where Elsa did her practising and Dick his studying, when Pamela, their old nurse, announced that Cousin Mildred Cornish was coming to spend the winter with them. She was like a book of "Arabian Nights" to them, for she was born in the Southland. Since they were little things they had heard of her as being in nearly every country in Europe. She was devoted to their invalid mother and was always sending her beautiful photographs of distant places. Now she was coming back from Europe to live with them, and Elsa and Dick were lost in speculation and wonderment.

"She must be very old," said Elsa, "to have lived in so many places. Mother says she has quite a wonderful voice and that's why she has lived there so long. She's been having it trained."

"She has probably white hair," said Dick, "and rather old teeth."

"She will have had all her clothes made in Paris," said Elsa.

"Bosh!" said Dick, "as if clothes made any difference when you are old."

They asked their Mamma many questions as they sat by her sofa that night, but Mrs. Cecil only smiled and told them to wait.

"What is she coming to Boston for?" asked Elsa.

"To live with us and teach singing," answered Mrs. Cecil; but that was the only answer she made to the children's endless questions.

Cousin Mildred arrived late one night after they had gone to

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bed. When they went into their mother's room next morning they were quite surprised to find how wrong they had been in all their calculations. She was a little like their mother, with golden hair and quite dark eyes, and her hands kept time with her tongue whenever she spoke with her bright, ringing voice. She had a charming, gracious face, quite like an Easter lily stooping to give perfume. Elsa called her at once "the fair one with golden locks," but this, after all, was not the real Mildred whom they learned to know afterwards, who danced and sang and told wonderful tales and made the sun shine on the darkest days and who had never forgotten or never would forget how to be a child.

That night, when she came into the study and built an open wood fire and produced chestnuts for roasting from some unknown place, and, after drawing the red curtains before the window, seated herself cosily before the fire, a new era began in the lives of the children; for there were many days when they could not see their mother, and Pamela, their old nurse, was very good but poky. Then Cousin Mildred seemed to take such an interest in everything: In Towser, Dick's bull terrier; in his magnificent turtle-tank which he had painted yellow and red and in which lived one old turtle surrounded by gallons of mud and water; in Elsa's sprouting potatoes on the laundry window-sill, and in a diminutive orange-tree she had raised from the seed.

This, for the first few days, and then Cousin Mildred became very busy and the children saw little of her. She was away a good deal of the daytime and in the evenings she read to their Mamma.

One day, when she came into her room to dress for dinner, she found a little note pinned on her bureau cover:

"Dear Fair one with Golden Locks," it began in true princely style. "We have not seen you once this week and we

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want to know if you cannot give us one night of every week to ourselves. We feel we have a right to you and we won't take anybody's leavings. (Dick wrote that.)

"Yours affec'ly,

"Elsa,

"Dick."

Mildred ran down at once into the study where she found them in a doleful twilight, the fire out, Elsa moping at the window, and Dick teasing Towser, whom he had just brought up from downstairs.

"I have come to answer your note, good people," said Mildred. "I feel highly pleased to think you have missed me. Hereafter, I will spend every Saturday evening with you. Let's build up a fire now. Dick, run and get some kindlings and some apples to roast. Elsa, come and help me to build the fire. There! that promises to be a good blaze. Where are the bellows? Blow them as hard as you can! There! if Scotland itself were burning it could not make more of a show. Now, let me sit down and make out a program for Saturday nights. We must have each night in the month different. The first Saturday in the month we will have a dancing lesson." Elsa clapped her hands. "The second Saturday night I will sing and play to you. The third Saturday night we will play games; the last Saturday night we will sit round the fire and roast apples or nuts and I will tell you a story."

"That suits me!" said Dick, "Only I don't want any stupid girl's stories."

"It is the last Saturday night of the month," said Elsa demurely.

Mildred laughed. "I did not intend to begin before the new year," she said.

"Oh! please do," exclaimed both of the children.

"Something exciting," added Dick.

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"I was thinking," said Mildred, "all day of my old home in the south and of my dear old colored Mammy, who took care of me when I was a little girl. Perhaps I had better tell you something about that."

"Anything will do," said Elsa.

"Well, settle down by the fire then. Dick, make Towser lie down. There! we are a jolly group, fit for the salamanders to look at. This room makes me think a little of the old nursery at home, only it is not so large. The fireplace, too, was larger than any you see nowadays, and in Winter a great log was always burning there, and, hanging over the fire, was an old black kettle, filled with boiling water all ready for our evening baths which we took in a great tin tub. Oh, that dear old nursery! I wonder if I can make you see it now, children, as I see it with its great four-post bed and the trundle-bed that was kept underneath it; with its funny yellow chintz curtains, covered with quite impossible purple flowers; with its pictures, old engravings of Ivanhoe and Rebecca, and Abraham about to kill Isaac, with a very huge ram in the thicket, and a very small angel in the sky, telling him to stop; with the nursery clothes-horse by the fire, and our dream gowns hanging there airing, and old Mammy bustling about getting the bath ready, while we children chased one another with pillows, or turned somersaults on the great bed, while Mammy's red turban stood on end with wrath and her voice grew husky, telling us to come and bathe while the water was hot.

"But the dearest and ugliest thing to me was the little black rocking chair with stumpy rockers, which had a dreadful way of upsetting you backwards at times, if you were not very careful, and in which Mammy used to sit and rock me after my bath and tell me stories. Oh the stories I have heard, looking down into that great fire with its orange-red flames roaring up the chimney and the fragrance from the kindling pine-

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cones making a pleasant odor in the room, and Mammy rocking, rocking and talking, singing or clapping her hands together as she rocked! She had so many stories of 'pickaninnies' and little 'Alabama Coons,' and of all the animals that lived in the ark with old Father Noah; but the one I loved the best was the story of the dream-tree, which her father used to tell her when she was a very little girl and which I made her tell me over and over again. I won't quite tell it in her language, because you wouldn't understand me; but you can just imagine her sitting there before the fire with me in her arms.

"'Tain't much of a story, honey,' she would always begin, 'but my father told it to me and old Uncle Pharaoh told it to him, and he said it were come down from the time afore the children o' Israel crossed the Red Sea and Pharaoh he told it secret-like into the ear o' Moses when he were wantin' to get o' the right side o' him about them buzzin' insects as were eatin' up everything in the land o' Egypt o' that time; and that's how it come down to us. Old Uncle Pharaoh were right nice ole man and were famous at leadin' meetins'. He were always singin':

"'"When Moses smote the water,
The children all passed over;
When Moses smote the water
The sea gave way.
Oh, children, ain't you glad?"'"

"Thus Mammy would sing it, clapping her hands and rocking her body to and fro and I would clap my hands, too. Then I would say: 'But Mammy, how about the dream-tree?' And then she would straighten herself up and begin.

EMILY MALBONE MORGAN.

(*To be continued.*)

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A STORY OF THE SNOW.

All winter long the snow lay deep upon the ground. When it first covered the earth with its white blanket it was glad it was keeping the roots of the grass blades and the flowers and the great roots of the trees warm; and that its duty was to protect from the Winter's cold the growing things lying quietly asleep.

As the days went by, the snow packed together until the star and wheel shaped flakes lost their beautiful forms and became just a mass of fine icy particles. The bright strong sunshine melted the snow very little. The horses, speeding rapidly over the streets, pounded it with their iron shoes and the sleighs pressed their shining runners upon it; but they could not cut through the snow.

Children, cheering and laughing, slid down hill upon the dazzling snow that sparkled with joy because it could make so many happy.

But, after a while, the snow began to glory in its strength that neither sun nor any force on earth seemed able to subdue. At last it forgot its true mission was to keep the roots of the flowers and grass and grain and trees from perishing, and it even forgot to be glad that it could make the children happy.

The cruel North Wind whispered to it to join it; and, together, they heaped up drifts that blocked roadways and stopped even the mighty locomotives. People and animals perished; but the snow did not care, and the North Wind only roared, "Ho! ho!"

Afar off, on a rose-covered island, the gentle South Wind lay asleep. One day a tiny bird fell upon this island, exhausted from its long flight. The flutter of its wee wings roused the South Wind, and it fanned the little panting thing and brought moisture for its parched mouth from the nearby waters.

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When the bird was strong and well again he told the South Wind of how it had flown far away, where ice had locked up the rivers and streams until they were like iron; and where great wastes of snow held the earth in cruel grasp.

Then the South Wind lifted its soft wings and floated northward, carrying with it billowy clouds, full of rain. These it spread over the sky above the snow. The rain came down, but the snow did not mind the tiny drops at first. But, after a while, it felt itself growing weak, for the breath of the South Wind and the rain were melting it. It strove to save its mighty strength that was slipping away. But all in vain. The horses and sleigh runners easily cut through the snow, now. The children put away their sleds.

"Spring is coming! Spring is coming!" they shouted. And not another thought did they give to the snow.

The clouds drifted away and the sunbeams came out and shown upon the melting snow that, in shame, sank into the ground out of sight.

But, in the ground it met the roots of the silvery pussy willows, the yellow daffodils, the pink arbutus, and the green grass; and hundreds of tiny voices cried out:

"We are so glad you've come to us, dear snow! We are thirsty and you bring us drink. You will help us to push up above the earth that you've already softened for us."

The forsaken, defeated snow had become very humble now, and it was comforted that it was welcomed with such joy. With a right good will it helped buds to open, trees to hang out their millions of little green banners, grass to wave over the brown earth, grain to grow to feed the multitudes of people and animals.

Yes, far happier was the snow in its work of giving life and happiness than when it gloried in its cruel strength. And glad indeed it was that it had been humbled so that it had learned its true duty, its beautiful mission. F. P.

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"Few people every knew so many things as Benjamin Franklin. Men said, 'How did he ever learn so many things?' For he had been a poor boy who had to work for a living. He could not go to school at all after he was ten years old. . . . Long before he was a man, people said, 'How much he knows!' This was because—

"He did not waste his time.

"He read good books.

"He saw things for himself."—*Edward Eggleston.*

"A little kingdom I possess
Where thoughts and feelings dwell,
And very hard I find the task
Of governing it well.

"For passion tempts and troubles me,
A wayward will misleads,
And selfishness its shadow casts
On all my words and deeds.

"I do not ask for any crown
But that which all may win,
Nor seek to conquer any world
Except the one within."

—Written by Louisa Alcott when she was fourteen years old.

"Such as are thy habitual thoughts, such also will be the character of thy mind; for the soul is dyed by the thoughts."—*Marcus Aurelius.*

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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

WHY LOVE GROWS COLD. By Ellen Burns Sherman. 253 pages. Price $1 net. Published by A. Wessells Co., New York.

This is not a very optimistic title for a very readable book. Doubtless, however, the book will be of great interest to people who want to know why love does grow cold. It will be seen by the contents of the various chapters of the book that it should prove helpful to people interested in many of the vital questions of the present pertaining to the relation of the sexes.

Here are a few of the chapters: "Just a Few of the Reasons Why Love Grows Cold," "What's in an Eye," "The Lifting Veils in Literature."

There is a breezy freshness about this book that cannot fail to make one enjoy the reading of it whether they agree with the author in all her conclusions or not. Take as an illustration the following quotation:

"Again, who could look for a basis of permanency in an affection built upon ideals like these, taken from life: and 'I won't marry any man who isn't rich and handsome.'

"Not only is there danger in the cheap ideals which lovers cherish of each other, but also in their notions of post-connubial happiness. On their own confession, many married people expect and hope to feel an undeviating temperature in their affections, when the probability is that it is neither possible nor desirable that love should constantly register the same degree Amorheit. One would weary of a physical atmosphere always at the same mark. Why not also of a psychical one? Hence the unwisdom of alarm, when an occasional difference causes a mist in Cupid's barometer.

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"For a genuine case of love in decline a plain old-fashioned Christian prescription of Golden Rule has been known to suffice. But there are cases where the disease is more insidious and love is mysteriously veered from its pivotage, much as the needle of a compass is deflected by unseen ground-currents."

The author has a keen insight of human nature and there is a humorous vein, too, running through the book that makes it exceedingly pleasant reading. A little quotation will give an example of the latter.

"Simple-hearted Addie, whose family crest is a washboard, once confessed to the writer that she 'never begrudged the day' she 'took Jim.' 'We've been married eleven years now,' was the ingenuous explanation, 'and I ain't seen that man full yet.'

"Verily, little satisfieth her that requireth little."

The book is well worth its price and doubtless will have many readers.

PHILOSOPHY OF CHARMS. By Jacob Keith Tuley. 43 pages. The Reasoner Pub. Co., Calif.

This is a little booklet, neatly gotten up, dealing with the question of charms. With such headings as White and Black Magic, the Romantic Faculty, Philosophy of Charms, etc., the author gives a somewhat new interpretation to the supposed influence of charms. He says: "Faith is the power in the charm and takes the place of the superstition which gave it its power in ancient times. Therefore whatsoever will strengthen the faith in the charm will add to the power of the charm."

In these days when people are interested in anything pertaining to the occult, books such as this one usually have a large sale.

IT is sin when low things, however good in themselves, stand in the way of high things.—*Rufus Ellis.*

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FEARLESS DISCUSSION of the TOPICS of TO-DAY

The Arena

★ SOCIAL ★ POLITICAL ★ INDUSTRIAL ★

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BY JOSEPH STEWART, LL.M.

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"There is one mind common to all individual men. Every man is an inlet to the same and to all of the same. Let a man then know his worth." —EMERSON.

Mind
SCIENCE ★ PHILOSOPHY ★ RELIGION ★ PSYCHOLOGY ★ METAPHYSICS

VOL. XIII ★ APRIL, 1904 ★ No. 4

PERSONALITY.

BY DE WITT C. EGGLESTON.

The master geniuses of the human race, in all ages, have been engaged in searching for the nature and worth of personality. All philosophies, all sciences, all religions are significant because they are man's best efforts to realize himself. As the universe unfolds its chart of creation and reveals its immensity and age, with its infinite forces and resources, man asks for the reason of such a system. Man is the only being to read the sacred record. He is the only one to utilize the energies and develop the resources. He seems to be challenged by the conditions in which he finds himself, to rise up and match himself against the universe. The question of man's place and dominion in this marvelous system of creation is becoming popular. It grows more and more fascinating as knowledge increases and the idea of unity prevails.

Psychology is the science of personality. It is the child of philosophy and science, bearing in its nature the vital truth of both parents. It has to do with the soul's affinities and possible

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relationships in all directions. The term personality is often used in a popular way without discrimination of thought as to any exact meaning, but it clearly stands for that which constitutes individuality as manifested in intellect, sensibility, desire and volition.

What a person really is in his inner self; what he finds himself to be in his experience; what he is in consciousness; what he actually stands for, apart from all theories about his nature; this is his personality. The consciousness of being a living, free being, with a power of choice, and ability to determine action and make progress, inheres in personality.

Its source is the source of the universe. It is deeply rooted in the nature of things. Man, in the likeness of God, is clothed with authority. He is in possession of the key that opens the door into the temple of God. He has access to the infinite potencies and purposes. He bears credentials of sonship and becomes a recognized heir, not alone to "all the ages in the foremost files of time," but to the mind resources and creative energies of the "All in All."

Personality is being enthroned over all things as the source of all things, with the enthusiastic approval of noble witnesses from the ranks of those who persistently refuse approval until the facts and phenomena satisfy their reason. Mind is declared to be the "scientist's logical necessity." Physical research has disclosed such an infinite system of law and order, such perfections of relationship, such intricate correspondences, that mind seems not only a creative necessity, but also the present, immediate and constant necessity of man and the universe.

The new age of faith has come and the new vision of glorious activity and matchless development is extending the boundary lines of man's province. Thoughts are believed to be not only things, but forces. Ideas are regarded as com-

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modities easily transferable. The grand energies and deep passions of the soul may be sent as reinforcements to the weak and worried. Personality is a battery charged with life and sympathies. It is something to be appreciated and exalted among the sons of men.

The development of personality is of highest practical importance because of its worth. It is something to be realized through union of the primal instincts within, with their objective correlates. There is in self a basis of realizations, but life and growth come through synthesis with environment. The intellect correlating with the truth results in knowledge, just as the eye acting upon the external world gives sight. The existence and personality of God is the Mind of God in union, or at one, with all things; and the existence of man depends upon his correspondences with God, man and nature. The foundations of personality are resident in man; this is his inborn heritage, but the elements that combine with these to secure life and development are non-resident. The measure of man is his vital correspondences. Every propensity, faculty, or attribute in man is partial, or incomplete, in itself. Its function is to relate itself with that to which it belongs.

The available resources for the development of personality are immeasurable, but like many physical commodities they are widely separated from need and are not prepared for use. There is need of the prophet to mine and mint the gold. Some one must go before and incarnate the truth and reduce it to some degree of fitness for the mind, and then there is need of the teacher, who shall bring the ego and the object into intercourse. Education has been called a coupling process. It is now regarded as a work of "setting up processes of vivification," as Bishop Spaulding puts it. The infinite responses of the person are to be brought into contact with objective reality until he lives, not in himself, but in all things with which he

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is associated. As the harvest is the result of the farmer's bringing the seed and the soil together, so personality is the result of the teacher bringing mind and mind together.

In this connection we are reminded of the new thought concerning mental correspondences. The "Law" was first inscribed on "Tables of Stone," then it was incarnate in a Person and finally it was taught by the Spirit. The concrete intermediary is a tutor to guide us on the way up to direct communion with the Spirit. We are entering into the era of the Holy Spirit. The law of direct and immediate communication is being applied, and greater efficiency in the development of personality is possible. There is good news concerning the higher life and its hopes. We are being exalted to a larger confidence concerning coöperation with God in the great work of spiritual realizations. Matthew Arnold defined culture as a life where "reason and the will of God prevailed," and it is becoming easy to believe that the Mind of God is available in our deficiency, and the idea of atonement has a new and enlarged significance. Revelation is the divine response to man's outreaching desire to know God, and Faith is man's response to God's desire to come to him. In these drawings together prophets are born and the Sons of God appear. There is no mutual inherent self-sufficiency in man, and alienation and separation from the source of life are increasingly irrational. Man's widening and deepening insight into life, from the point of view of creative intelligence, is increasing the sense of the worth of life and is stimulating the noblest efforts in securing its development.

The power and service of Personality is even more interesting than its nature and development.

Personality is dynamic. It is charged with vigor and stimulating impulses. "The great man," says Dr. James, "acts as a powerful ferment, unlocking vast reservoirs of forces and

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thus alters the whole character of his environment." Personality has the power to gather and assimilate the best in poetry, art, history and literature. It is able to get up to the mount of Transfiguration and bring back visions of glory. It grows until, in its vast and wonderful depths, great ideals germinate and mature. It has power to extract values out of all mind products. It gets possession of law, beauty and integrity and invades the secret lodging places of truth. It gets possession of mountains, plains and rivers beyond the power of title deeds. It extracts the essence of life from libraries, men and ideals.

It has creative power. It creates its own world, builds its own temples and fills its visions with pictures of courage and hope. Men create their futures by their desires and determine their existence by their thoughts. The universe will be vast and splendid or narrow and mean according to personality.

Personality has the power of leadership. The world's search, in the last analysis, has been for guides. It has been for qualities of mind that could be trusted to guide into the truth. A great leader is a person possessed of ideas, convictions, insight and courage. Such geniuses have the undisputed right of way, and should never resign themselves to feebleness and fear. Their spirits are contagious, they beget faith and courage among the rank and file of humanity. Those who believe that there is a better and diviner way of doing things than has as yet been realized, and who are desirous of providing a chance for God to go on with His higher creative work, are the men to lead the race on and up. To believe in the soul's potencies and to be able to mass and aggregate these potencies is to succeed and win victories. Those who have risen up into filial and fraternal correspondence with God and man have filled the pages of history with interest and power. They have sustained the standards and ideals of the

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race and have poured inspiration and hope into despairing generations. Hard conditions, restricted fields of operation, limited resources, and unwelcome criticisms are not sufficient to stay the power or destroy the service of the person in league with the things that are vital and eternal.

RECOMPENSE.

If I, through bitter, blinding tears,
A strength have gained to hush another's trembling fears,
If I, from pangs that I have known,
Surcease have found to still another's moan,
If I, from darkened skies have brought a rainbow bright,
To fill another's life with light,
If I, from thorny paths I trod alone,
May lead another to God's throne,—
Shall I not count it gain,
Sweet recompense from pain,
An aftermath of bliss,
When life is done?
If I no kindred voice may hear,
Nor to some loving heart draw near,
I'll only think of this—
How sweet my mother's kiss
When I go home.

ASHBY BLICKFORD BRYSON.

As the lights of earth are put out one by one, heaven makes plainer and plainer revelations; for, "though nothing is farther than earth from heaven, nothing is nearer than heaven to earth!" The heavens beckon us onward, not away from earthly things, but through them into spiritual realities.—*Lucy Larcom.*

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THEOSOPHY.

EVOLUTION.

BY MARY F. LANG.

"That which shines glorious above yonder heaven, above this world and above all others, large or small, is the same as that which shines within mankind . . ."—*Chandogya Upanishad.*

"Mind builds the Universe."—*Emerson.*

"In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by Him; and without Him was not anything made that hath been made. In him was life; and the life was the light of men. And the light shineth in the darkness, and the darkness apprehended it not."—*John* I-1-5.

The Theosophist, as has been stated, accepts nothing upon authority; the validity of a principle does not depend upon any endorsement to be found in any Scripture; but for those who believe that a statement is true because it is found in the Bible, it may be interesting to analyze the above quoted extract.

We have in these five verses from the Gospel according to St. John, as distinct a statement of the Theosophical teaching of Unity as can be made. It is essentially the same clear declaration that is to be found in all other Oriental Scriptures. "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was God. In him was life, and without him was not *any*thing made."

In the beginning, then, God was all, or, we may change the form of expression and say, in the beginning, all was God.

"God" means to each individual his own highest conception of Power—of Force—of Love, and if asked to define or describe God, each of us (if he tell only that which he knows rather than that which he has on the authority of some one

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else) can only embody, in his definition, as much of God as is manifest to or in himself.

If our highest conception of God requires an embodied form for its complete expression—then we believe in a personal God. If our highest conception demands *un*limited expression —then we may call it Universal Energy—a Spiritual Principle —the basis of all manifested life. In any case, we are agreed that from this basic principle—which "was in the beginning"— as near as one can admit the possibility of a beginning—all manifested life has been derived.

And this is a declaration of evolution. Long before the days of Charles Darwin and his contemporaries, all the old Scriptures—many of them much older than the one compiled by the early Church Fathers—made the statement that all manifested life is an expression of—and an evolution from—the One boundless, immutable principle.

The "Darwinian theory" is simply an effort to trace the method by which, in orderly sequence, that spiritual energy *has* evolved to its present expression—man as we know him. What is this which has been evolving and has become man? It is not body alone, for we find almost identical material structure in the higher animal forms. The real force that has been seeking—through all these millions of years and in all these millions of lower forms and all these gradations of organic structure—to find its perfect expression, is that spiritual energy of which we are a part, which was in the beginning and which operates in man to-day as Mind.

If we are to accept as truth, then, the statement of the first five verses of the Gospel of St. John, we must believe that man's body is God in physical expression,—his mind is God in mental expression. Is it not, then, a logical necessity, that however slow we may be in our evolution—however faulty and mistaken our course—nothing can ever really deprive us of our

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spiritual birthright? "Nothing can separate us from the love of God." Is not ultimate salvation unavoidable? Just as lofty, then, as is our conception of God, must be our conception of our own divine possibilities.

In his essay upon the "Natural History of the Intellect," Emerson says: "We constantly discover analogies which lead us to the conviction that the Mind builds the universe, and is the key to all it contains. Will it not then be by a study of man—as mind—that we shall come to know the universe as mind—to know God?" Thus Emerson brings us to a study of Consciousness.

To define consciousness is not an easy task. We can more readily endeavor to describe its method of operation.

It is that which, in the mineral, leads the atoms to arrange themselves in a manner to produce beauty of form and color. It is chemical attraction and repulsion—"the loves and hates of the atoms."

It is that which, in the vegetable kingdom, leads the vine to find the trellis; the seed to settle in soil most favorable to growth; the vegetable to take from the soil its necessary nourishment, leaving for the oak that which it requires.

It is that which, in the animal kingdom, tells the bird how to build its nest; that which teaches the animal how to reproduce and rear its young.

It is that which, in man, enables him to think, to reason, to judge and to will.

Consciousness, then, is the mind of God in operation.

If there is consciousness in every kingdom of nature then consciousness is univeral—consciousness is One; its subdivisions are only apparent, and due to the limitations of that through which it manifests.

Any effort to classify it, then, must present it in limited conception, but for purposes of study we may roughly subdi-

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vide its manifestation in man, as Emerson does in the essay from which we have just quoted, into Instinct, Intellect and Intuition.

Let us look upon this as three *methods* by which the Universal Consciousness or Mind of God operates in man. Let us define them as briefly and simply as possible.

By Instinct we mean an unborn faculty of the mind, which operates in large degree independently of the Will. It is itself selective.

Intellect—or reasoning consciousness—correlates Intuition above and Instinct below—as it must, if consciousness be a unity.

Considered apart from either of these other faculties, it is in its action a process of comparison between facts, with resultant conclusions. Certain schools of metaphysicians have called reason man's crowning faculty. It is rather his admission of ignorance, for where we are forced to reason our way to a conclusion it is because we do not know. When we know, we do not concern ourselves with the necessity for reasons, but can, notwithstanding, reason correctly.

Intuition synthesizes and perceives. By the Intuition facts are reviewed and conclusions reached, apparently without mental process. To study, to reason, to debate, to analyze, to think in detail—this is not Intuition. A great mystic once said that Intuition might be known from the simplicity of its utterance, which was always "Thus saith the Lord."

By means of the intuitive faculty, man perceives and contemplates as much as he is able of spiritual truth. It is a faculty of the soul, and the soul deals not with things of physical sense, nor does it require to reason. Intuition is known to us—and distinguished from other mental processes—chiefly by its action, but also by the character of its revelation.

To illustrate: We may instinctively perform a certain piece

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of manual labor in a certain way—though that way may be contrary to all our training and former habit, and we can, on the spur of the moment, give no reason for our changed method. The result may show our course to have been wise. This is instinct.

We may grapple with a mathematical problem, and by careful process of reasoning accomplish its solution. This is intellect.

We may experience direct perception of Truth—may have glimpses, more or less extended, of that condition of revelation, of illumination, of ecstasy, of which seers and mystics of all ages have told us, and this is Intuition.

It is to the Intuition that Emerson refers when he says—"The heart which abandons itself to the Supreme Mind, finds itself related to all its works, and travels a royal road to particular knowledges and powers. It enters into the closest of God and sees causes."

Could we but comprehend and remember that Intuition deals only with spiritual truth, we would not so often misuse and profane the word.

Certain questions may properly be asked. Is there any reason to believe that there is now, or ever will be, a race of people in whom the intuitive faculty will be a normal development? The answer to this will depend upon how fully we recognize the truth of the philosophy of the opening verses of the Gospel of St. John.

If we are an expression of God—if God is seeking to become manifest through us,—then man, as we know him, has not yet reached the highest point in evolution; for we do not yet perfectly express God. The Christ is not yet perfectly fulfilled in us, which is to say we can not yet perfectly apprehend spiritual truth. Evolution—a process of becoming—still goes on, and

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how it is being accomplished is a problem upon which science and religion will ultimately unite.

Stretching down the ages is a luminuous chain, the links of which are messengers whose office it has been to bring us tidings of a kingdom which may be ours for the asking—a world in which we may live, will we but take up the claim already pre-empted for us by our own divinity. Perhaps the light which, in the century just closed, shone the brightest and flashed its rays to the greatest distance, was that of Ralph Waldo Emerson, who has offered us, over and over again, assurances of a realm into which he has entered—a world in which he has lived. Can there be stronger evidence of its existence than its denial by those who cannot understand his message? That he speaks a language which some are utterly unable to understand, is proof that there are, indeed, realms of consciousness distinct from one another, and to which man is related by corresponding faculties, differing as widely as do the conditions to which they relate him.

No man can speak or comprehend the language of the inner life without having entered therein. It is the only really secret brotherhood which exists.

Emerson—as, indeed, each of the links of that luminous chain —points with grateful recognition to those whom he knows as Companions, and with loving acknowledgment introduces us to the goodly company of Claude St. Martin, of the gentle Christian mystic Jacob Boehme, of the greatly misunderstood Paracelsus, of Plato, and a host of others. Jacob Boehme, who three hundred years ago was persecuted by the church for daring to believe and to teach the innate divinity of man, turning back in the same simple fashion, leads us to the mystical comradeship of St. Paul and of Jesus. Back still further, link by link, we may trace the shining chain, till we reach the ancient Sages of whom Marada was one, hearing from them each

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the same story of the world in which they lived—in which we may live.

That this is, indeed, a part of our birthright, is the assurance given to him who understands the mystic language—assurance given by the very fact of understanding.

What is the meaning and cause of the wide difference in men? Here is one who lives only to eat, drink and be merry, and who has no force with which to make himself felt except when crossed in desire. This is but molecular activity in human form, with strong affinity for certain conditions.

Here is another whose enjoyments are of a higher order, who reasons slightly, who has ideals apart from personal pleasure, but whose mental vision is bounded by a horizon which includes, with singular inconsistency, only that to which attaches uncertainty—to which attaches a "but" and an "if" and a "therefore"—for he does not *know* and hence must reason himself into *belief*, which at best is only opinion. For such a temperament there never can be peace.

Here is yet another whose utterances are all affirmative, and this because of knowledge, which is itself interior experience; who evinces none of the unrest incident to changes of belief, none of the irascibility, turmoil, passion, inherent in the uncontrolled lower nature.

What constitutes the difference? The materialist cannot solve the problem. The adherent of orthodox dogma and creed dare not attempt it. The solution is found only in a philosophy which recognizes Man as a being in process of becoming God; a philosophy which recognizes in every kingdom of Nature an identical spiritual basis with gradually yielding limitations. This philosophy has been the Gospel of all of the apostles of "Sweetness and Light," from the time of the ancient Sages to the present. If there is in man an element of divinity, with what less than this can he gain spiritual perception?

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If he have gained the condition of spiritual perception, what faculty, or organ, or essential element of his nature less than the soul itself, relates him to, or can give him direct cognition of Truth? Consciousness manifests in the lowest form of life as affinity; in vegetable life, as affinity expanded into conscious selection. In the animal kingdom, it is consciousness focused in the principle of desire. In man, it is desire reinforced by more or less of mind. In some few of the human race it is Intuition or the dawning perception of Oneness with the Oversoul, to which man is related by his Higher Nature—his real self. It is this potentiality which makes possible inspired utterances. The Seer or Mystic has direct cognition or, as St. Paul puts it—"sees face to face"—the truth to which he gives utterance.

Said Patanjali, nearly three thousand years ago—"The Soul is the Perceiver; is assuredly vision itself, pure and simple; unmodified, and looks directly upon Ideas." This is the "beatific vision" of the Christian; the "illumination" of Swedenborg; the "inner light" of the Quaker; the "yoga" or union of the Hindu. It is *knowledge*—no longer mere belief—of one's self as Soul; it is conscious divinity.

There is springing into manifestation a consciousness on the part of a large proportion of humanity of that same divinity. There is beginning a new period in the spiritual life of mankind.

It is the new light—the star—which, dawning in the minds of men, proclaims itself the herald of the soul—the Intuition which declares—"Thus saith the Lord."

The spiritual principle—the Christ—has been long crucified, but to-day we hear more and more often and clearly the testimony of those for whom the stone is rolled away—whose eyes are no longer "holden"—and we welcome the dawn of the Renaissance of Spirit—the new birth—which Jesus declared to be the only means of entrance to the Kingdom within.

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There have been no gaps in the past evolution of Mind; there will be none in the future.

To leap directly from man, in whom reason is but crudely developing, to a purely spiritual state after death—would be to ignore a palpable gap. A more advanced *man* is an evolutionary necessity.

(*The End.*)

THE MESSAGE OF THE EVENING STAR.

O radiant star of eve, above serenely shining:
Set like a jewel on the bosom of the night:
What message dost thou sing,
Amid the murmuring
Of the manifold and beauteous spheres of light?

With calm and chastened brilliance, in stately beauty gleaming,
Thine appointed course thou takest along the western sky;
And like a lotus blossom,
On the river's placid bosom,
Thy image is reflected, perfect, back to thee on high.

This then be the message to the sons of men thou'rt sending:
"Keep thy soul unruffled, calm, steadfast and serene;
That the thought of God may find
True reflection in thy mind,
As my beauty is reflected in the bosom of the stream."

WALTER LOWES-HEATH.

THE bread of life is love; the salt of life is work; the sweetness of joy, poesy; the water of life, faith.—*Mrs. Jameson.*

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BASIC PRINCIPLES OF SCIENTIFIC RELIGION.

BY HENRY FRANK.

PART II.

A systematic scientific religion will wholly remove from the human mind such misinterpretations as have for ages become the false guides of the race; it will teach that the universe is one, inseparable and complete; and though one star differs from another in appearance and adaptation to the whole, all are in their nature alike. It will teach man that he is dependent upon every passing element, and in some way correlated with each minutest atom of the universe, but that they likewise are in some way dependent on him, and while either must affect the other, yet only when the relationship is intelligent and mutual will peace and comfort ensue. As, for example, though exotic microbes are very destructive when they penetrate the body of man, there are places in nature where they perform a goodly office, and when man and the microbe mutually understand and appreciate each other, each will keep his respective distance, yet both be well employed.

Man must read the universe in himself. He alone is the measure of all things.

In the scientific religion that will sometime interest the race, the first great study of man will be man—not because of his egotistic self-appreciation, but because he really possesses the key to the universe. Only when he understands himself can he understand the outward world. For he will learn that in all the past, because of self-misinterpretation, he has ever misinterpreted the world he lived in. First, because he did not

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understand the infinite possibilities of his own being, he postulated another mind than his own that was infinite. Because he did not realize his own supreme powers over nature he postulated an imaginary supreme being who is really but the reflection of his own thoughts. Because he did not realize his own self-sufficiency in every crisis and the instinctive reaction in himself against all wrong ultimating in final good, he postulated a Personal Savior who came to do that which only he himself can do, and who was the ideally perfect character which is the instinctive dream of his own soul. Because he did not understand the force of habit, inherent in his nature, and the ever-increasing oppressiveness of wrongdoing, till its force holds the victim captive, he fabricated a Spirit of Evil, "the prince of the power of darkness," who ever pursued and frightened him through his doomed existence.

Thus out of his own self-misapprehension grew the irrational conception of a terrifying God—of a merciful Savior on whose bosom despairing man cast himself with the joy of redemption—of the Devil and the Fall—of heaven and hell. Had man analyzed and understood himself, he would have learned from the beginning that he was deluded by his fancy, led captive by his imagination. He would have known these dreams were not realities; that these assumed entities did not exist outside of himself, but were merely the mental reflexes of his brain activities racked with the pain of earthly experience. All this a true scientific religion will teach man. It will teach him that, while externally he shall not look for a personal God, like unto himself, externally as well as internally he shall look for that all-compassing Mind, which is the essence and fruition of all things, and which every feature of the universe evidences. It will teach that Mind is universal, because there is nothing in the universe that is not primarily the offspring of intelligent energy.

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Every smallest particle of matter contains its own mind, is but the expression of that mind and is individualized in its infinitesimal environment as perfectly as in organized man. Each cell of organic matter, yea, the inmost circle of that cell, the very matrix of organic life, has its own self-sufficient mind —a minute arc of the universal Mind—whose thought is expressed in the quality and constituency of the cell itself. The All-Mind is manifested in myriad individualizations, yet there is no division or separableness, for Mind is a *unit*, a solidarity, and each expression of itself is but a temporary conditioning of its permanent presence.

Ask me where mind is in the universe, I answer it by asking where mind is in man. You shall not find it exclusively in the brain, for that may be almost demolished, yet mentation will continue. You cannot find it in any one system of nerves, or in any special ganglia, for these may be paralyzed, yet other nerve centers will vibrate to mental energy. You cannot find it in the tissues or the blood, for these may be sloughed off, or become anemic, and still mentality is not wholly destroyed. For mind in man is not anywhere, but everywhere, and not until the organic constituency of his being shall be dissipated will there cease to be mentation in every cell and particle of man's organization. When these particles shall be blown into atoms by the wintry winds, even then each atom shall retain the residue of that once incorporate mind which we called man, and shall float on somewhere, again to fuse its minute memory with that of other infinitesimal forms. This shall be the teaching of scientific religion. For this—all this, is scientifically demonstrable.

But the third feature of my definition of scientific religion intimated that it must awaken in the human breast exalted ideals inspiring to noble living. And surely will not such a conception of nature, such a scientific analysis of man as above

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indicated, educe such ideals and awaken the enthusiasm of an earnest life in every realizing soul? To know that the universe is harmonious, is not subject to chance, is not a mere freak of fancy—to-day to be established, to-morrow to be demolished—but is permanent, eternal, invariable—this is the highest source of all inspiration and the noblest guide of all morals.

What were the possibility of earnestness if endeavor could not issue in achievement. If the universe is mere chance, and nothing is persistent but change, and change may as easily result in deterioration as amelioration, then why try, why aspire, why resolve? If we cannot discern the stream of tendency, but its currents are ever awry and we fail to see the far off ocean which awaits them, then why float upon it, why seek its deceptive channel? This is the very essence of despair—the climax of pessimism. But if the current's course can be discerned; if through kaleidoscopic change the perfect whole is ever seen, however variegated its moving forms; if through all friction and harmony, deterioration and disintegration, through every crisis and cataclysm, there still prevails the perfect ideal, imperturbable, toward which all activity is moving, then well may the aspiring and battling soul take heart and faint not, even though night o'ertakes the weary traveler ere the coveted goal be reached. We can afford to see through a glass darkly now, if yonder we shall see face to face.

This is the ethical basis of the scientific religion. "Betterment" and "forward" are its watchwords. Not pessimism nor optimism, but meliorism; not cynicism nor mysticism, but sanityism or saneness. This is the motive—this the idealization of ethical endeavor. To realize that when we think and seek the good, all other forces in the universe are working with us, is as refreshing as a cup of cold water to the parched and dusty traveler. To know that every good thought regis-

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ters a memory-effect in some cell which is susceptible of being aroused to conscious activity, is an inspiration to every earnest soul.

To know that evil stamps a dark stigma on each memory-cell of the functional organs, which is ever eager to rise and cast its gloomy shadow o'er the mind, is a sufficient deterrent to restrain the wise, while the unwise are beaten by suffering into understanding.

Here is a plain of ethics yet scarcely traversed, and which is full of supreme possibilities—of awakening for the intelligent epoch upon which we are entering. The age needs ideals —lofty, sublime, exalting. Nevertheless, the instinct of self-interest is so inwoven and so useful in the human breast that that ethic will alone avail which posits itself in the heart of the individual and proves to him that by his own elevation he will lift the race to higher ideals of advancement.

First the individual, then the collectivity. The latter must be followed by the former. The stream is ever qualified by its source. Poison the fountain-head, and the current is ever vicious. But even though the vagrant waters may betimes be incidentally infested, the fresh flowing current from the fountain-head will clarify and correct them. Thus, even though society do not attain to those lofty heights for which we all yearn, we shall better help it thither when each of us seeks to lift himself higher than by merely lecturing the race and impatiently await its deliverance.

This is the gist of the ethics of the new philosophy—the scientific religion. It is replete with the suggestiveness of idealism, with the inspiration of an awakened humanity.

In conclusion let me animadvert to one objection. It is claimed that mystery—the insoluble problem—is the very essence of religion, and if you remove it, you destroy not only the charm of religion but its efficacy. It is because we feel in-

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stinctively, by very reason of our stupendous ignorance, that there must reside behind Nature's phenomena a Supreme Intelligent Being, who guides and orders all according to his own good pleasure, that we cling to these religious attitudes and seek through blind worship to calm the fear at the core of our hearts. As says Spencer:

"And thus the mystery, which all religions recognize, turns out to be a far more transcendent mystery than any of them suspect—not a relative, but an absolute mystery.

"Here, then, is an ultimate religious truth of the highest possible certainty—a truth in which religions in general are at one with each other, and with a philosophy antagonistic to their special dogmas. And this truth, respecting which there is a latent agreement among all mankind from the fetish-worshipers to the most stoical critic of human creeds, must be the one we seek. If Religion and Science are to be reconciled, the basis of reconciliation must be this deepest, widest, and most certain of all facts—that the Power which the Universe manifests to us is utterly inscrutable. . . . Ultimate Scientific Ideas, then, are all representative of realities that cannot be comprehended. After no matter how great a progress in the colligation of facts and the establishment of generalizations ever wider and wider—after the merging of limited and derivative truths in truths that are larger and deeper has been carried no matter how far, the fundamental truth remains as much beyond reach as ever. The explanation of that which is explicable, does but bring out into greater clearness the inexplicableness of that which remains behind. Alike in the external and the internal worlds, the man of science sees himself in the midst of perpetual changes of which he can discover neither the beginning nor the end. . . . He realizes with a special vividness the utter incomprehensibleness of the simplest fact, considered in itself. He, more than any other, truly knows that in its ultimate essence nothing can be known." (Spencer's "First Principles," pp. 47-48-68-69.)

This is the traditional interpretation of the religious feeling

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and is to-day very common. It has great force. We know that nothing so overawes us as some startling phenomenon which lies beyond the grasp of our comprehension. We quite understand why the native savages should have fallen down to worship Columbus, when he caught the sun rays in a glass and poured them on the kindling stubble at his feet, conjuring them to come forth again and inflame the throbbing air.

But is it true that this ignorance and its consequent fear are the only basis and excuse for religion; that without them we can possess no religious ardor? I deny it. Does this discovery of the marvelous processes of Nature remove our adoration or our wonder? Who that ever watched the rapid growth of crystallization through a magnifying glass, even though he could trace the very process step by step, but paused to marvel at the mathematical instinct in Nature which brought forth such geometrical forms of beauty? Does the observation of the streams of blood flowing like cataracts through the veins, of which for ages the world stood in ignorance, deter man from marveling at himself, so fearfully and wonderfully made? At one time we could see but a comparative handful of stars in the skies—those visible only to the naked eye—less than three millions—and these were supposed to be mere holes through which the light of a mysterious heaven shone—the abode of God and the angels. Now, by the aid of great telescopes we can trace the planes of fifty millions of stars and photograph the contour of the stellar heavens. Does that lessen our admiration, or our soul's exultation in the presence of this matchless splendor?

We have traced the universe of phenomenal matter back to its constituent sources; yea, back to a mere point of the imagination, which we call the atom. We now know that all these revolving worlds rest absolutely on nothing (*i.e.*, on impalpable, invisible substance) and that every particle of matter

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is so separated from every other that nothing but invisible chords unite them; or rather that between them abides the eternal void. But even with all this knowledge, is our admiration, the joy of our soul and our spirit's aspiration, diminished; are we less overawed than when ignorant of all, we trembled, feared and faltered? No, the more we know of the universe, the profounder is our adoration—the more awful is its grandeur. Because even though we could ourselves construct such a world; when finished, we would so exult at the triumph of our genius, that we would ever after fall before it in worshipful adoration. Pygmalion fell down before his Galatea, even though she was the child of his brain and heart, for the creation of his genius was to his normal self a revelation and a miracle.

There is the deep within the deep of soul, where unfathomed profundity is ever beyond our plumb line, though it be forever lengthening. We can never know the All—the Absolute. Could we, it would end existence; for existence means—stretching ever out after newer knowledge. Because we ourselves are potentially infinite, and are ever descending into this abyss of Being, where vistas ever stretch beyond and lure us with vague mirages, it is impossible that knowledge should be complete or that wonder should ever cease.

But wonder is not fear. Yet wonder is as sufficient to inspire the exultant soul as fear; yea, more. Fear drives the soul, as the Furies lashed Orestes, into the temple of forced worship and muttering obedience. But wonder, like the Siren voices in Ulysses' ears, draws the soul out of its bondage, which in spite of binding withes and cutting cords, soars upward whence the melody descended. Hence I say real worship inheres in knowledge. Science, therefore, is the foundation of the only true religion.

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CHARACTER BUILDING FOUNDED UPON NEW THOUGHT-PRINCIPLES.*

BY ANNIE KNOWLTON HINMAN.

The conception of the Higher Self taught in the New Thought is the "perfect peace which passeth all understanding." It is founded upon the Bible, accepts Christ and His teachings as our example, and has outgrown form, creed and dogma.

This Higher Self is the Nirvana of the Buddhists, and the Brahm of the Hindus. New Thought poses as our friend and counsellor, and asks us to make a practical application of her Suggestions for Divine Character building, and the poet adds,

> "A thousand unseen hands
> Reach down to help you to the peace crowned heights."

Some are constrained by old methods of belief, but sooner or later the chains of old thought will be broken when we will find ourselves "in tune with the Infinite." The world has no use for the persons who persist in threading their way through old, time worn ruts.

If we are criticised for stepping out of beaten paths, when vital soul interests are at stake, the questioning, dissenting voices are simply a passing breeze.

It is true we are subject to some laws, *viz.:* heredity, environment, etc., which seem to constrain us in our character building, or soul poise, but by drawing upon the great Creative Power, Divine Energy, we can overcome, in a great measure, these sometimes depleting agencies. The great secret is to know how to be receptive to the ministrations of the spirit,

*A Lecture delivered at "Church of the Higher Life," Boston, Nov. 29, 1903.

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that our spiritual perceptions may be broadened by the search light of Divine Love.

New Thought asks us to make each day of the week a holy day and to consecrate it to the service of our diviner self, and thus pave the way for peace in this world and in the eternity that is to be.

Time is a sacred gift from God and will bear a rich fruitage if our efforts are born of our Higher Self, so we must think of the Eternal Now that is teeming with calls for this Higher Service. "Now is the accepted time, Now is the day of salvation."

Our presence here may denote some vital spiritual need that tends toward an imperative call for divine character building, and having proved self an unstable basis we are now ready for the divine impetus to lift us upon the heights where souls so often long to be.

Truths of the printed or spoken word cannot be ours until we have applied them in our individual, daily life, but in their appropriation we must guard against too rigid and prolonged introspection, for this is a danger signal, but New Thought throws us this life-line: *Focus your spiritual vision upon divine love within and without, then self can never usurp your powers and possibilities.* Life is a problem each man and woman must solve to the best of his or her ability.

Some one has said: "Our individual lives are spheres and cubes, and the object of living is to round off the sharp corners of the cubes into symmetrical spheres."

Character is not only indexed upon the face by our thoughts, but our words and deeds are the faithful servants of our interior selves. We are what the past has made us and in some to-morrow we shall stand representatives of self or God. Our real blessings, abiding, not fleeting and transitory, lie in the consciousness of that "perfect peace which passeth all under-

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standing." When we live above our troubles, real or imagined, we are on the high road to divine character building.

When we rebel against experiences we often oppose the methods that might work ultimate good for us. If we will, the lights and shadows in our human lives may play at hide-and-seek like happy-hearted children.

When nature gathers storm clouds, and lightning chains or sheets of flame light up the distant hill tops, we stand in silent admiration. If possessed of limner's skill, with exalted touch we portray the scene on canvas. If moved by a musician's soul we strike the chords of a far sounding, grand amen. If blessed with poet's gift to dream, our word pictures are a never-ending joy, but when the storm clouds gather in our human lives our pessimistic views intensify the gloom, till we forget that sorrows and disappointments, like the lightning and the rain in nature, are purifying agencies.

An unceasing round of sunshine wearies and fails to please, for it is only by strong contrasts that the purest and highest types of anything are brought to view. In the mad chase for power and pelf we lose sight of our truer self, and only when the shadows deepen through trials and disappointments, and we withdraw into the inner sanctuary of our being and shut out the world, can we measure our weakness and our strength. Then we come forth into the world purified as by fire, and see in the sun shining through the rain clouds, and the promise bow in the heavens, types of methods used to mould our lives into a divinely human plan. Then we find our allotted place in this same world and realize how beatific is this life we live, and how great and innumerable are its endowments. When we poise ourselves in a spiritual relationship toward all life it broadens our charity, lifts us above the plane of self, and minor details that once harassed and annoyed us are blown away like wisps of straw, for the breezes that play about us on

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exalted spiritual planes are freighted with a magic that dispels all shadows.

If we would only remember that the whole universe is ruled by love's most potent force, experiences would bear a more inviting face for they are keys that unlock the soul and reveal its choicest and most brilliant gems.

What do physical ailments or petty annoyances count for when weighed in the balance with divine revealments from God, the source of all life, strength, and happiness, which means upward and outward growth toward that perfect poise which we, in a greater or less degree, aspire to?

Let us learn to read between the lines of experience, and we shall never question the whys and wherefores, but shall be lifted into a spirit of exaltation, in perfect trust, not caring from whence we came, nor whither we are going, nor how rudely we are buffeted by the storms of life, but shall press on, reveling in the consciousness that "we live, and move and have our being," with unlimited possibilities and power to unfold them.

How can we ever grow or gauge our spiritual standard except we are put to a crucial test! How we would weary of perpetual sunshine! Let us be thankful there are shadows to draw us down from the high tension of superficial living, and to teach us how much of God we have unfolded within ourselves, and how much of kingship we have earned.

Let us never cease striving to elevate ourselves to the highest soul type we can conceive. This striving to unfold proves the very acme of bliss, the epitome of things hoped for.

Adversity no longer counts for anything but flashlight pictures of avenues and ways leading up to infinite possibilities; stepping stones that lead humanity out of the slums of a selfish existence up to a more exalted plane of thought and action. Then we become subservient to the law of progress, which

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means growth, unfoldment of not only recognized powers, but many times we find ourselves the proud possessors of capabilities once undreamed of. Progression means much to each and all of us. It means a close kinship with the best that is or is to be in all manifested life. It means a broader consciousness and keener concept of laws divine. It teaches how to live in this life with an assured place in the hereafter; or, better yet, the man-made scheme of life and death has no place or power, but in its stead we revel in the consciousness of a ceaseless existence.

We can ill afford to pause and brood over what we account misfortunes, for if our course is stayed too long retrogression is sure to follow, and that means the worst purgatorial conditions.

"Let us then be up and doing
With a heart for any fate,"

should be our watchword, and the ultimate end of all will be peace and harmony and the obliterating of all taint of false teachings that have been, and are, suicidal to upward growth.

There are experiences sacred and for us alone, but our diviner self embodies wisdom, truth, love and harmony, and to learn how to draw upon this inexhaustible supply when we are in a state of soul crucifixion is the object and aim of our life mission.

We must not despise and ignore the experiences and conditions connected with material life, for these same conditions, when properly met, may prove avenues that will lead into the grand domain of a higher self. In this realm are possessions we have earned through having worked out our own salvation, the riches that shall become ours through having risen above and having overpowered the emissaries of our lower self, such as anger, fear, jealousy and many more minions of that self who are continually trying to dethrone our diviner self.

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How blessed the thought that in the Eternal Now we have the power within our own hands to so adjust ourselves toward life and all its embraces that we may rise in the majesty of our spirit and become rulers of our destinies, and in the supremacy of our higher self we shall stand in an exalted kingship that possesses more dignity and power than is ever relegated to any earthly monarch. On the other hand, if the lower self dominates us, sooner or later he will crucify us, for he is merciless in his acquisition of power. At last he will nail us to the cross of our own designing, and will press upon our brows the veritable crown of thorns we have plaited of our cruel thoughts, words and deeds, and they shall turn upon us like poisoned arrows, and shall pierce so deep that we shall realize that "the way of the transgressor is hard," and when memory carries us back through the gamut of life's experiences, we will cry: "O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me."

To-day we talk of what seems an ideal world of conditions and experiences, but to those striving to think and act upon the plane of divine consciousness it is a reality, and is so proved by right living.

Fear and Anger seem the most formidable enemies the soul has to contend with. The most dreadful of suffering is born of Anger. It sometimes causes parents to drive their children from the shelter of a home into the cold world reeking with danger and temptation. It causes children to hasten parents to premature death. Anger separates husbands and wives, and is the cause of untold murders, the author and instigator of the most dreadful known crimes. This same Anger is the offspring of our lower self, and is induced by a want of self-control, a failure to live in the Higher Life.

A soul wanting in self-control is a dangerous element both in a home and in a community, and often proves that direct antagonism depletes our powers and defeats our purpose.

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There are those who in the light of the New Dispensation have come up out of the valley of Despair, rejoicing in the restful, sustaining conditions of a divine self. To such there are no "Gardens of Gethsemane," no fear of anything, for "perfect love casteth out fear."

Fear is everywhere. The public press caters to it, and by humoring this tendency we weaken our nervous energy and become receptacles for direful conditions.

Poised in Supreme Love we create Divine Energy and then fear vanishes like the mists of the morning when the Sunlight of truth illumines us and we stand no longer slaves but masters of ourselves. Then, the Bible says, "No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper."

"The true physician is a teacher," and "the tongue of the wise is health," are two sayings embodying great truths. Many times care expended upon the interior nature to establish harmony will recuperate our exterior selves. Those who take time to be sick are apt to humor every tendency in that direction, and often become chronic sufferers.

The highest conceivable condition is perfection, and this is the standard the New Thought followers aspire to, for we have been commanded in these words, "Be ye therefore perfect even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect."

The vital public and private questions of the hour must be faced by women, as well as by men. When women as a class awake from that lethargic state born of the habit of catering to selfish desires, and are faithful to their higher selves, when they never forget that they have a soul as well as a body needing daily attention, then will we have better conditions in this world.

In all progressive movements the first steps are taken by a few earnest, thoughful souls, while the multitude stands in questioning attitude to see if these leaders are living, not only

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in the letter of the law, but also in the spirit of the law which they have assumed to follow.

Out of modest homes and over the thresholds of palaces move, in soul majesty, men and women, born of New Thought, and endowed with an irresistible, subtle power that, like a breath from heaven, sweeps away from those they meet pestilential and contaminating thoughts born of lower conditions. Their methods are to teach each fellowman to resurrect the Christ within his soul, when all vital needs will be met. Thus proving that "love is the fulfilling of the law" of labor and of effort.

Jesus the Carpenter dignified labor, and to-day there are those living in the Higher Life who are proving that the most commonplace duties of business, domestic and social life are ennobling and sanctifying.

Shakespeare said for Cassius: "The fault, dear Brutus, is not in the stars, but in ourselves that we are underlings."

New Thought is not new, but old as the world, it is only that we who love it offer what seems a new presentation of an old truth. New Thought gives us a better foot-hold for soul climbing than was found in the valley tilled with the old, worthless implements of narrow, selfish thoughts.

New Thought gives us practical helps for seven days in the week, and suggestions that can be applied to every phase of human life.

New Thought is allied to power, wisdom, love, peace and harmony, which are vital forces for divine character building, and will prove that the breath of the Infinite will expand us into God-men and God-women.

Life has a more sacred significance than the experiences born of the baubles that fascinate us in this world of change. for the aim of existence on this earth is for divine character building.

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Some persons are in despair because sin and misery seem to be running riot and may triumph for an eternity. They look back through the vista of years for succor, but a voice says,

> Never a backward glance
> Unless it be, perchance,
> That future ways may be
> Rid of the Past's débris.

They stray into the future blindly, and with perverted vision, but New Thought importunes them, for their souls' salvation, to look into the face of the Eternal Now that they may know that heaven is here, the heaven of a better faith, a more generous purpose, a diviner love. It bids them see how human faces radiate this innate truth, and they know that their feet rest upon God's foot-stool, and peace, like a white dove, broods over them.

On every hand we see the poet, artist, musician, sculptor, author and historian pointing to the Higher Life.

Tennyson said, "I dreamed that stone by stone I reared a sacred fane, a temple, neither pagoda nor church, but loftier, simpler, always open-doored to every breath from heaven, and Truth and Peace and Love and Justice came and dwelt therein."

The Great Artist designed the beauties of nature, shaped and painted the lily and the rose, not forgetting to endow them with an exquisite perfume.

The Great Designer clothed the trees with promise in the Springtime, and in the Autumn draped them with royal splendor.

The Great Musician conceived the melody of the running waters, and measured the grand orchestral music of the winds, tuned the voices of the feathered songsters, and made the human voice to live and breathe in song.

The Great Scientist holds the elements in His hands and commands them to become our willing servants.

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He has emboweled the earth with rich treasures and has written upon the rocks a never fading record of His power.

Greater than the works of all literati is the Word of God chiseled upon the face of nature and engraved within the souls of men.

To know this Royal Host, the Author of all this grandeur and sublimity, we must go into the Silence and unite ourselves, in thought, with Divinity, and when we feel a growing peace we shall know that "God is in His holy temple."

Standing upon the threshold of this inner sanctuary, and lifting the veil, we can see the unexpressed ideals of our souls.

In the Silence, with bare, hushed feet we can be moved by the breath of the Infinite to hear angelic symphonies.

In the Silence we can find the path of life apportioned to us.

In the Silence troubles and sorrows vanish and we are filled with that "perfect peace which passeth all understanding."

In the Silence divine character building is consummated.

In the Silence we join hands with Divinity, knowing that we have been created, but with increased knowledge that we can re-create ourselves.

TURN your quick eye to find life's noblest things,
Fetter the self and give the angel wings.—*H. W.*

TAKE thy self-denials gayly and cheerfully, and let the sunshine of thy gladness fall on dark things and bright alike, like the sunshine of the Almighty.—*J. F. Clarke.*

ALL truly wise thoughts have been thought already thousands of times; but, to make them truly ours, we must think them truly over again honestly, till they take root in our personal experience.—*Goethe.*

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THE INFLUENCE OF THOUGHT.

BY HARRY T. FEE.

The life of each man is moulded by himself. If into his existence has come a measure of peace, of content, he himself is its creator. If dissatisfaction and unrest fill his days, he alone is to blame. Man's state of being rests with himself, within. Surroundings ever so distasteful and environment however inharmonious may not mar a tranquil spirit.

Thought is the power that either brings one to the gates of Peace or lets down the bars of misery. Thought is a force that either makes or mars. Put forth its power in the right direction, and, lo! it brings the guerdon of peace. Start its wonderful workings wrongly and its attainments are the accumulations of gloom.

We are weaving the tapestries of our lives with thought, and the pattern is fair or poor, just as our thoughts are fair or poor. We are weaving hour by hour, and we look above the clouds and beyond the grave, when our destiny is here and now.

No one knows the power for beauty and harmony and Truth that dwells in the unlimited spaces of the soul. Thought is the touchstone that reveals them in the hidden spaces, and at whose lightest wish they unfold to glorify our lives.

Fear and anger and avarice and hate, startled to life by ignoble thought, rise in one's existence like mountains towering to the skies. But once inculcate brave and kindly and altruistic thought, and like mountains that crumble to the sea, they are effaced and covered by the still waters of Peace.

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"As a man thinketh in his heart so is he." The spring time is fair, the bushes budding, the leaves unfolding into foliage. The air is filled with fragrance—the world with beauty. Yet there are those who pass down this valley and through this beauty, and having eyes see not.

Their thoughts are on other things. The rent or the interest, the market, the trade, perhaps. The birds sing to their unheeding ears. The fragrance falls upon their unknowing sense, and the flowers are unfolding their wondrous color to blind, unseeing eyes. Their thought is in the wrong direction. It has left the paths of peace.

We are all sovereigns and our scepter is our thought. We raise it in the air and become the possessors of all good. Greater than the kings of old beheld in all their dreams of power is the power of thought. They conquered others. But thought will conquer self and selfish aims, and bring us to our fellowship with God.

Success and wealth and happiness are relative terms. But Peace is an abiding fact, and Love is the soul's great birthright. These constitute the *summum bonum* of existence—Peace and Love. And these whose very possession *is* success and wealth and happiness are dependent merely and only upon thought.

If into your days comes a sweet content with all men and all things, then have you gained a great success, for you have builded up a life. If in your spirit there has grown a deep and broadening love, then have you wealth greater than gold, truer than material possession, for your treasure is laid with God.

Our thoughts will flow with the current that we have chosen, in the channel where we have placed them. They are confined only by our volition. Thought is free. It has no limitations but those we choose to give it. Environment does not encircle it; for, if we will, it passes beyond environment. Our limita-

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tions are our thought. A soul may be free behind prison bars, and many a galley slave sits in his counting room. Environment *is* thought, and we paint it black as night, or invest it with the morning glow accordingly.

If we open the door of our minds to fear and anger they will inevitably fill the chambers of our thought, direct its trend and permeate its existence. One would not think of choosing the mud of the street for a breakfast, but we welcome its counterpart in our thought. We are solicitous of our stomach, and alive to unwholesome viands, but there is an unwholesomeness of thought fraught with greater injury, and trailing in its wake effects more far reaching.

There is also a valley in the soul where bloom the flowers of noble thinking. Pass your life here among its glowing ways and you will catch the perfume of eternity.

Who has watched the sunrise with wonder at the power behind it; who has noted a blade of grass for the mystery beyond it, has prayed in thought. For thought is prayer, higher than any lip service, sweeter than any agglomeration of sounds, greater than any mumbling of unmeaning words. And he worships truly and deeply who worships in thought.

There are tendencies drawing us earthward, but spread out above us in the limitless spaces of God is the firmament of Hope. And to its fair attainments we may all come. To the utmost limitations of joy and hope and peace and Truth we may all go. And in the journey thither we shall meet no barrier but the barriers of our own thought.

We build in thought our dwelling places here. As your thought is, so is the structure of your life. Cultivate kindly aims, brave hopes and noble impulses, then may you stand on the parapets of your castle of thought and sound the blast of defiance to fear and anger and all their retinue.

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RHYTHMIC LIVING.

BY CORA A. MOORE.

Notwithstanding the fact that this is an age of pleasurable living, of rush and æstheticism, it is also undeniably one of practicality and earnestness, and, that the æsthetic and the practical, pleasure and unselfishness, can, and should, go hand in hand, is being clearly demonstrated by our twentieth century exponents of broadmindedness.

In each and every one of the millions of human mites brought daily into this so-called "vale of tears" lies a spark of divinity, which is to form the nucleus of its character, and which grows and develops and expands, according to circumstances and environment, thus forming the person and personality known to its fellow beings. That spark of divinity is the connecting link between God and man, between this life and another, and it manifests itself through a desire and love for the beautiful, a natural craving for harmony in every detail, and a correspondingly natural irritation against whatever is base and out of tune. In the hurry and turmoil and vain seekings of life this spark is often lost for a time, but ever and anon it creeps out by some easily recognized good deed or thought, or tinges an unworthy one so that it "leavens the whole lump."

Why, then, do we not make more of an effort to live naturally, so that the sweet bell shall not jangle?

First of all we have to learn what our forefathers did not seem to know, that "The beautiful is as useful as the useful," and that to do the everyday things in the pleasantest possible way—to make of the most ordinary duties something of beauty —is to cull from life the very essence of right living.

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Herein lies the secret of all success, the means of health and happiness; and the serenity of mind with the equilibrium of bodily exercise thus brought about, will result in that culmination of all virtues—poise. Bring the physical and mental beings into a corresponding state of responsiveness, where the best revelation of the personality, and the highest artistic interpretation is possible, and there results the external symbol of the noblest mood of the soul—personal magnetism.

Apropos of this, let us look more closely into this subject of personal magnetism.

A glance at humanity at large shows us that it is divided into groups, each revolving around some one attraction in the form of a person in the flesh—who somehow possesses greater magnetic power than certain others, and an affinity draws them together to this common center.

There is no better agent of philanthropy than this power through personality, rightly asserted, and it is the duty, as it becomes the highest pleasure for each one of us to make the most of himself, not an imitation of others whom he may admire, but building upon and increasing whatever he may already possess along the line in which his ideals lie—"Build we up the beings that we are." This must be done through a threefold training—training of the three functions of life; moral, mental, physical.

Our natures are threefold, and only through a triune development can we come to live according to the law of God.

The mental side is not to be educated while the physical and moral natures lie dormant, nor the physical without the aid of the mental and moral, but each developed in its relations to the other two, brings about that much to be desired state of rhythmic living.

The sooner we accept the indisputable fact that "Our fate" lies not in our stars but in ourselves, and that the keynote to

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a successful life is "Know Thyself," the sooner do we become the normal beings nature intended.

Imitation may be the sincerest form of flattery, but it is likewise one of the greatest stumbling blocks to right living. We must learn to think for, act, and be ourselves as individuals.

The lesson is hard, perhaps, and laboriously learned through many pitfalls, but it must be mastered in order to bring about that "Last of life for which the first was made," as Browning has it—Browning, who more than any other got at the soul of things, and impressed men with the realization that life *is* worth living.

We cannot separate truth from the ideal, for truth is ideal. "Truth is the practical application of the principles of cause and effect, manifesting itself on every plane from the lowest to the highest of conscious life."

"Truth is within ourselves; it takes no rise.
From outward things whate'er you may believe,
There is an inmost center in us all
Where truth abides in fulness, and to know
Rather consists in opening out a way
Whence the imprisoned splendor may escape,
Than in effecting entry for a light
Supposed to be without. Watch narrowly
The demonstration of a truth, its birth,
And you trace back the influence to its spring
And source within us, where broods a radiance vast,
To be elicited ray by ray as chance shall favor."

—*Paracelsus.*

The higher the plane of soul development, the more harmonious and rhythmic should be its vibrations, and the more positive and helpful the effect upon others. Again, a plea for the systematic education of mind, soul and body in their relationship to each other.

The body is the instrument of the soul, to express its thoughts, while yet being subservient to it. Why, then, is it

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not given due attention in our schools and colleges, in homes and individual lives, with a view to qualifying it for its duties.

To each of us is given the power to express the truth as we ourselves see it, and to spread about us an atmosphere wholly individual—for while the soul is the perceiver and revealer of truth, the body must consciously or unconsciously express it. It is what a person is, that affects us, but it is what he does that too often misleads and causes misunderstandings.

What is generated in the minds of our fellow-beings we have no means of divining except through a physical medium, which therefore should be carefully trained to correctly express the varying phases of mind and soul. Just so far as this interaction of mind and body is perfected, thus far is a magnetism evolved and expressed, which puts us in complete harmony with those around, because we are now "To ourselves true—and cannot then be false to any man."

That harmony of the soul about which we hear so much means merely an equilibrium between the three natures, and these three expressing themselves harmoniously.

Gaining this, the whole man becomes rounded into the best that in him lies—and—the world is his.

I BELIEVE that there is no away, that no love, no life, goes ever from us: it goes as He went, that it may come again, deeper and closer and surer, to be with us always even to the end of the world.—*George Macdonald.*

WHAT little faith you have, only live it for one day, and it will be stronger to-morrow. Live with your fellow-creatures as their brother to-day, and to-morrow God will be felt by you as your Father in heaven the more tenderly.—*William Mountford.*

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MORAL FORCES IN SOCIAL EVOLUTION.

BY DR. AXEL EMIL GIBSON.

There is an ever increasing demand in the sphere of modern public life to see purpose and usefulness in the work of its gifted men. Our time insists upon individual assertion;—insists to see original, vital manifestations of intelligence in its men and women. For each person comes to this world trusted with a message, which only he of all the rest of mankind can adequately deliver, and it is his duty to prepare and deliver this message in rational terms;—to vitalize it with the sweetness of his love, with the fire of his enthusiasm, and with the sincerity of his devotion.

What the world needs to-day is truth—truth in its rugged, integral, impersonal expression. It is not the form or the appearance of the message, however, that constitutes its vital and eternally important element, but its truthfulness. The simplest observation if presented with perfect truthfulness becomes at once an incident of profoundest interest. On the other hand, the writer of fiction, who neglects truth, and draws his weird and substanceless creations from the picture gallery of a morbid imagination, is doomed by an advancing evolution to give way to the writer, who, in his character-sketches, delineates life-processes in their naked, undisguised truth. Romanticism with its artificial lights and shadows must give way to the plain, but penetrating daylight of sane, concrete observation. The unfoldment of a simple flower, or the metamorphosis of a tiny insect, if conscientiously and lovingly studied, may furnish subject matters for narrations of rapturous interest.

Hence the first consideration in any work must be its ab-

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solute conformity to truth. But truthfulness is impossible unless the observer loves his object more than himself. The secret of Darwin's epochal work is found in his unswerving and unconditional surrender to the mandates of truth. The utter disregard he held for his own theories when the latter conflicted with a new fact, is shown in his writings, where frequently statements of facts are introduced in opposition to the system which he set out to prove.

Hence, back of the power of truth is the power of unselfishness. For to be an accurate observer of nature, the dominating motive of the man must consist, not in the ambition to excel in daring and sagacity, but rather in the impersonal desire to reveal to the understanding of man, and for his betterment, some of Nature's wonders.

Selfishness, by drawing the attention of the mind from the subject under observation to the observer himself, isolates the latter from his end in view. His mind becomes blunt, and his researches shallow and worthless. With all his brilliancy of learning he is utterly incapable of adding anything of vital value to the furtherance of human progress. Unselfishness must, therefore, be regarded as the first and most indispensable force in the social evolution.

Society of to-day, to insure its progress, measures the doings of its men with a critical eye. Less and less of the world's events are trusted to the umpire of chance and fortuity. Men are looking for the causes of things with a supreme seriousness and are determined to find them. That we demand more of life to-day than before is because we have a stronger faith in our power to unfold it. Events are precipitated in a swifter momentum than ever, and the souls of men are thrilled with a new and unique energy. *Pantha Rhei:* everything is active with vital energy. If attentive one might almost imagine to hear the din and hum of the subtle but tre-

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mendously powerful machinery of human thought, elaborating the raw material of current impulses into schemes and endeavors of universal usefulness.

It may be questioned whether at any time of authentic history such stupendous strides as those of to-day have been made in the field of general progress. We seem to have entered an era of mental springtime, with the vital soil of the mind fervent with procreative energies. Thoughts and ideas sown in this field are caught by the whirling life-impulse of the present, and developed into epochal events through the processes of mental growth. This gives to tares and to wheat the same advantages for growth; to thoughts of evil and to thoughts of good an equal opportunity to spring into force and potency. For our time is convulsive with formative energy, and ideas and impulses are rapidly maturing into powerful events. The best and the worst of human nature are brought to the surface, displaying their predominant strength in the civic and politic affairs of men.

In this stormy and strenuous life, motive holds the balance of power. It is the motive that gives to an act its moral survival value. Hence while our time needs intrepid actors, it is in no less urgent need of unselfish and well balanced thinkers. Manhood, virtue, courage and will are indispensable factors in all true and permanent culture.

We need at once simplicity and depth. In place of artful spectacular grandiloquence, let us have sober, earnest and plain spoken truth. For no argument is more convincing than simple, unvarnished truth.

Our stage of evolution demands men and women with keen analytic perception, and calm, impersonal judgment. Statements and estimates should be gauged by things and conditions as they are, not as they ought to be, or are wished to be. It is the duty of the individual to society to cultivate the power

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of concentration so as to be able to adjust things in their minute relations. Success is reared on a basis of scrupulously arranged details. Lord Rosebery finds in the close application to matters of detail the main cause for Napoleon's phenomenal success. It is the small things that make up the big, and perfection is made up by trifles. As there are no small enemies in the world, so there are no mean trifles. It is the scrutinous, painstaking observation of details and "trifles" in the life of man and nature, and the power to portray them, that give to the artist and essayist their strength and quality. Human life in its calmest events and least noticed walks, furnishes the field where the thinker finds his grandest revelations.

There is no high, and there is no low, says Emerson. Our estimate of the more ideal pursuits of life, such as poetry, philosophy and art, as contrasted with the simpler and less ostensible talents of ordinary communal duties, are all exaggerated and false. We need bend no knee in self-abasement for the poetic and artistic grandeur of the ancients. The true man of to-day is as grand a man and as potent for good as any man ever brought forth by evolution. For while the thinkers and teachers of India and Greece sought for truth and happiness in the "blaue hinein" on the ideal heights of some metaphysical *Maru* or *Olympus,* the mental leaders of to-day concentrate their thought on the realization of practical and humanizing issues. The ancients, in their endeavor to discover the Infinite, lost sight of Earth and of Humanity; while the moderns proceed to interrogate the Author of the Universe by examining into the conditions, the needs and necessities of the common life of man. The prophet has come down from the cloud-wrapt heights of *Sinai* and *Horeb* to the level of concrete existence. He mingles with the men of Earth and explores the labyrinth of social complications inspired by his heart-touch with human interests. If it was the glory of the

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past to idealize the real, it is the glory of the present to realize the ideal. In a word, true modern culture has discovered God in the hearts and lives of men, while the ancients looked for Him in the luminous, but cool and sterile heights of abstract philosophy.

And in this difference between the ideals of the past and the present we find the keynote to the great absorbing theme of modern culture: humanity with its hopes and fears; its desires and necessities; its dreams and realizations. It is the conception of usefulness to life and fidelity to man that energizes the minds of our present great men—the attempt to lift the whole human situation to a higher and brighter level, and to love our neighbor, not only *as* ourselves, but, as Maurice Maeterlinck expresses it, *in* ourselves. In other words, the modern reformer must identify himself with the needs of his fellow men, and, like Tennyson, become a part of all he has seen.

This earnest effort to embody in the national life the principle of human brotherhood is the highest mark reached by the evolutionary wave; and to organize this humanizing impulse into conditions of progressive growth means the liberation of the highest and noblest powers present in man.

Now the great guarantee for social advancement lies in the power of the individual to react on the vicissitudes of life in terms of duty and virtue. But we must distinguish between real virtue and apparent virtue; between virtue as an expression of a socially or professionally accepted code of ethics, and virtue as a spontaneous power of helpfulness, based on a sense of moral obligation. The class first mentioned manifests in *tact* or calculated conduct; the latter in *life* and moral self-consciousness.

Hence, the man whose public conduct is sustained and regulated by a code of ethics possesses no basis for a sound growth

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of character. He may exhibit tact, consideration and public virtue, but is prompted by expediency, rather than by an innate and spontaneous appreciation of truth and justice.

Consequently we may discriminate between the ethical and the moral man. The ethical man adjusts his conduct to the demands of professional success, extending his efforts along the lines of least resistance. He is suave, tactful and considerate, yielding to any persuasion that holds out personal advantage. His morality is a cloak, which he changes to suit conditions, and his entire existence is a stage performance regulated by external pressure rather than by integral vital demands. Hence, his center of gravity is not within his sphere of existence, but outside it, and swayed by emotions and personal sentiments in place of conscience and principle. So far from serving as a nucleus for social growth he stands as a *petra fiscalis*—a rock of disaster—in the path of progress; obstructing rather than promoting the advancement of human culture.

It is natural that if the quiet unfoldment of mankind to-day is to take its course along lines of safe and permanent growth, the activity of the purely ethical character must be isolated from the institutions and agencies which deal with the public welfare. For no force is more compelling than the force of example, and the example of a selfish man acts as a vitiating element in the life of humanity, spreading its miasma to every mind porous to its influence.

On the other hand, the truly moral man is the man who acts not from calculation but from principle, indifferent to whatever personal advantage or disadvantage results from it. His great guiding rule for conduct lies in the immortal maxim of Immanuel Kant, so to live "that every individual action may be applicable as universal law."

The moral man is the man of rugged virtue; the man who does the good for its own sake, moved by the same impulse

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which makes the rose smell and the bird carol. His entire nature is a prompting to do what is right and true; and being governed by pure, unselfish motives, bursts forth in spontaneous well-doing, regardless of whether fame or blame is to be his reward. Plaudits from the gallery affect him not; his only prompter is his conscience, and to do good his only aim. He is a living power for good.

The distinguishing features in these two types of men lie in the difference of their motives. For motive, as has already been pointed out, constitutes the index of a man's character. It is the sole balancing power of life by which the individual may either lift himself to supernal heights of mortal worth, or sink down into the depths of moral degradation.

It is, moreover, a fact to be seriously considered, that any act based on a selfish motive is really limiting the true strength and freedom of the actor, and that the struggle for personal existence in the kingdom of men, so far from increasing an individual's survival-value, lessens and ultimately destroys it by the sheer force of isolation. "You must estimate," says Thomas à Kempis in his "Imitation of Christ," "your profit, not by the number of things which you gain, but rather by those which you have learned to despise and live without." And the statement that he who gives up his life shall win it is not the unmeaning loquacity of an impractical dreamer, but a statement based on universal law.

The whole life-process of an individual is determined by the color of his motive. For the motive directs the source from which he draws his available energies. If selfish, his vital resources are limited to his own personal self, circumscribed and walled in by his self-constricted, egotistic thought; while if unselfish, his mental resources will be as universal as his desire to do good, and capable of embracing every manifestation of life and power in the world.

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Being receptive and bibulous to the great surging tides of interhuman life, the man of unselfish motives absorbs into his mind as practically realizable knowledge, the constructive thought-currents of intelligence and power interlinking minds to minds.

Mighty in their constructive power are the thoughts and ideas thus deposited in the mind of the unselfish man. He drinks knowledge from all sources, discerns the future course of human progress, feels the true need of humanity, and knows how to administer to it. He is the prophet and protector of men during all times and ages.

Realizing his reciprocal connection with the exhaustless storehouse of Cosmic power, the unselfish man becomes strong and fearless. He feels himself a focus of incalculable power—a channel for every principle of truth, justice and moral order in the universe.

Is it strange that such a realization prompts the individual to consecrate his soul and body, his heart and hand to the service of mankind, and to inspire him to engage in deeds of valor and heroism, of courage and devotion? Convinced that the principles for which he struggles are indestructible, he proceeds on his path of duty with divine safety and calmness. His cause is imperishable as the universe. Conditions threatening to terminate his bodily existence do not cause him anxiety, inasmuch as the principles for which he lives and for which his existence has its only value, are eternal. His personal life, by force of sympathy, has expanded into an intersocial, an interhuman life, while the imperishable attributes of this larger life unfold, through sympathy, into transfigured identity with universal interests.

The fearlessness of these advanced men turns them into movers and leaders of society. Having risen to a consciousness of the deeper meaning of life they become active agents

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for the great soul of evolution and endowed with power to change the destinies of nations and inaugurate new eras. They become the Luthers, the Cromwells, Carlyles, Ruskins and Emersons of all times and ages. They are the world's consciences and the custodians of universal virtue.

It is a fact, at once a prophecy and fulfilment, that there is an increasing tendency among the leading men of the world to-day, to recognize and utilize the evolutionary power of applied morals. And with morals we do not mean the mere sympathy for suffering, or the mere wish to do good; but the forceful and fearless application of man's noblest powers to meet the needs and interests of the common life—the manifestation of duty, devotion and courage in the service of humanity.

To lead the life is to know the doctrine. Hence knowledge springs from duty and unselfish work. To be moral in the true sense of the word means to be a recipient of universal wisdom, love and power, and a lever for the physical and moral uplifting of mankind.

The great central force in the social evolution is the power of man to realize truth. Back of every morally legitimate action of life stands truth. Its essence and power are to the moral world what the sun of our solar system is to the physical world. And as the latter responds to the action of the sun by evolving from its substances the innumerable forms of vegetative existence, so the response of the moral world to the living power of truth, generates in the human mind the conception of virtue and formation of character. For what are the various manifestations of virtue but the power of truth taking growth in the field of human life?

And again, as the sensation we term heat is a reaction produced in the physical world through its responsiveness to the action of light, so in a corresponding way the emotions of

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sympathy, charity and affection—which may indeed be called the warmth of the soul—spring up in the consciousness of man from the readiness and capacity of his mind to respond to the vivifying rays of truth, while the wondrous generative and progressive changes resulting in the soul give rise to growth of character. Finally, when this process is realized in terms of self-consciousness, we experience that high-wrought thrill of pure, boundless life, called happiness.

Consequently there can be no growth without truth, and no happiness without growth. The entire welfare of humanity, its evolution and destiny, is primarily and fundamentally based on the power of the individual to adhere to the principle of truth.

But with truth is not only to be understood a conformity of speech to the observation of events. Sincerity and trustworthiness between men is a form of truth, but not the only one. It is not enough to be sincere to others—it is perhaps still more important to be sincere to oneself. A broken resolution involving degenerative changes of character is a lie the individual hurls at his own immortal self, which must have the most serious bearing on his destiny. We despise a man who tells us a lie, but condone the same vice when committed within ourselves in silence. We lie to ourselves in every secret indulgence, in the conformity to a low habit, in the harboring of an unworthy thought. We lie to ourselves in committing any act which has not our own or our fellowmen's moral improvement for its object. Any failure to adjust our life to the promptings of our conscience is a falsehood to existence and a lie to ourselves.

And as the life and thought of society is not locked up in watertight compartments, but embraces in unceasing reciprocity every form and expression of conscience, it follows that the influence of a lie is not limited to its immediate tangi-

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ble effect, but is felt, consciously or unconsciously, as a deteriorating, weakening impulse throughout the whole domain of existence. On the other hand, the word of truth being governed by similar laws of universality, becomes a living source of moral strength and integrity to all mankind. To speak the truth means to become a recipient of its influence. If we wish to come into possession of a material object we must extend our hand to get it. So likewise on the plane of thoughts and ideas. To receive truth we must extend our mind to grasp it; *i.e.*, render ourselves receptive by recognizing *the* existence of something we as yet do not know, and be eager to learn to know it. Hence, the difficulty experienced by the dogmatist and theorizer to obtain truth. Persuaded by their selfish instincts that whatsoever is contradictory to their own preconceived ideas and conceptions must be wrong and untrue, these pretended scientists, heedless of the ideals of the new time, pursue the old abandoned grooves of thought, and come no farther. The obstacle that held these unfortunate scholars from truth is found in their own self-conceit, and the only means of clearing their path of progress lies in a change of mental attitude to the vital questions of the time—a change only possible in a modest and humble estimate of themselves. To be great is to be humble, and a glance at the world's epochal thinkers at once discloses the fact, that with all their wisdom they were yet meek and humble, and drew their strength, courage and heroism from their realization of being mere agents or instruments for a power immensely greater than their own.

"The kingdom of nature," said the great world-teacher Immanuel Kant, "is like unto the kingdom of heaven; none but children may enter," and, at another time, late in his years, he added, that "all his thoughts and speculations had commenced and ended in astonishment." Hence modesty, simplicity and

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faith are not only to be regarded as ornaments and pleasing virtues, but as absolute conditions for the attainment of truth and progress.

But if truth be the central force in the social evolution, then love is its dynamo and generative source. Truth is love rendered *self-conscious,* the index or barometer by which the presence of love in the human heart is indicated. Without love there can be no truth, as the latter is an interpreter of the former and describes its action. Hence there can be no religion, no philosophy, no science, higher than truth. If the sun be permitted to serve as a symbol of love, then the energy of this exhaustless stellar dynamo, when conducted into forms and substances of material existence, would represent the processes of love as manifested in the thoughts and actions of men. For love as active energy is truth, and the latter when discovered in any nature process is classified as law.

And love is the essence of God—the substratum for all harmonic life. To love is to permit the divine essence to find a well-spring in our soul-nature from which will ensue a consciousness of the mystery and meaning of existence and growth. "He that lives the life shall know the doctrine." Love is the word which the social Sphinx is waiting to hear pronounced—not as utterance merely, but as life; not as confession, but as action. In and through love we shall become seers and prophets with power to guide human destiny; in and through love we shall find the light and the wisdom to cause the social discords to melt away into enduring harmonies of growth and progress.

As a practical force in the social evolution love is paramount and indispensable. No reform is possible without love, and no degeneration, however brutal, can long withstand its transforming and transfiguring power. "Speak to his heart," once said Tolstoï, "and the man becomes suddenly earnest," and the

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carpenter-philosopher from Galilee once for all gave the solvent to social peace and order in the five words—so simple and yet so profound: "Love those who hate you."

The philosophy back of this apparently impossible request lies in love's transforming and qualifying powers. Like fire it turns everything it touches into its own element. A man is evil because he permits himself to be governed by destructive energies. He is good because he permits himself to be governed by constructive energies. Now to add to the one or the other of these set of forces means the destruction or construction of the character involved in the process. Hence, the return of love for evil means the strengthening of whatever is good and noble yet present in the hater, and the subsequent self-conquest of the individual by the forces of good and love.

The soul fecundated by love shall give birth to the spirit of joy. To evolve love the whole soul-nature of man must be engaged in the process. It is the combination of all human virtues—a growth nourished by every faculty of our soul-nature. It constitutes the precious fruit of a long and careful gardening—the sacred product of tireless service for humanity. And as love gives birth to wisdom and power, its practise in daily life constitutes the final, the redeeming, the infallible force in social evolution.

The time is short; the more the reason then
For filling it as full as it can hold
With thrills of beauty, yearnings for the truth,
And joys of love and labor manifold.
Then, should it chance, as we would fain believe,
Life's glory waits us in some other sphere,
Its first great joy shall be we did not miss
God's meaning in the glory that is here.

—*J. W. Chadwick.*

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NATURE.

BY T. SHELLEY SUTTON.

Nature is pure and perfect,
  Nature is brave and strong,
For wisdom and love are living
  Under the seeming wrong—
Wisdom and love eternal,
  Justice and Truth and Right,
And dark tho' the road, and barren,
  The lamp at its goal is bright.

Nature is broad and noble,
  Nature is deep and firm,
For Purpose and Reason govern
  Even its smallest worm—
Purpose and Reason, latent,
  Mercy and Love for all,
Ruling the soul's ascension,
  Guiding the sparrow's fall.

Nature is true and tender,
  Nature is wise and kind;
Strange is her eye, but never—
  Never—no, never blind!
Deep is her motive, hidden
  Far from the sight of man,
But the boon of to-morrow cometh
  Out of our present ban.

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Nature is fair and guiltless,
So is her offspring born;
Wise is the Mind that giveth
Even the rose a thorn;
Wise is the Mind, and perfect,
Back of the seeming crime—
Æsop, deformed and crippled,
Cherished a soul sublime.

Nature is good and gen'rous,
Nature is never vain—
Deep in the cup of sorrow
Many a pearl hath lain;
Rugged the oak, and knotted,
Stately and tall the pine—
Yours is a path of beauty,
Dreary and sad is mine.

But out of the mists of ages,
Red with the blood of shame,
Shineth the Light of Wisdom,
Showing us whence we came;
Out of the somber shadows
Cometh the stars of night,
And the welkin of eve is gladdened
By many a gleam of light.

And so from the scattered ashes
The Phœnix of Love shall spring,
And the fate that has crushed our spirit
Shall give it the golden wing;
And the Nature that made the genius
And the Nature that made the fool
Shall mate their souls in the trend of Time
From the first to the final school.

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THE PSYCHOLOGY OF SUGGESTIVE THERAPEUTICS.

BY A. C. HALPHIDE, M.D.

The profound influence exerted by one person over another has been observed and discussed since the beginning of recorded history. The nature of the influence has always been a mystery until recently, when hypnotism furnished the key to the solution of the problem and also gave us the answer to the question: "What is the psychology of suggestive therapeutics?" The answer depends upon the peculiar constitution and the natural operation of the mind.

The constitution of the mind is such that man is naturally credulous. Skepticism and incredulity are conditions developed by the hard lessons of experience. Belief in the truth and honesty of our fellow man is innate and is replaced by doubt and distrust slowly, after many painful disappointments. Fortunately, the displacement is never complete and none is ever wholly robbed of his birthright,—his faith in his fellows. The unreasoning credulity of any person is the exact measure of his susceptibility to suggestion in the waking state. Hypnotism is the means used to increase a person's susceptibility to suggestion.

There is a door that all ideas must pass through in order to reach the mind, and this door is guarded by a sentinel, the reason, who admits or rejects the applicants for entrance. Early in life and in persons of simple, childlike credulity, the sentinel allows nearly all ideas to pass through the door into the mind. It is not so later in life and with the skeptical, for then the sentinel is loath to let any ideas into the mind. During natural sleep and in hypnosis the sentinel appears to be

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off duty, and, therefore, in these states of mind persons are highly susceptible to suggestion.

The mind is not only constituted so that it readily believes things that have not been proven, but the belief works itself out into feelings and actions. That is to say: "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he." One's believing always determines his living; if he believes in a person or a thing he lives in harmony with his beliefs. This is because his beliefs give rise to expectation. He expects the person and the thing to justify his faith in them, and the expectation becomes an important factor in his subsequent life, whether it is well founded or not.

What the mind expects is likely to happen, the popular saying to the contrary notwithstanding. This is especially true of events under the individual's mental control. For example, a person who expects a certain experience, as riding on a railway train, to give him a headache, or a certain kind of food to upset his stomach, will rarely be disappointed when exposed to those conditions. A story is told of a gentleman who had charge of an official disinterment, to the effect that he declared that he smelt the odor of putrefaction when the diggers unearthed the coffin-box, and moved away, holding his nose, but when the coffin was opened it was found empty. This point will be further illustrated.

Another constitutional peculiarity of the mind is its division into planes of consciousness; namely, the sub-conscious, conscious, and superconscious states of mind. These are exhibited in natural sleep, somnambulism and hypnosis, and also in cases of pathological double personality. The division of the mind into its conscious and sub-conscious states is too well understood to need further explanation here; however, it will add to the clearness of what is to follow if the chief offices of these segregated consciousnesses are stated.

Following the classification just given, the office of the con-

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scious mind, sometimes called the objective mind, is coextensive with the voluntary activities of the body and mind in the state of wakefulness. In short, it controls the voluntary movements of the body and the knowing, feeling and willing of the mind. The sub-conscious mind, sometimes called the subjective mind, is coextensive with the involuntary functions of the body and mind in their operations, in the waking state, but in the sub-conscious states it has full control of the whole man. Briefly stated, its office is to attend to the welfare of the entire being in all of its states throughout life. The office of the conscious mind, the control of the intellectual forces, is important, but that of the sub-conscious mind, the superintendence of the vital forces, is much more important in relation to diseases and their cure.

The fact that the sub-conscious mind controls the vital functions of the body is no more important, however, than the discovery that the same mind is amenable to suggestion. The discovery was made and its truth verified by hypnotic experimentation. The suggestibility of the sub-conscious mind discloses the reason why childlike, credulous persons and those in hypnosis are so susceptible to suggested ideas; it is because their sub-conscious minds are easily reached and impressed. In like manner, it explains why the skeptical who refuse admission to so many ideas are not suggestible; it is because they prevent the ideas from reaching the sub-conscious part of the mind. Beside furnishing these much-needed explanations, the amenability of the sub-conscious mind to suggestion provides a way of approach and a means of control of the vital forces of the body of immense value in suggestive therapeutics.

Such are the constitution and operation of the mind, and they furnish the factors involved in suggestion. The application of suggestion to the treatment of diseases constitutes suggestive therapeutics; therefore, it is only necessary to explain and

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illustrate this application to complete the answer to our question, "What is the psychology of suggestive therapeutics?"

Suggestion, in this connection, means the offering of ideas to persons in such a way that they will be accepted and acted upon consciously or unconsciously. As a matter of fact, every thing the physician says to or does for the patient acts as a suggestion, and the wise physician will take advantage of this in his treatment of him. When the patient comes for treatment he is usually suggestible, that is, he believes in the doctor and readily accepts and follows his advice and directions, expecting to be cured by them. His faith in the physician gives rise to an expectation that in turn directs the vital forces of the body and restores him to health. The steps in the cure are plain: The patient is first suggestible; then, he believes; next, he expects to be healed; and finally, his mind justifies the expectation. An actual case will serve to illustrate more fully.

A young man about twenty years of age suffering from chorea was advised to go to a physician for relief. He decided to do so, and asked if his ailment was curable by suggestion. He was confidently assured that it was and he believed it. Then, for several consecutive days, he was given positive suggestions to the effect that he would regain his self-control and recover his health. He accepted the suggestions and expected to get well, and his expectation was rewarded within the month by a complete recovery from the disease of several years' standing. No other remedy was used during the suggestive treatment.

CHARACTER is measured, not by results, but by quality. Appearances deceive us: God searches the motive. Not by the little or much we do or fail to do are we judged, but by our intentions, by our fidelity or unfaithfulness.

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SOME ILLOGICAL CONCLUSIONS.

BY FRANCES HOLBROOK PFEIFFER.

A noticeable fact about the so-called New Thought is its many-sidedness. It is broken into many fine bits. There are all sorts of diversity of opinion, and different names, and general choppiness.—This is a very hopeful sign.

At the beginning of Christianity there was *one* sect, *one* name, *one* idea. As time went on it split up, diffused, scattered, until the creeds are numberless.

Like any power or energy which is gradually scattered or diffused, Christianity has lost its strength and its original purpose. It was good in its time and place—and still has a time and place—but it has been oozing out for so long, that the alert mind has demanded something more concentrated, and direct and unadulterated. So we have the beginning of the New Thought.

And because the times and humanity are so used to small bits of things, the New Thought comes to us brokenly, many-sided and diversified.

At the first glance it seems very confusing, and one is tempted to believe that there is no knowing where the truth may lie, or where to search for the quintessence of things. A clearer insight, however, shows one that this diversity is only temporary—only the beginning. We are so many-minded, and so different, that we cannot see the truth in the same way; we must *begin* to see things differently, and as we look and grow, we will find that all these little lights lead to the Great Light.—We will find as we grow, and as time goes on, that the New Thought is converging into one great and beautiful whole;

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that all the broken bits are being perfectly fitted together, that the New Thought with its many names, ideas and opinions, will, to suit our larger growth, be one thought, and it will be called Religion.

Christianity started as a whole, and broke up into parts, lost its relations of parts, and lost its power (comparatively speaking). The *New Thought begins* in parts, relates its parts, and becomes a whole which will be Religion.

We children in this large family, like children of smaller families, cannot be dealt with in exactly the same way. Some of us learn a certain thing with blocks, some of us with worsted-work, others with pencil and paper, or with boxes of tools. So we have been given many things with which we are to do our lessons, and all the time there is one great thing toward which we are working,—the finding of *all* the truth.

The fusing of the New Thought will not be a conglomerate or "pudding-stone," where the parts are *compelled* to hold together, and still insist upon their own little shape and size and individuality, but it will be a beautiful blending of the whole. Then there will be a common word to express the quintessence of things, and that word will be God.

"The Supreme," the "Infinite Spirit," "Destiny," "Providence," "The Deity," "Fate," convey the meaning to our *many* minds, but when we begin to see the Truth in its entirety, we will begin to speak and write a universal language and understand each other.

The word God is short, terse, comprehensive and great. The misuse of it will have been forgotten, and we will love it for it means Everything.

* * *

There seems now, to be two directly opposite ideas in the New Thought teaching. One sect says, "Do everything yourself. Look neither up nor down for help. You do everything,

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gain health, strength, character, money, and life more abundant by your *unaided* self."

This is very true, and it is also true that if it is not done, the lack is within ourselves.

The other sect says, "Look to God; He knows that you have need of these things. That which is best for you He will send."

This is true also. I was puzzled about it just as the little girl was who objected to washing her face because of her sore finger. Her mother said, "God will make your finger well"; and she answered, "Then why doesn't he wash my face, too?"

We must "hold the thought and hustle." This is the illogical conclusion; God knows what I have need of, and gives me exactly what I need, be it poverty and illness, or health and plenty;—but *I* by my thinking, living, and doing, make or change my needs. God and I work together. If I bring upon myself the need of sorrow, or poverty, or ill-health, God sees to it that those things come to me. My part in it may be unconscious, but I can profit by that which Gods sends to me as a result of my unconscious act. If I live and think in a manner which demonstrates that I am capable of more abundant life God's part is to see that I have more abundant life.

Both teachings are true, and thus we near the converging lines.

* * *

When I was in college I selected my room with great care, as if it were to be my abiding place forever. If there were defects in it, it was most momentous, and made me miserable. I was not wise enough to realize that I was there for only a short time, and that by far the most important thing was how well I learned my lessons. In this school of the earth I have learned that by far the most important thing is how well we learn our lessons.

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Cheerfully, hopefully, trustfully, must we take up our "required" work, before we can begin our delightful "electives." Before the course is finished we shall see that both the "required" and the "electives" are necessary, that all point toward one great Center—GOD.

AN ECHO.

An echo sounds along the line
  Of ages, traveling on,
Impressing each with voice divine,
  And waking every dawn;

And stirring hours in endless dance,
  With lively melodies,
Announcing all the time advance,
  And great deliveries.

All future life, and state, and skies
  Do hinge upon the past;
The present comes and ever dies,
  And tho' its fate is cast,

It leaves its print forevermore
  Upon the sands of time,
That, glistening 'long the pearly shore,
  Compose an endless rhyme.

And thus eternity's a chime,
  Made up of all the yore,
Of present, past, and future time,—
  An echo 'long the shore.

DR. WILLIAM J. HILL.

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THE EQUATION OF LIFE.

(PAST + PRESENT = X [FUTURE])

BY CHAS. H. RING.

Life is an equation—a vast complex problem. We are constantly wondering or worrying about the future. Our minds are filled with speculative ideas regarding the future. We are always looking forward to something that we think will occur or that we wish to occur. How often do we ruminate over and meditate upon past conditions with no other object in view than to try to evolve from them future conditions. Our thoughts are constantly of the future; in fact, our sole purpose in life seems to be to consider the future.

Reminiscences of the past interest us only to that extent in which they seem to influence the future. To most of us the future is a realm of deepest mystery—a domain shrouded in an impenetrable veil. Sometimes the veil is lifted a little and we catch glimpses of the mysterious beyond; but usually the gates of futurity are closed to us, and we have to wait until the future arrives and becomes the present before we can solve the equation of past and present conditions and find the value of X.

However, the human race has of late years been undergoing a wonderful process of mental development. Psychical science, as well as physical science, has been coming to the front with new ideas and new discoveries, and although the more complex problems of life seem insoluble, yet some of the simpler ones can be worked out with comparative ease. This is especially true in chemistry, where scientists have demonstrated that certain conditions must produce positive results.

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Given, a pan of water and a temperature below freezing and ice must be the result. Let a block of ice and a temperature above freezing represent positive conditions, and we can easily see that the value of X is water. Let a man with a weak stomach, a strong appetite, a lack of common sense and a lot of indigestible food in close proximity equal positive conditions. It is safe to say that the value of X in this equation would equal—indigestion.

Given conditions must produce certain results. The laws of Nature are, as far as science has been able to ascertain, absolutely immutable. Conditions produce certain results which, in turn, become other conditions. Then these last conditions produce results, and these last results in turn become new conditions, and this process of conditions producing results and results becoming conditions is practically what we call Evolution. Life is simply a constant change of conditions. With some simple conditions we can figure out future conditions and thus obtain the value of X; but with the more complex conditions of life, it is a tremendous task, with our present lack of mental development, to figure out accurately just what future conditions will exist.

Suppose, for instance, we have for a problem a man who owns some railroad stock and we wish to make up an equation, the solving of which will give us as the value of X, the future condition of that stock. In the first place, before we could even attempt to solve the problem, it would be an almost impossible task to get together the positive quantities necessary to make the equation. We would have to have the man's habits, disposition, natural propensities, a complete detailed history of his life, together with a detailed account of the life of every other man or woman on earth who had ever had anything to do with railroads. We would have to have, in detail, the present and past conditions of every railroad in

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the world, the geographical, geological and climatic conditions of every portion of the country through which a railroad runs, and thousands of other conditions, both present and past, before we could have a proper equation to work on.

Of course, we might take a very few conditions for positive quantities and work out the equation with comparative ease; but the result would not be absolutely correct. It would be largely speculative. We could not possibly get an absolutely correct solution of the problem without having every condition both present and past to figure on. Before we can undertake to combat with such a stupendous complexity, we must develop the two senses that lie practically dormant in most human beings to-day. These two senses are Intuition and Inspiration.

With the sense of Intuition properly developed we can become cognizant of existing conditions without the aid of the common physical senses, and with the sense of Inspiration sufficiently developed we can become cognizant of the natural results of the conditions which we become aware of through the sense of Intuition.

Many instances may be cited where one has become aware of certain surrounding conditions without being able to state definitely just how the knowledge of those conditions has been acquired. You have often been introduced to a perfect stranger and have either liked or disliked him before a word passed between you. In some instances you have known him to be a man whose thoughts and ideas were not in harmony with your own. On other occasions you have liked a stranger from the first, because you have felt that his thoughts and ideas were in harmony with your own. It is the sense of Intuition that enables you, in a vague way, to become cognizant of the natural trend of character in another. Your mind simply becomes aware of conditions through this sense.

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Suppose that you are alone in a room, with your mind in a comparatively passive state. Some one enters the next room; but so quietly that you could not become aware of his presence through any of the physical senses. However, the one who has entered the adjoining room is the center of a mass of etheric vibrations which emanate from him and radiate in all directions. Thus anyone with a developed sense of Intuition would be susceptible to these vibrations and would then be aware of the presence. Conversely, a person without any developed sense of Intuition would not be likely to feel these etheric vibrations.

Vibrations emanate not only from human beings. Every conceivable condition, both animate and inanimate, is the center of some kind of vibration. Probably you have had an experience on some perfectly dark night of walking through the country and almost throwing yourself against a rock that you could not see on account of the darkness. However, you did not hurl yourself against it. You could neither see it nor hear it and you did not touch it. Yet, while you did not become aware of any obstacle in your path by the aid of your physical senses, you did nevertheless feel in some way that there was an obstruction in front of you. Your sense of Intuition told you that it was there.

The explanation of this is very simple. A rock is seemingly absolutely inert as far as our physical senses are concerned; but even cold-blooded physical science tells us that a rock is a mass of constantly moving molecules revolving around one another. This constant movement of the molecules must necessarily send forth vibrations; but the vibrations are so slight that they cannot be recognized through the agency of any of our physical senses. The mind, being susceptible to vibrations in proportion to its development, recognizes these molecular vibrations through the sense of Intuition. Hence, the sense of

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Intuition is that part of one's mentality which receives and recognizes vibrations that are too fine for our physical senses to perceive.

With most of us, the sense of Intuition exists within us in a very crude state. We have done nothing to develop it and make it susceptible to these finer vibrations, and no one can solve the problem of life without having this sense developed. With the proper amount of development one can become aware at any time of any existing condition; for the mind never refuses anything that its lieutenant, Intuition, brings to it.

Even with this sense of Intuition to help us, we can not hope to succeed with our great problem unless we develop the greatest of all senses—the sense of Inspiration. With this sense developed, one can bring forth all the records from the archives of the past and evolve from them a comprehensive solution of the mysteriously veiled future. The doors of the world to be, which are closed to the other senses, open at once to the command of Inspiration. Nothing is hidden. No recesses of the past are too deep to evade the scrutiny of, and no realms of the future are too far away to be reached by, this all powerful and all seeing sense. The dark pages of the prehistoric past are covered with vague characters that are indecipherable to the other senses; but when the searching light of Inspiration is thrown upon them, they become illumined and display the records of bygone conditions. Then, a process of assimilation of those records takes place in the mind and they are transformed into absolute future conditions. The paths of the future, previously shrouded in mystery, are now open to the penetrating gaze of the divine sense, Inspiration.

Thus and thus only can the problem of life be solved. The present is everything, and at the same time, nothing. It is merely a succession of flashes. We think that we experience the present. In an instant it becomes the past. Nothing in the

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universe is ever stationary. There is a constant movement and a constant change. If we could divide an instant into a million parts the condition of the entire universe would be different in the second millionth part from what it was in the first millionth part of the instant.

An incomprehensible force constantly moves, constantly changes, and by constantly pushing the future into the past, it makes the future absolutely dependent upon the past. There could be no future if there were no past. The past builds the future and then absorbs it. How, then, could future conditions possibly be independent of past conditions?

Even with the aid of only our physical senses we may, in a limited way, figure out our future lives from past conditions. In the science of palmistry, one can see in one's hand certain lines which, by years of experiment and observation, have been proved to indicate both past and future conditions in one's life. The lines indicating future conditions are dependent on the lines indicating past conditions.

In the science of phrenology, the contour of the skull has been proved, by years of experiment and observation by intellectual men, to denote certain conditions which one has experienced and which must inevitably cause certain conditions to be experienced.

In the science of physiognomy, the formation and size of the features denote certain characteristics and propensities which make certain past conditions unquestionable and certain future conditions inevitable.

If so many of these equations can be worked out with only the aid of the physical senses, how can we reasonably put a limit to the possibilities of the mind when we have to aid us Intuition and Inspiration?

"Words are but the garment of thought."

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THE AWAKENING OF THE APPLE TREE.

BY WILLIAM BRUNTON.

Trees have thoughts and feelings—of course they have, or how would they amount to anything and come to bloom and bear their fruit? The Power is their friend, and is treating them with the Wisdom of Love so as to make them a picture and parable to souls who need all illumination of the wide world about them. This is why I ask you to think over the awakening of the apple tree.

There it stood on the hillside, with its group of companions in long rows running up and down the orchard in straight lines. They had been carefully planted, in equal distances, and so as to give free play to the air and sunshine in their growing. They were very fortunate in having an owner who was proud of their looks and their harvest, and he did the best that human skill could do for their productiveness. They were tended all the year round with the same solicitude and kindness—and so they were an extra lot of trees, you might say; and standing nearest to the road about twenty yards from the fence was the tree the owner thought was the prince of them all. In the height of the season it was a beauty, and in autumn it bore the most luscious fruit.

But here it was just feeling the influence of spring. It was April now, and the stirrings of nature proclaimed the morning of the year to all growing things, and they had to respond to the call of the great Mother. There was nothing else to do, and the apple tree was coming to itself with the rest of the world.

This happens so regularly that we hardly think of it with the wonder we ought. It is natural, we say, and that seems to

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settle us down into the matter-of-course business in such a way that the thrill and poetry of it escape us. Not so with the trees; they have the full force and blessedness of the spring-tide. It is like a new creation to them, as slowly they realize the unfolding of the leaf and the splendor of the bloom.

Our tree was rubbing its eyes, as you might say, and looking round to see that winter was really gone. But seeing itself it could have no particular pride in its bare branches and gnarled trunk. That was its starting point this year, as it had been for many a year before, to find itself a tree and with all its fine possibilities to be achieved.

"I am no beauty," it said; "I am but a common tree, anyway, yet here I am among the rest, to be with them and share their blessing as it comes along. We are essential to the completeness of things, and, therefore, doubtless shall have whatever is our perfection. I like this living, I like the sun and dew and rain, the sky and the earth. It surely is good to feel the bliss of being—taking it just as it is—but it is always with the something more that awaits it, and with change that is pleasure also and deep surprise. Yes, I am glad that I am—and I rejoice that the bluebird and the robin speak my thanks in their merry, piping way. This seems to be the nature of things that we help each other in the rounding out of gladness.

"But I don't see that I have much to brag about at present, only as hope makes out her program, things look better. And that is excellent to have a dream of months of enjoyment in growth with everything helping on that fact. Oh, this is great —why, I can feel the rapture of it from my lowest roots to the topmost twig. I am glad of my golden opportunities and the sureness of their fulfilment. What we are to-day is not the end, it is the means of the something better that is to crown the morrow, and all a slow process of attainment that the perfectness of it may fill the hours with peace.

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"Is this a hard lot? Sometimes it has seemed a little like it, but only for a moment of foolishness, for the hard fiber of my make-up teaches me that all things work together for good, and I will have it so. I will not entertain the thought that it could be otherwise. I am in the orchard for good, and only good, and my faith is firmly rooted in this principle.

"A few weeks ago the gardener came along and he trimmed our branches, as he said. He cut away unmercifully at us—as it seemed—but all the while kept saying, as he was treating me so—'that will make it bear more fruit.' It pleased him to shorten my boughs, and he had no regret at the seeming loss, because I should bear more fruit. And he said, 'that is just like men—they are cut back in their ambitions and they have their possessions taken from them, that a finer quality of fruit may be theirs. It is not the abundance, it is the worth that counts.' This is something I can't altogether understand, but suppose he knew what he was talking about—and doubtless he is right.

"I know that I have what seems rough experience. Since I began to stir in my sleep the bleak winds of March had been fiercely blowing. Yet this dies away and the sunshine comes, and that is the wine of heaven that has no sorrow in its drinking, and that puts all brightness in my life. Why, the mere talking about it gives me new strength, and the dream of my bloom is in my heart at this very moment. Oh, it is lovely to be in a world where the promises of the Good are faithfully kept. I am glad that in my time, in this, my place, I am an apple-tree."

In the dawn of the year, does not the heart of man also awaken to the impulse and inspiration of this gladness that God is, and we are to revel in the bloom of hope and love the wonder of His radiance and blessedness? The trees of the orchard can teach us many things if we have the eyes to see and the ears to hear!

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A MORNING TALK.

OUR HERITAGE.

BY CLARA ENGLISH.

The wide piazza, screened by green and white awnings from the midsummer rays of the eastern sun, the broad expanse of shaded lawn, the rhythmic sound of waves lapping the shore, the invigorating, salty air of old ocean—to say nothing of the health-giving qualities of the mental atmosphere—together constituted an environment at once energizing and subtly soothing to soul and sense.

Two men, familiar friends, whose affection for each other had been cemented by no ordinary bond, sat silently receptive to the charm of the scene and the hour.

The younger man picked up the morning paper and began idly to look over its pages; while the other, his guest, white-haired, youthful-faced, continued consciously to absorb the harmonies around him. Earth, air, fire and water in most happy combination, was his thought.

"'Penniless, yet a millionaire!' Paradoxical headline," commented the former and host—and it is as Host and Guest that the two will here be known—"'A man dies in poverty while vast estates await him.' It seems," after scanning the paragraph, "that this man had spent the best years of his life as a farm laborer on the western prairies, not knowing he was heir to property in Norway, valued at several million dollars. Well, poor soul, I truly hope he doesn't know now how much he missed."

"Didn't they try to find him?" inquired the Guest.

"Yes, the family lawyers spent years in a fruitless search,

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and when at last they located him it was too late. In a moment of despair he had taken his own life."

"And a simple knowledge of the truth would have saved him—would have changed all the world to him!"

"And doubtless the next world, too," added his friend.

"An illustration, this, of how widely sometimes the real differs from the actual——"

"I scent philosophy," interrupted the Host, with relish.

"Really a rich and important person," continued the other, "this man actually died poor and friendless."

"Crushed like many another by the double burden of poverty and loneliness."

"That is the world's verdict; but the truth is he was destroyed—cut off—for lack of knowledge."

"That's Bible, and your New Thought doctrine, too. I suppose fate or Karma was to blame for his bad luck, though I believe the newest of the New Thought doctrine is that man is master of his fate or Karma.

"That he *may* be; but how often through this very lack of knowledge is he slave to it! But this person we are talking about—it was of his own free will, was it not, that he went into a far country and neglected to use the ordinary means of communication with home and kindred?"

"Oh, a sort of prodigal son, who didn't return."

"Perhaps he had forgotten he had anything worth returning to. Perhaps, indeed, he had never known that the blood of princes flowed in his veins. Certain it is he never imagined he was heir to houses and lands and bank accounts, that friends and servitors and ancestral honors awaited him in the home land."

"Food for reflection in that story," said the Host, after a silence of a few moments, during which the thoughts of both were evidently running in the same channel.

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"Yes, truly. It furnishes, in its chief points, a striking analogy to the attitude of man toward his divine heritage."

"Unregenerate man, you mean; man as he is before the new birth."

"Man, I mean, as he is before realization. His sense of poverty, spiritual and material, his subjection to discordant conditions generally, is an inevitable consequence of his ignorance. He is in bondage to his own erroneous idea. He clothes himself in rags, feeds upon husks, lives as the lowest servant, alien in a strange and uncongenial land—forgetful of his royal birth, perhaps totally unaware of it, and never dreaming that the rights and privileges of an heir are his for the claiming."

"But, unlike the heir of the newspaper story, he does find out sometime?"

"Why say unlike? In some instances, as perhaps—who knows?—in the case of this man, it takes a radical change, a shock, a microcosmic cataclysm, to reveal it. In other instances man *remembers,* comes to himself, turns face and feet homeward, and with the welcoming clasp of his Father's arms about him, he begins to realize the truth, to prove what until that hour he had only been dimly conscious of, namely, that he is prince, not swineherd, that the abundance, the splendor, the—the——"

"*Noblesse oblige*?"

"Very good—the *noblesse oblige* of the king's palace is his because he is what he is."

"And that is, the king's son."

"That is, *born* the king's son. The place and state are his not by favor, but by inheritance. A son's portion is his by right of birth—for his Father's love is changeless and only his own mistaken conception of that Father and of himself can keep him out of his princely heritage. It is man, you remember, who is to be reconciled to God, not God to man."

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"There appears to be a goodly number of wandering, poverty-stricken princes—lots of the royal family who are ignorant of their exalted station."

"'Tis true, 'tis pity. Too many of us have neither recollection nor revelation of our divine parentage."

"Topsy, for instance."

"And the learned physicist—who would 'eliminate God from the universe.'"

"Spontaneous generation people, eh? They and Topsy do seem to hold about the same philosophy of creation, don't they?"

"And others of the heirs, while vaguely recognizing their spiritual origin, interpret divine Fatherhood to mean nothing more than divine sovereignty, regarding themselves as subjects and as servants, rather than as sons, or, at best, looking to their adoption at some remote period in some far-distant heaven. In their journey through existence their eyes are always turned toward that which is to come, and they are blind to the beauties and the opportunities of the life that now is. Do you wonder that these—both classes—miss the real joy of living?"

"I certainly do not wonder that such people view this world as a 'vale of tears.' But I *am* wondering why it is that others, who, like yourself, feel assured of their heirship, their dominion, do not in very fact—practical, tangible fact—own the earth."

"Yes, that is the marvel, and yet no marvel. It is a question we do well to ask ourselves—the twentieth century question of true religion and true science—why are we not *actually* what we are in the eternal real? Why should we, who recognize ourselves to be, here and now, sons and daughters of the Almighty, who come daily before 'Our Father,' acknowledging his power and his willingness to supply all our need, knowing

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that his love is so inclusive as to enfold every human soul, so personal as to number every hair of each head—why should *we* ever fancy ourselves poor, or lonely, or discouraged? Is it not because we lack realization? While we *know* we do not yet fully *realize*. I am child of God! Science, religion, intuition alike proclaim it. But do we in our every-day life go about as if we believed it? Heirs of God, joint heirs with Christ! Joyously and fearlessly we affirm it. But how many of us are claiming all that belongs to us *as* heirs, as sharers with Christ?"

"We are afraid of claiming too much, perhaps. The prospect is too dazzling."

"Ah, the human soul quails before the one stupendous truth of creation—and all that its realization legitimately and logically involves. David voiced the limitations we all experience when he said, 'Such knowledge is too wonderful for me,' and Paul testified to the awesomeness of the heavenly vision when he declared that the words heard were unspeakable, 'not lawful for a man to utter.' 'I have yet many things to say to you,' said the Great Teacher, 'but ye cannot bear them now.' "

"But we are to know, to realize, sometime?"

"Without doubt, in the *fulness* of time. The perfected consciousness does not grow in a day. It unfolds in orderly sequence—bud, blossom, fruit. Man is child of God always, no matter how unlike his Father he may appear; heir always, though in certain stages of growth 'differing nothing from a servant though he be lord of all.' He cannot take possession *as* lord, cannot realize on his heritage, as it were, until he comes of age. That appointed time does not arrive until the human consciousness is one with the divine, the son of Man one with the son of God. Not until the Christ stature is attained, the true God-likeness manifested, does man become fully man, and 'Master.' "

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"Meanwhile he must struggle on, buffeted by the strain and stress of circumstances he has not the power or the knowledge to control."

"Meanwhile he must experience the conditions natural to infancy, to youth, to immaturity. He is a learner, a discoverer, and he finds many things hard to understand. But once he really knows who and what he is in being, that as a living, learning, growing soul he is unfolding Godward, unfolding toward a realization of at-oneness, he has no fear of the present or of the future; he does not fret himself because of evil or evildoers."

"Does not need to hang the popular 'Don't Worry' motto over his desk?"

"No, his philosophy, his religion, is positive, not negative. Why should he waste his thought and his brain cells in a *don't* when the vibrations of a *do* are the only really forceful ones?"

"Apropos of growth and development, I notice that the latest word of Science is a protest against the struggle-for-existence idea. Mr. Collier, an eminent English biologist, contends that the natural, normal process of evolution is not a pitiless series of pitched battles, but an orderly becoming, 'a victory by supplanting,' conflict being a mere incident of the process."

"Very true, and the evolution of man conforms to the same fundamental law. The human germinal cell passes, in its development, through all the structural gradations of preceding species, and after it has passed through birth—which to the babe is, in a very true and practical sense, *new*—we see still further development. Infancy becomes boyhood, boyhood merges into manhood, manhood goes on to maturity, each supplanting the other without struggle, without discord, provided there has been no perversion of nature's laws. In other words, peace is the normal natural condition of all progress, war—as we use the term—the abnormal natural."

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"'Normal natural—abnormal natural.' That is a distinction to be pondered over."

"And before breakfast is an excellent time for meditation," said the Guest, smiling.

"But, coming back to our heir," continued the Host, shaking his head, "do you mean to infer that the child of God, after the new birth—or before it, for that matter—is not called upon to fight his way?"

"To fight, no; to overcome, yes. Another distinction to ponder over, you see. In one sense fight he does and must, but it is not the normal natural law of being which calls upon him to do so. The son and heir need not spend his substance prodigally. He may, during his minority, 'under tutors and governors,' dwell at ease in his Father's house, growing and trusting, trusting and growing, every need of soul and body anticipated and supplied in the Father's own way. Heir to riches untold, a natural law of the spiritual world forbids him to draw upon them unnecessarily, perhaps, in his immature judgment, to squander wastefully, but the immense resources of the kingdom are, nevertheless, at his command, to be used unsparingly as the demands of expanding nature require."

"Everything we want, then, if we could only grasp it, is ours for the asking, material, as well as spiritual things?"

"Anything and everything we *need* is ours even before we ask for it. 'Before they call I will answer.' The supply creates the demand. Earth and its fulness, no less than heaven and its glories, are the Father's."

"And the portion that is ours is according to the measure of our faith?"

"The portion that is ours is according to the measure of our growth; the portion that we actually appropriate and use is according to the measure of our saving, realizing faith. 'Believe that ye receive and ye shall have.' The present and future

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tenses, observe. If we claim—take—that which is already ours in the unseen eternal—in the real—it follows, in obedience to immutable law, that we have that which is ours in the seen and temporal—in the tangible and actual. As we *realize* so we *actualize.*"

"A comforting philosophy, a most practical religion, if one could only lay hold upon it."

"Ah, yes, it is not so much the why and the wherefore of existence, it is not even the who and the what of the I, with which advanced thought of the present generation is most concerned; it is the *how. How* shall we realize our heritage, our glorious liberty as children of God? How live as becomes sons and heirs of the King?"

"The answer will be found if one seek earnestly and persistently."

"And fearlessly—not a doubt of it. The world has never been without its seers. Illumined ones in every age have penetrated within the veil, have dared to encounter the terrible 'Dweller of the Threshold,' the guardian of the sacred mysteries, and with each succeeding generation the number increases. To-day the knowledge of truth is becoming more and more widely diffused, the quickening vibrations of the Christ spirit are gathering force, and from the four corners of the earth the children of God are turning their thoughts, their desires, their steps, homeward. Truly, God's man, the *real* man—you remember the dear old Autocrat's three Johns—shall be seen sitting on the right hand of power, as the Master told his accusers. Man's man, the unreal man, must in process of time *go.*

"May the good news of his heirship reach every wandering son before he gets so far away he can't return—if that is ever possible!" said the Host earnestly.

"Obviously it is the duty of those who know to help spread the news," returned the other.

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"Most people, when told, refuse to believe it."

"To believe all that it means—quite true. It is natural to demand proofs, and a questioning attitude should never be discouraged. It should be remembered, however, that the best and most practical proof is found only when we act as if we believed it; just as the most convincing proof of our bank account comes when we draw upon it."

"That's reasonable enough. I have, say, a million dollars to my credit in the bank. If I don't know it, or don't believe it, I am just as poor as if it were not there. But if, while feeling unable to believe in such good fortune, I have sufficient faith to write a check and present the same, I receive proof positive of the delightful fact."

"And the oftener you draw the stronger grows your faith; indeed, it soon becomes assurance. And how it lifts the burdens!"

"The illustration calls to mind a little poem, a favorite of my mother's. I have not seen it in years, but will look it up for you. I have heard," continued the Host, after a pause, "I have heard the newspaper called the modern university and the twentieth century Bible, but I never before knew anyone to take an Associated Press item as text for a lesson on the higher life."

"The stories chronicled by our newspapers," said the other, "are simply outpicturings of the invisible operations of divine law. The only trouble with the newspapers is that they give too much space to the shadowy side, and thus unintentionally aid in intensifying and perpetuating darkness."

"One point I want to suggest here; you can meditate upon it later. This paragraph concerning the heir would have quite as much value as a lesson if the incident were an imaginary one. When the object is, not to teach history, but to convey understanding of a principle, to reveal the Way, the Truth, the Life,

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what matters it whether the story or event is or is not historically true?"

"A good point. I think all disciples of the higher Christianity, all earnest, truth-seeking students of the higher criticism, are agreed that it is quite as unprofitable a use of time and energy to discuss the historical accuracy of the book of Jonah as to split hairs over the number of angels that can be accommodated on the point of a needle."

"So far as getting at the purpose of the story is concerned, it undoubtedly is a foolish waste of time. But, at the same time" —as the two rose to enter the house—"we must not forget that 'As it is above, so it is below; as it is in the skies, so it is upon the earth; as is the macrocosm, so is the microcosm.' Spiritual reality has its correspondence in temporal fact; every historical event is a re-presentation, a moving picture, of something transpiring in the unseen and substantial; sub-standing every visible *thing* is an eternal verity. And thus, to quote the beloved metaphysician-apostle, 'invisible things are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made.'"

ALL a man's experience is funded in him. We go about printing off proof-impressions of ourselves every minute in the spiritual air.—*T. S. King.*

YOU find yourself refreshed by the presence of cheerful people. Why not make earnest effort to confer that pleasure on others? You will find half the battle is gained if you never allow yourself to say anything gloomy.—*Selected.*

THIS is the beginning of all Gospels,—that the kingdom of heaven is at hand just where *we* are. It is just as near us as our work is, for the gate of heaven for each soul lies in the endeavor to do that work perfectly.—*William C. Gannett.*

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

COMMERCIALISM AND THE NEW THOUGHT.

MONEY making or money getting is without doubt the animating spirit of our country if not of the whole civilized world at the present time. Let us be understood at the start that making money has its proper place in the affairs of life. It is not to be frowned on or belittled. Every legitimate effort that a man makes to put himself in better circumstances by so doing should not only enrich himself but benefit the community in which he lives. There is no virtue in one's being poor. Poverty is not a blessing to the race. Money being the medium of exchange throughout the world it follows that, of a necessity, if we would get the products of other people's labor we must have the medium with which to get them, that all reasonable effort put forth in the making of money is laudable when a just equivalent is given for what one receives. But the getting of money without giving an equivalent in return is the curse of our age. The effort to get rich quick regardless of what the effect is going to be upon the lives of others has brought more misery, crime and degradation into human life than almost any other one thing in recent years. People barter away everything that should be held dear in their insane money getting efforts; for a man is not balanced who will sell his honor or his friends or any real or true thing in life, taking for its equivalent the dollars that thieves can steal.

Life cannot be measured by any monetary system devised by the mind of man. There is no money equivalent that a man can give or receive in exchange for a soul. The New Thought

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has given to the world new ideals and aspirations. It has proclaimed in no unerring way the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man. It has proclaimed that one life is immanent in the universe which is both center and circumference of all things visible or invisible. It has declared for a salvation of the present that is full and complete, which does not exempt the body of man but that insists that man should be well spiritually, morally and physically; not at some future time, but now, through the recognition of his Oneness with the Source of all life and being. All great movements suffer probably more or less from the camp followers and hangers-on and the people who expect that they are going to make the movement a means for self-aggrandizement, and so we suppose that this New Thought movement has to pass through the same experiences that all other movements have had inflicted on them.

There is hardly a month goes by but what some book or pamphlet is issued purporting to be the New Thought way of financial success or how to get money without working for it. How to get something for nothing. People engaged in writing and circulating these books do not even know the meaning of the New Thought. But the movement must of a necessity be affected to its detriment in the mind of many earnest, conscientious people who have not full or complete knowledge of what the New Thought means. There is only one royal road to success, and that is through man's inner development, the control of every faculty of mind and consequently every organ of the body, the development of man's spirit nature, the seeking of the Kingdom of Heaven that is within man's consciousness, and when we have the inner riches, as the Master said, "all things needful will be added."

The great leaders of the New Thought movement, such as Henry Wood, Horatio W. Dresser, Ralph Waldo Trine, Prof. E. M. Chesley, Mrs. Ursula N. Gestefeld, Rev. R. Heber

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Newton, Annie Rix-Militz and many others who could be enumerated, do not to any degree stand for or countenance commercialism in the New Thought movement, and the movement must not be judged by people claiming to be New Thought believers, but who in reality are no part of the movement.

The magazine *Arena*, with which the writer has been connected for the last five or six years, has changed hands and is no longer issued by the Alliance Publishing Company. Mr. Albert Brandt, of Trenton, N. J., has purchased its subscription list and good will. We expect that under his able management the magazine circulation will be largely increased and its opportunities of doing good greatly enlarged. We are pleased to state that the founder of the magazine, Mr. B. O. Flower, will be continued as editor, and we feel sure that under Mr. Flower's able editorship and Mr. Brandt's thorough business management the magazine is bound to prove a great success. We believe that it is the intention of the publisher and editor to continue the magazine along much the same economic and social lines as heretofore, but it is expected that a number of changes will add greatly to the interest of the magazine. Our best wishes go to both Mr. Brandt and Mr. Flower in this new undertaking.

Will the author of the article, "The Element of Time in Dreams," kindly communicate with the Editor? We wish to use this article in an early number, and, unfortunately, the name of the author is missing.

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THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

Conducted by

FLORENCE PELTIER.

FOR THE PARENTS.

A CHILD'S FANCY.

My baby stood at the window,
  A lassie three years old;
Long had she watched for summer—
  Watched through the snow and the cold
Of a long and tiresome Winter,
  And gloomy days untold.

Now, a Springlike day of sunshine
  Had crept on us unaware;
A promise of coming verdure
  Stirred in the soft bright air,
And the baby felt it, unknowing
  The "whence," the "whither," or "where."

But the eager eyes were seeing
  And the eager senses felt
The balm of Nature's healing
  For the wounds by Nature dealt.
And the little heart *would* flutter
  And the shining eyes *would* melt.

Just then a flock of sparrows
  Came chirping merrily;
She watched them for a moment,
  And then ran fast for me—
"Oh, Mama, come this minute!
  Oh, Mama, come and see!

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"The birdies make the summer,
I saw them, Mama, run
And eat off all the old brown grass
So the green could come!
What dear little birdies, Mama—
I know the Winter's done!

"And they'll put the flowers on the trees,
And the wind won't blow any more—
The birdies will do it, Mama,
So I can play out of door,
And have the *bestest* time,
Just as I did before!"

Ah, brave and hopeful darling,
You are *my* bird of Spring;
You change dark days to bright ones,
You thrill me as you sing;
And Summer cannot but hasten
When *you* stand welcoming!

MARY ATWOOD HARDING.

SHOWING OFF.

I had known her a long time, but since her marriage our paths had somewhat diverged, until, by a seeming turn of fate, they again began to parallel.

The friendship of long ago was then renewed. I, therefore, claimed the privilege of "dropping in," and, one evening, found myself—at her husband's coming-home time—seeking welcome. I was longing for home life, and hungry for a chat that should be of the unusual.

She had married him some years before, while but a girl, and friends then said, "He is a queer fellow!" But the bit of money he was supposed to possess, and further expectations, softened criticism that might have been otherwise made.

A turn of the tide (or "stars," as they chose to say), had suddenly taken all their property, and when first I saw them

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again, after these changes, I was curious to learn how it would affect them.

Strange as it may seem, I found they were more joyful in their poverty, which was daily growing less; for adversity had apparently developed an *ability* to surmount their misfortune—so-called; also to generate quality which was as logical in its pursuit of a livelihood as it was seemingly mystical during hours of thought and conversation.

This dual quality was more noticeable as their little one began to need the training which would prepare her for life.

He had just entered, when the child ran to greet him, her fingers in her mouth, and said: "Dod has pit my new tooth in so tight, me t'ant det it out."

My smile could not be suppressed; his must have been inward—I have heard of such men—for he but quietly said, "Yes, dear," though there was a singular light of joy in his eye.

The child was soon tucked away for the night. We sought his quiet little study, where I ventured to ask if it were not unusual that her teeth should be delayed until she was old enough to tell about them, and added, for jest:

"Your child does not seem very precocious in that direction, for one who has received so much of the serious thought."

"It would seem so," he replied, "but even the fact that her mother has been denied the 'pleasure' of saying, 'She is only so many months old'—as the time might be—'and has so many teeth,' has its compensation in the real pleasure that accompanied the deficiency, as they have appeared at intervals extending over a generous period, have caused no illness, and, excepting a slight restlessness, would have arrived unheralded, even though she is a sensitively organized child—a little Gemini soul, as some would say—with four planets in that exacting sign; all of which makes it very necessary that we—'Mudse' and 'Daddy,' as she calls us—should look well to *ourselves* that

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nothing unwholesome is reflected in that matrix of mind and body."

Anxious to learn more of his ideas of things affecting his child, I suggested that it was a cute remark she had just made, to which, with some hesitation, as if to choose words for ideas already his, he replied:

"Yes, I prefer that she should impulsively say such things, rather than speak the longest 'show off' piece of nursery rhymes, from hearsay. Better a little intuitional knowledge than much hearsay learning, better that she should work with a box, until she knows how to put on and take off its cover, than that she should *repeat* anything *told* to her. The former is a step toward *a priori* cognizance, the latter one away from it."

Urging him to explain, he continued:

"The first is a simple beginning to develop from within; the other, taking *on* from without. And her words about the tooth show that she knows how to apply the knowing (which she has somehow worked out herself), that things come out, that they can be pulled out, and if she cannot pull them out there is force which is greater than hers to hold them in, suggesting a logical continuity of perception—not, of course, *a priori*, but, as I have said, *toward* it, as is *every inward* effort to reach the causes of things—that effort to perceive a principle, and not that lazy attitude of mind which waits to be told and persistently errs by attempting to judge of principle by the personality through whom it comes. This fact accounts for much ignorance, and nearly all the prejudice, respecting the serious things of life."

Silent for a moment, he continued: "No, she cannot speak a piece, useful as that may be at its proper time. Of what good, other than to 'show off,' would it be for her to repeat lines which she cannot understand?—and of doubtful value if she

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could. She is denied that questionable pleasure of being taught any but the most necessary things, and effort is continually exercised to thwart the tendency, of most parents, to artificial forcing. She is left to unfold like a flower, to gather honey (knowledge) as a bee, *herself*—but in a garden prepared and kept bright for her, and, though fenced, is so encompassed with love that the barrier is not irksome to her, though it be the walls of an apartment in a crowded city. For home is to those who live in it what they *think* in it.

"The bud unfolds from *within,* taking nourishment from the earth (for a child, wholesome food), light and air (for a child, wholesome atmosphere, mental and physical), and evolves to the flower. Shall we say that the child has less within than the flower? Man has chosen to force the flower, too; but it is doubtful if he makes it greater in value—excepting in his sense view of it—and to force it, he can but change its environment. It will take nothing from him but through itself."

"Surely," I asked, "you would not ignore teaching, and have your child go unlearned? This is certainly contrary to the usual thought of the world."

"Certainly not," he hastily answered; "but *both*—each at its proper time. Man's present view almost compels each youth or maid to acquire that which conventionality expects; and why should I not 'bend this twig' the other way, that she may be better prepared to stand erect when she mingles with others, to be taught, and contracts the world's bias?"

"My plea, now, is for the young child—she who has *not* to become, to enter the 'Kingdom of Heaven,' but now *is;* permit this fresh born to teach us what she has brought from her distant home; for, perchance she, better than we, can interpret the 'sounds of angels' feet.' We should not stifle her spontaneity, and that precious jewel within, *intuition,* by a surfeiting of hearsay, which, crystallizing, so entombs that from a

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faint echo the voice finally ceases; and sorrow, sickness, or poverty may be necessary to decompose the crystals of artificiality that bind most of mankind."

Pausing, he lowered his voice and said: "Before the coming of the child now lent us, I wrote to her mother:

"Soon to you a child is coming
Stem its *pride* of culture-learning.
Better far is simple wisdom.
If for more there's humble yearning,
Urge to foster intuition—
Highest sense it here receives—
Till, through soul's illumination,
It consciously the Truth conceives."

I was about to reply when he quickly took from the table near us a strange looking book, and read (though I think the words "love" and "intuition" were his own):

"'Ideas—that is, philosophical ideas—may be described as the steps of the ladder by which we philosophically descend *from* God. Emotions (intuition and love) are also the steps by which alone we can ascend *to* Him.' Why, then, should we neglect the immortal part of us? Surely, no one claims this brain to be for eternity, and, as an instrument, it will as readily 'listen' to the words within as without, if its inner ear were as carefully trained as the outer."

"This may all be," I said; "but most men scoff at such things."

"Too true," he said, "and strange that men will ever deny for others that which they cannot perceive. The materialist talks glibly of the 'Descent of Man' from the brute, seldom recognizing that there may be other men with faculties developed as far beyond ours as ours are above the brute. Someone has said that 'we are already, *potentially*, what it is intended we shall sometime be.' Why, therefore, should we not seek for what we are—try to find that 'Light which lighteth

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every man that cometh into the world?' Why devote our life to the acquisition of 'show things?' Can you remember which grade or class you were in at the age of fifteen? Does he who is graduated the youngest in years proceed farthest after his school days are over? Work with the *Real,* arouses aspiration, not ambition; for it is by the light of intuition, not the intellect, that the Light of Lights can be perceived.

"The desire to 'show off' is also what urges most men to accumulate, to the detriment and suffering of others. This is carried even into the arts and crafts. Our collector is more often prompted by the love of saying, to himself, 'See, *I* possess,' than by the love of the pleasure or instruction which his treasures can give to mankind; and if he can acquire a very rare specimen of art or nature, which cannot be duplicated, he is then particularly happy in his gloating—even though his joy is founded in utter selfishness. But I digress from the children, proving it time to stop. Go on? No. You think it over."

Bidding him good night, I walked slowly homeward, "thinking it over."

FREDERIC TOPLIFF.

"As far as may be, the first ten years of modern children in the homes of 'well-to-do' or wealthy parents, are made use of to force children into a constant but never spontaneous activity. I know no better illustration of what I mean than the treatment of a delicate willow tree, which I have recently seen trimmed as carefully as a shepherd shears a sheep. The methodical German whose terrible scissors lopped off the dear drooping boughs just greening delightfully, told me gravely, 'Oh, I could not let it go like that—I want neat, compact little tree—it incline to straggle dreadfully.'"

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FOR THE CHILDREN.

AN EASTER THOUGHT.

Each year doth part of nature go
  To sleep on nature's breast;
It is the law of nature so
  To give her children rest.

But when the springtime draweth nigh,
  They all awake again,
To send a tribute to the sky—
  To Him who there doth reign.

So field and wood and country-lane
  Bedeck themselves anew;
Birds warble in melodious strain;
  'Tis all from God for—you!

ELISE TRAUT.

HAROLD AND JACK.

"Hello, Jack! are you almost through your work?" asked Harold Thompson, as he rode his wheel up in front of the gate.

Jack Gibson was pushing the lawn-mower with long strides so as to hurry and get his lawn mowed. Jack and Harold were school-boy chums, and on Saturday each had his work to do at home and then the rest of the day was his for play.

Harold had finished his work and jumped on his wheel to see if Jack was most through; for it was Saturday and the boys had planned a little trip to one of the nearby ponds to look for frogs' eggs that their teacher had been telling the school about. On Friday afternoons at school, for half an hour before closing, the teacher would talk to the scholars about different animals. This week it had been on frogs. She told them how frogs first came from eggs, then turned into tadpoles, then to frogs, also that the eggs could be found in any pond or brook.

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Harold and Jack became very interested in the talk, and, after school, decided that they would go the next day and see if they could find some frogs' eggs, which they could take home, put in their aquarium, and watch them grow into frogs.

Saturday came, and found the boys up early, to do their work. Jack had to mow the lawn while Harold had to go on several errands for his mother, which, by the help of his wheel, he got through and up to Jack's house before Jack had the lawn mowed. Harold brought his wheel around to the back of the house and helped Jack by trimming around the trees, while Jack finished the rest of the lawn. In a little while the boys had the grass all cut and were ready to start. Jack told his mother that he was all through with the lawn and was now going with Harold to find some frogs' eggs.

Off the boys started, each with a small pail to carry the would-be frogs in. Jack wondered if his little red-spotted turtle would eat the eggs when he put them in his aquarium. Harold didn't know whether to put his by themselves or in his aquarium as he was afraid his baby alligator would eat them. The boys talked the matter over and Jack thought his turtle wouldn't hurt them, because turtles were in ponds where frogs were and they did not touch them there; while Harold came to the conclusion that he would make a little box with a wire netting over it to put his " 'gator" in, so, when the frogs were little—tadpoles he said the teacher called them—they would not be afraid of the alligator.

By the time they had the matter talked over, the boys reached the pond; then came the search for frogs' eggs.

"Say, Harold, what is it they look like?" said Jack.

"Why, Jack, they look like a ball of jelly with black spots in it."

"Then I've got some," said Jack. Harold rushed to where Jack was, and there he had a ball of jelly trying to hold it in his hands; but it kept slipping through his fingers.

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"Bring the pail," said Jack, "I can't hold on to them."

Harold got the pail, put the jelly mass in with a little water, so it would not get dry. "Who would ever think that this jelly would ever make bull frogs?" said Harold.

"Well," said Jack, "we can watch them grow and see how it is done." After catching a few little fishes and another red spotted turtle the boys started for home, each taking turns carrying their bull-frogs, as they called them.

Arriving at Harold's house he took half of the jelly-like substance, as Jack had broken it apart when he was trying to hold it, putting it in his aquarium in one corner by itself, after placing the alligator in a box he got for it.

"Let's see what the fish will do," said Harold. They watched the fish for a few moments, and saw them go and put their noses up to it, then back off, not trying to touch it.

"I think it will be all right," said Harold; "they won't touch it."

Then off the boys went to Jack's house with his share of the frogs' eggs. "I wonder what my red spotted turtle will do to it," said Jack.

"We will see in a little while," answered Harold.

Arriving at Jack's house, they put the eggs in his aquarium, and watched to see what the turtle would do; but he was too lazy to take notice of it. He only blinked his eyes at the boys and paid no attention to the new visitors that he was going to have. "Good-bye, Reddy," said Jack, as he called out to his turtle; and off the boys went to find the rest of the nine, as they were going to have a game of ball that afternoon.

As time went on the boys watched the eggs develop, saw them form into little tadpoles, saw the little front feet come out, then the back ones, still keeping tails on, which the boys thought very funny—to see a frog with a tail on.

But one morning, as the boys met, each told what his frogs were doing. Harold said:

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"His tail is gone."

"Good!" said Jack, "one of mine has lost his tail, too, and now I suppose he is a regular bull frog."

In a little while after that, they all developed into frogs, and the boys had so many that they had to take them to the pond, keeping a few for company for the other inmates.

Soon after that, the boys' class at school had to write compositions on animals. Jack's subject was his red-spotted turtle, while Harold wrote about frogs, telling how they first started from a jelly-like substance, with black spots in it, each spot an egg, then to tadpoles; how their fore-feet came first, then the back ones, how they lost their tails, and at last changed into good bull frogs. He had read a little about frogs, so with what he had read and what he saw in his aquarium, he made a very interesting story, which not only the teacher but all the scholars liked very much.

ARTHUR LESLIE SMITH.

A STORY OF AN EASTER LILY.

A plain brown plant-jar stood away back in the dark cupboard. You would have thought that it had been put there so that it would be out of the way, because no one had any use for it. But, in the middle of the earth that it held, there was a little mound; and, after the jar had been standing in the cupboard for about two weeks, the mound began to grow. Presently a green shoot poked its way up out of it.

Then, Somebody took the jar out of the darkness and put it in a place that was light, and which the sunshine came near. There the shoot grew faster, becoming so dark and sturdy that, after a little, it was strong enough to grow still faster, and Somebody changed its place again to where the sunshine stayed nearly all the time.

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The shoot loved the warm light, and began to stretch out little leaf-arms to bathe in it. Higher, still higher it went, and the green leaf-arms grew longer, until in their midst white petals, all closely folded up, appeared. The sunshine gently coaxed these open and there stood a beautiful, snowy lily with a golden heart.

Then, Somebody came and praised it, picked it up and carried it into a church, where many other Somebodies were arranging palms and flowers for the Easter services, and said:

"This is the most beautiful of all the lilies; so we will place it in the center of the altar. I will put it carefully away where nothing can harm it until we are ready for it."

Somebody put the jar and the lily in a dark corner that was hidden from the rest of the church by a large pillar, to stay until its high place on the altar was prepared for it.

But, when everything was arranged the next day, and they looked for the lily, the Somebody who had put it away was gone and no one else knew where it was. They searched and searched, but never thought of looking in the corner where the lily stood, so they did not find it; and, at last, they gave it up and put another flower on the altar in its stead.

So the lily was left in its dark hiding-place, and it seemed as if all its beauty and perfume were going to be wasted.

But in this corner was an electric lamp, and when the lights were turned on for the Easter evening service it lit up the lily's hiding-place and showed that a cosy seat stood there.

A dear old man came into the church, and, finding that the seats were all filled, made his way to this corner and sat down, carefully and stiffly, as old men do, sadly thinking, as he did so, that this hidden nook was as good as any other place for him, because his eyes had grown too dim to distinguish the lovely flowers and his ears too dull to hear the music and the service.

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Presently, he noticed that the air in this corner was very sweet, and, looking around, he saw the beautiful lily standing so close beside him that he could even trace the veins in its green leaves and snowy petals.

A lily's beauty and perfume never before delighted a human heart as much as this one's delighted the old man's. When he knelt down and prayed he thanked God for them.

The next morning Somebody found the lily and said:

"What a shame that the loveliest flower of all should have been shut up here where no one could see it!"

Only the old man and ourselves know how much pleasure the lily gave that Easter night.

GRACE WINNIFRED BORIGHT.

UNDER THE DREAM TREE.

PART II.

" 'In the center of the Earth were a tree and it were planted by the great God o' Dreams long afore this ole sinnin' world began, and it were tall; for, though it were planted in the Earth its branches touched the sky and they bore all kinds of fruit. On one branch grew peaches as would make your mouth water; and on another, grapes; and on another, great red apples; and on another, pears; and on another melons. Oh, them melons, honey, growin' like moons at the full! What a fine tree that would be to climb o' summer nights and eat and eat and eat till the whole trunk o' the dream-tree would be piled high up with rinds!

" 'Every kind o' fruit as iver came out o' the ark were on that dream-tree, honey. In fact, I heered some one say as to how ole Father Noah said it were the only one saved out o'

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the flood; and it's been sproutin' and growin' ever since, and all the top branches o' the tree, specially them that scratches the face o' the sky, is covered with beautiful flowers as makes it look like a rainbow. Some folks say, even now, as when you see a rainbow it's the top o' the dream-tree; and once, when I were a little girl, ole Uncle Pharaoh he brung me some lilies from the top o' the dream-tree. They were tiger-lily shape and hung like bells, and rung like 'em, too, and they kinder looked as if the sun were settin' somewhere and shinin' on them!'"

"Then Mammy would say in a whisper: 'Sometime, 'erhaps if you're good children, I'll bring yer some flowers from the top of the dream-tree, but NOT unless you're *very* good.

"'On the lower branches o' the dream-tree there grew cats and dogs and all kinds o' animals as can grow on trees; and de birds in that tree were truly wonderful—all birds o' Paradise, wid shinin' feathers and gold crowns on their heads as lived on ginger-bread and molasses and all kinds o' sweet things to make their voices *melodous*. Well, the God o' Dreams he planted that yer tree and he builded a great wall round it and put two rows o' prickly wire on top, and he said to ole Satan,* when he cum tumblin' 'long, one day:

"'"Satan, don't you go for to touch that tree. I'se put that there for the angels to come and shake down fruit and flowers and pet animals and good stories and ginger-bread nuts for the children every night when they are asleep—and don't you go for to shake that tree!"

"'Then Satan, he took off his hat to smooth it down, for it were black and fuzzy and tall like a stovepipe, honey, and he said very polite-like:

*Cousin Mildred's old mammy believed in Satan, an evil spirit. But we know now that "Satan" is simply our own thoughts when they are not good.

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"'"That's all very well, but when the children are naughty, I got somethin' to say about that thar tree. They shall have snakes and snails and puppy dogs' tails, and castor-oil beans; and camomile leaves for flowers, and crows for birds o' Paradise, and everythin' noxious and dreffle."

"'Then, the God o' Dreams answered ole black Satan:

"'"There won't be none o' them bad if you let 'em alone. The children is going to be good forever and ever; and the Angels is a goin' to shake 'em down all kinds o' nice things from the dream-tree when they're asleep."

"'"Ye shall see," said ole Satan. "See if some day I don't see some of them gettin' a whackin' for bein' bad and losin' their nice little tempers, or a sittin' in a dark closet all a cause they didn't do as they were bid, and it's *then* I'll jump the wall and shake all them dreffle things down into their heads as will make them dream as bad as if they had bin eatin' Christmas plum-pudding for months."

"'"Good day," says Satan, with a bow, "and don't you forgit it."

"'And he went away waggin' his tail ahind him. The God o' Dreams, he got a lot o' poor white trash as to build that ere wall so high as it almost reached the sky, and put a lot o' broken bottles on top, and he said to himself: "I'm wonderin' whether ole Satan be gettin' in here, now, to shake down the wrong kind o' dreams for my children!"

"'But, oh dear! the world went on and ole Satan he crawled like a serpent on the earth and made children 'pertinent and they made faces at people, and told big whoppers; and so, one day, Satan met the God o' Dreams, and said:

"'"Ain't ye foolish to keep a shakin' all them sweet things down to them children? They's bin livin' on flowers and sugar and spice. I'll give 'em sarpents and snails and little black horses called nightmares and Bengal tigers for pet animals for a change."

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" 'Then the God o' Dreams sat down under the tree and wept whole milk cans full o' tears, for he loved the little children dearly, spite of their being bad, and he didn't want to send them no bad dreams.

" ' "What them children want," said Satan, "is a good lickin' all around." So the God o' Dreams rose up and told Satan as he could take his chance at the dream-tree, if he could climb the wall, but sent the Angels to watch and see he did not knock down all the pleasant flowers and fruit and stories, and the next time the children were very bad Satan found the key to the gate in the wall round the dream-tree and got inside; and Satan and the Angels has been havin' a awful struggle ever since, and the children keep them in a constant fight by being bad and good by turns, and sometimes the're so dreffle bad the Angels hide their heads and once or twice the children has been so good as they almost got ole Satan down under the tree and punched his head! De struggle is allers a goin' on, honey, and it 'pends on the children as to who shakes the dream-tree and what's shaken down, and as to whether the Angels or ole Satan's on top!

" 'We's sittin' under the dream-tree to-night, honey, and the angels is goin' to shake down pleasant dreams!'

"So, old Mammy would most often end her story, and then sing me to sleep; but once or twice she called on old Satan to shake me down every bad thing there was on the dream-tree!—once, when I had tipped over the bath-tub, and once, when I had locked her into the linen closet and had gone off for a drive with Papa."

"Let's think we are under the dream-tree on story nights, Cousin Mildred, and that you are shaking down stories for us," said Elsa.

"How can I tell whether to shake down bad or good, I am here so little during the day?" said Mildred.

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"Oh, I'll tell you when Elsa's been bad!" said Dick.

"And I'll tell you all the wrong things Dick does," said Elsa promptly.

Mildred laughed heartily. "That won't do," she said. "I will have to shake down stories from the dream-tree as the Lord sends down the rain upon the just and the unjust."

"I am dying to begin," said Elsa.

"Well, now is the time to end, little cormorant, and go to bed!" EMILY MALBONE MORGAN.

A LESSON FOR EACH WEEK IN THE MONTH.

LESSON V.

I have learned that God is Light, and, as I am a thought of God, I, too, am light and love.

When I feel envy, anger, discontent, fear, or hatred, I know that I have allowed shadows to come into my mind so that the light does not shine throughout me. I know that these wrong thoughts are unreal, because a shadow is not a real thing. I have learned that all I need to do is to *think* that I am love and light, and the shadows, or wrong thoughts, will quickly disappear.

God is not only Light and Love, He is also Power and Force and Wisdom. He is the Power that controls the universe. He is the Force that causes planets and suns to constantly move with such great rapidity that we cannot even imagine it. He is the Wisdom that keeps each planet and sun in its own path in the trackless space.

Everything upon this world shows His Thought. It is His Power that makes even the tiny grass-blade pierce the brown earth. It is His Force that has lifted whole continents from

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the sea. It is His Wisdom that controls the mighty oceans and keeps the earth in its orbit.

As I am a part of my Creator, I, too, have within me power, force, and wisdom.

Lesson VI.

I have within me *power*. Another name for this is *will*. I can use it for good or evil—that is, for what is real or unreal. If I let the light within shine throughout my mind so that no shadows are there, then I am using my will-power in the right way.

This power within me is very great, but I must steadily use it; for it is through the constant practise of this power that I am able to control myself always and to do great things.

Lesson VII.

I am full of *energy*. Another name for energy is *force*. And this force is always active so that I am always thinking and doing. I have the will-power to turn this force into any direction I please—into good action, or into evil action. If I remember that I am light and love, if I keep the shadows out of my mind, then I shall *will*, or turn, all my force into good action, and steadily apply myself. Thus I can accomplish wonderful things.

Lesson VIII.

God has given me *wisdom*. Sometimes it is called *conscience* or *intuition*. It tells me what is the right thing to do. It is the "still, small Voice" that I hear *within*. I do not need my ears to hear it, for it speaks to my soul, and it is a part of my soul. Unless I listen carefully to this Voice and heed it, after

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a while I will not be able to hear it at all. And thus will I have made a very great shadow; and in the darkness of it I will not always be able to tell right doing from wrong doing. Therefore, I will help the light to shine throughout me, if I will always heed the Voice, and I shall hear it more and more plainly until I will always know what I ought to do, for the Voice will speak to me so clearly. F. P.

THREE LITTLE GIRLS.

Edna had been quite happy coasting down hill on her sled, until she noticed the big boys coming with their double runner. "How I wish they would give me just one ride," she thought as she watched them jump on and go swiftly down hill. Still gazing after the boys, she began to think that sliding was not much fun after all, unless one had a double runner. At last she decided to go home and ask her father to buy her one, when she noticed a little girl who had no sled.

"You may coast on my sled if you would like to," said the kind hearted Edna.

"I would ever so much," replied Mary, for that was the other little girl's name.

Mary was taking her second ride down the hill and Edna was busy counting the girls and boys on the double runner, when one of the boys said to her:

"Jump on, sissy, we have room for one more."

A few minutes later, Edna was telling Mary all about her ride. "You go so fast that you hardly know you are on, until you have to get off and walk up hill again."

"Well, I like a sled," said Mary, "and this is the first time I ever rode on one."

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"Why, Mary! haven't you got a sled?"

"No, I never had one, because we are very poor."

"What is it like to be poor?"

"It is not a bit nice, Edna. You have to wear old clothes that people give you and feel cold in winter and never have enough to eat."

"Oh, Mary, I know what we can do if you are hungry now, I have a penny and we will go and buy some candy and you can have most all of it, because it makes my toothache. I think perhaps you had better eat it all anyway."

Just then Edna saw a little friend of hers: "Hello, Flossie," she called.

"You are just the one I want to see, Edna," said Flossie. "Come over in my yard and we will make a snow house."

"Flossie does not want Mary to come or she would ask her also," thought Edna; "but it would be great fun to make a snow house." Just then, glancing at Mary's face, she decided what to do; for all the brightness had left it.

"Mary and I are going to get some candy, so you see I cannot come with you, Flossie."

"All right, I can get some one else to play with; but I wouldn't be seen playing with a poor girl," and Flossie turned away without knowing how bad her foolish remark had made one little girl feel. But Edna knew and she put her arm around Mary, saying,

"Don't you care. I like you even if your clothes are not as nice as Flossie's." And Edna learned that day that we are happy only as we make other people happy.

LAURA M. PATTERSON.

"Live to do good; but not with thought to win
From man return of any kindness done."

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A LITTLE INDIAN MAID.

Esmeralda rode behind her mother on horseback when she went to wash for the women on the various ranches about the Indian Reservation. They often went ten miles or more. While her mother worked, Esmeralda played about with the kittens or their dog, which always accompanied them. At the Farnum ranch she was never tired pulling a little red cart after her as she followed her mother back and forth from the kitchen to the wash-house. Her mother was a large woman, who wore a black and white print dress, and, as Esmeralda had a sacque of the same material she seemed like a little copy of her mother as she trotted behind her. She was about five years old.

Indian children have old-looking faces, and, no matter how dirty they are, there's a fascination about watching them. But Esmeralda was clean. There was school at the Indian Reservation and the scholars had to be clean; so, as a good example always affects those about, cleanliness was becoming general.

Now, Indian children know nothing about birthdays. All an old Indian can tell about his age is that he was a boy or man when some event occurred that made an impression upon his mind. Then, if a white person knows the year of that event, he can get an idea of his age.

It happened that on one wash-day, at Mr. Farnum's ranch, one of the children had a birthday. When the table was ready, and a birthday cake with eight lighted candles upon it was in place, Esmeralda was invited in. The little thing, who never had seen much beside the boiled Mexican beans, flour tortillas, meal, and black coffee that the Indians live upon, stood in fearful amazement for a moment, and then ran out of the room.

"Go get her mother to come in with her," said Mrs. Farnum. "I want her to have a piece of the cake."

Esmeralda was willing to come with her mother, and, clutch-

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ing hold of her dress, stood without a smile upon her face, but with eager eyes, while the children blew out the candles. When they removed them from the cake one of the boys said:

"Give them to Esmeralda and see what she will do."

She drew back and hid her face in her mother's dress. Some one brought her a big piece of the cake.

"Candy," they said, holding it out to her. Her mother broke off a piece of the frosting and put it in the child's mouth. The next moment the little hand had seized the cake and was putting great pieces out of sight with much satisfaction. When Mrs. Farnum gave the mother a slice she said:

"My Lucy is eight years old to-day—eight years. This is why we have the cake and eight candles."

Taking the candles she counted, "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight. How old is Esmeralda?"

"Yes, same," said the squaw.

"Oh, no!" replied Mrs. Farnum, "not so old. How many years have you had her?"

The squaw nodded her head; "Yes, eight."

Mrs. Farnum said no more and the squaw went back to her washing.

When the feast was over there was but one piece of cake remaining.

"That ought to belong to me to-morrow, for it is my birthday!" declared Lucy.

The other children objected. It was very delicious cake.

"I know a little girl who never tasted cake before andwon't often again. It seems to me if I had had so many presents and such a fine treat, I would gladly give that piece to her," suggested Lucy's mother.

"Oh, you mean Esmeralda! So I will!" cried Lucy. So Esmeralda carried home the cake.

The next time they came to wash, when Lucy went around

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to see Esmeralda, the child ran to her mother and pulled her dress. From somewhere the mother produced a pretty little basket, such as the Indian women make, and held it out to Lucy.

"Mine?" asked Lucy.

"Yes," answered the squaw, "eight."

"Oh, what a dear!" cried Lucy. "Oh, thank you, thank you, Esmeralda!"

"Ta-ank you," repeated Esmeralda, and hid her face.

Lucy ran in to show it to her mother.

"You see," said her mother, "under the Indians' seeming stupidity and dense ways there is plenty of feeling." She sent Lucy back with a piece of cake for Esmeralda, not birthday cake, but very good cake, indeed.

MARY ATWOOD HARDING.

"In raising a delicate and valuable plant, the gardner keeps an even temperature, and prunes it gently, and watches for the worm at the root, or the annoying insect that feeds upon its foliage.

"But the child, that wonderful, immortal plant, has often a very different experience. It is petted and praised and brought forward; it is made the star actor in the domestic drama at one time, and then suddenly put into the background with coldness and rebuke. It alternates between the brilliant atmosphere of love and adulation, and the chill of repression and discipline. Unlovely and inherited traits, like the worm at the roots, or childish naughty ways corresponding to the insect on the leaf, are severely punished as something for which the child is responsible."—*Minnie S. Davis.*

"He who thinks his place below him will certainly be below his place."—*Saville.*

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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

RADIANT ENERGY. By Edgar L. Larkin. 334 pages. Price $1.75. Baumgardt Publishing Company, Los Angeles, California.

It is a difficult matter to review a book of this kind, as it is hard to tell where to begin or leave off. Prof. Larkin's book deals with the researches conducted by him at the Mount Lowe Observatory, near Los Angeles. The book has also frequent references to the discoveries made by others by aid of telescopes and spectroscopes and in various other ways.

Radiant Energy is a book that in condensed form gives a vast amount of interesting facts written in a way that appeals to the average reader who is not familiar with the technology required to study many scientific works along the same line.

Prof. Larkin is a scientific idealist, a man who is thoroughly alive to the spirit impulses of the day. But he does not allow his idealism to run in any way counter to scientific facts. There is no question, however, but that his idealism gives color to his writings. I quote from Chapter One, giving his own definition of Radiant Energy:

"Radiant here means proceeding from a center in straight lines in every direction. Energy is internal and inherent. Prof. Barker, 'Physics,' page 4, says: 'Energy is defined as a condition of matter in virtue of which any definite portion may effect changes in any other definite portion.' This was written in 1892, and discoveries since confirm it. Energy, then, is a state of matter, or, rather, the result of a particular state or condition in which matter may be when any observed phase of energy appears.

"These two, matter and energy, or, possibly one, is the sum total of all that has been found during three centuries of incessant research in all that portion of the universe visible in

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a forty-inch telescope armed with the most powerful spectroscope ever made."

Again, on page 284, discussing matter, he has this to say:

"If, as seems probable in the present state of ignorance, corpuscles are electricity, then electricity is the first and last refinement of matter, for the indications of astrophysics are that the sidereal structure must be resolved back to the corpuscular state again to recondense into another. This mutation is necessary to regain heat, which at present is being lost at a frightful rate.

"And modern science here has arrived at the same conclusion reached by our primeval Aryan ancestors at the base of the Hindu Kush, in Northern India, many thousand years ago. For that recondite Hindu philosophical poem, the 'Bhagavad Gita' says: 'Matter is invisible in its primordial state, visible in its intermediate, and visible in its final state.' The latest science has nothing better to offer. Helium and hydrogen are the perpetual enigma. Why should the first matter to send out light be these? And how is it that iron appears so early upon the cosmic scene of upheaval, unrest and activity, or why should matter assume the eighty phases now known? Or what is matter? Perhaps these old questions never will be solved by man, yet the astounding discoveries of the last two years appear to indicate that they may not be beyond human powers."

We would like to quote further from this book but space forbids. People interested in what astronomers are doing and also in matters pertaining to the latest discoveries and properties of matter should read this book. The book is bound in cloth, printed on fine laid paper and has numerous illustrations.

HISTORY OF SOCIALISM IN THE UNITED STATES.

By Morris Hillquit. 371 pages. Price $1.50 net. Published by Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York and London.

To those of our readers who are interested in Socialism this book gives in a thorough, comprehensive way a history of the

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growth and development of Socialism in the United States. The author tells in a plain, matter-of-fact way how the changed economic conditions of the nineteenth century produced changes in the social life which in turn resulted in the great socialistic movement. We quote from his general introduction:

"The nineteenth century was marked by a period of industrial revolution unprecedented in the annals of history. The small manufacturer of preceding ages was swept away by the gigantic factory system of modern times. The railroad, telegraph, and steamboat tore down all geographical barriers and united the entire civilized world into one great international market, while the huge machine and the power of steam and electricity increased the productivity of labor a hundredfold, and created a fabulous mass of wealth.

"But this process of transformation brought in its wake a variety of new social problems.

"While a comparatively small number of men fell heir to all the benefits of the process, the greater part of the population often reaped nothing but suffering and privation from the rich harvest.

"The invention of new and perfected machinery reduced many skilled mechanics to the ranks of common laborers, and deprived many more of work and wages permanently, or at least during the long and tedious process of 'readjustment.'

"The planless mode of production and reckless competition among the captains of industry produced alternately seasons of feverish activity and intense work, and seasons of enforced idleness, which assumed alarming proportions during the oft-recurring periods of industrial depression."

This book covers the whole question of socialistic activity in the country, dealing first of all with sectarian communities, such as the Shakers, the Oneida community, the Amana community and others. It also treats of Utopian socialism, Christian socialism and the modern, scientific socialism as expounded by Karl Marx.

On a subject that is creating so much attention no doubt

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this work will become a text book for people who wish to be well informed on socialistic questions.

The book is plainly though substantially bound, and is printed on very good paper.

THE GENTLEMAN FROM EVERYWHERE. By James Henry Foss. Illustrated. 318 pages. Price $1.50. Published by the author, 925 Colonial Building, Boston.

This book is one of a kind not usually sent us for review, as it is really a sketch of the author's life and work; what he has seen and what he has done. It is interesting because of the bright, happy manner in which it is written and the amusing incidents which occur all the way through the book. For the author while going through life sees much that is bright and interesting in it.

The book is handsomely bound and can be had at the Alliance Publishing Company, or by writing to the author direct.

THE HOLY GRAIL. By Mary Hanford Ford. Cloth. Price $1.00. Alice B. Stockham & Co., Chicago.

The author treats the story of the Holy Grail both historically and analytically, considers its various sources, and contrasts its different versions. Wagner's "Parsifal" receives especial attention and explanation.

The story of the Holy Grail is shown to be symbolic of the tribulations and final triumph of the human soul in its unfoldment to the full realization of its oneness with God, which conception has been depicted vividly by the author.

The book is well written, and will repay not merely a perusal but a study as well. It is full of inspiring conceptions, and into the symbolism of the story has been woven a spiritual philosophy of life that is most helpful and uplifting.

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Mind

SCIENCE ★ PHILOSOPHY ★ RELIGION ★ PSYCHOLOGY ★ METAPHYSICS

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MENTAL HEALING.

A TALK TO PATIENTS.

BY CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

"I hold it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

"Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before."

When a patient goes to a mental healer for treatment he or she does so because of the hoped for benefit that may be derived from so doing. Now, the whole question of mental healing and its methods may be new to the patient, and it is because of this that I should like to answer some of the many questions that patients ask, and also proffer a word of advice. I am prompted to do this because I know that many patients do not get the greatest good from their treatment. Occasionally it is because of the failure on the part of the healer

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to understand the patient's needs, but more often it is because the patient has the thought in mind that it is only necessary to take the treatment in order to get well without any thought or effort on his part to coöperate with the healer.

It is a mistake to think that all the power that heals is in the one giving the treatment. The effort he puts forth is rather to call into activity the force that is latent in the life of his patient, and unless he succeeds in doing this he does not and cannot effect a permanent cure. He may relieve or give temporary help simply by the transmission of energy from his own mind and body to that of his patient, and quite often this is the case. It is very much like the winding up of a watch; after a time the watch runs down.

First of all, it is important for more reasons than one, that the patient should use care in selecting a healer. Remember that more is involved than the healing of the body. The mind must be quickened and renewed before the body can become whole and strong. When one goes to a medical doctor he places his body, as it were, in his care; but when one goes to a mental healer he places both mind and body in his care. If good judgment then is required in selecting an M.D., how much more is good judgment needed in selecting a mental healer. When a natural sympathy exists between a healer and his patient, the patient more quickly responds to the treatment. If any spirit of antagonism is felt on the part of the patient toward the healer, then it should make no difference how great the reputation of the healer may be, the patient should seek someone else, with whom he feels more in accord, to take treatment from. It is not enough that a man or a woman has made a thorough study of mental healing. One may understand the subject ever so well, theoretically, and yet not be successful in the giving of treatment to others. A person may have what is called a good mind, that is, be able to con-

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centrate his thoughts and think clearly and concisely, and, while all this is necessary, he by no means meets the requirements of a successful healer. Back of mental requirements lies the spirit power that feels, that gives its impulse to mind which in turn transmits its energy to the body. If this power is lacking then there can be no permanent healing of mind or body.

Let me enumerate a few of the essential qualities of a successful healer. Love of the good and beautiful, love of humanity, the love of being and doing good. Faith in God, in man and oneself; faith in the power that works within to will and to do. Hope to lighten up life's pathway and to know that however dark life's clouds may be that up and beyond the sun is eternally shining and that all things, whether we call them good or evil, are working together for good. Clear thought picturing, so that the oneness of life that is felt within may be clearly discerned without. Concentration of thought, so that the inner energy may not be dissipated, but may accomplish the greatest possible good. Perseverance, so that the mind will not weary in well doing. Patience, knowing that the seed of a good impulse and a true thought can never be lost, but that in due time will come the harvest. Fearlessness in doing the best one can and leaving results with God. The true healer is one who follows in the pathway outlined by the Master's words and life, and loses thought of self in his desire to help others.

Quite often people go to mental healers and also remain under their medical doctor's care, thinking that by so doing their progress will prove more rapid. Just the reverse of this is true. Halting between two opinions they do not get much good from either, as it in a sense shows lack of faith in both doctor and healer. Sometimes people go to take mental treatment when in reality they are opposed to it. They go because

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some friend or relative wishes it, and, as a result, the mind being non-receptive, they derive little benefit.

When a person in need of mental treatment decides on the one he wishes to give him treatment, let him not begin by wanting to know all at once the *modus operandi* of giving treatment, thus taking up a great deal of valuable time which the healer finds difficult to give because of the fact that he has many other patients to attend to; but let him find out how he is going to aid the one giving him treatment, so that the cure may be accomplished in the shortest possible time. Some healers require their patients to give as detailed an account of their mental and physical condition as possible. Others look upon this rather as a hindrance to their best work. But no healer ever needs to have repeated to him over and over all the woes and pains and troubles of his patient, so the patient after having stated his case in a plain and concise manner need not refer to it again without there are further questions asked by the healer.

When it comes to taking the treatment it is quite necessary for the patient's mind to be as restful, peaceful and relaxed as he can make it. It is not necessary that he should have any particular train of thought to dwell on, but rather that he should do whatever thinking he does without any particular mental effort, and he should try to assume the condition, without any strained effort, that one feels just previous to going to sleep. If the patient's mind has been tense there is a strong possibility that he may go to sleep while under treatment, and if one has been laboring under mental tension for a number of days or weeks, the treatment will have as its effect a relaxing condition which will bring about, possibly for a number of days, the desire to sleep, so that a patient will often fall asleep sitting in a chair. The patient should never try to overcome this condition, because it is a necessary one

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and yet one that will in all probability pass away within a few day's time. Some people have taken this condition as illustrating some hypnotic effect of the mind of the healer on that of the patient. Such, however, is not the case, because no true mental healer ever wills his patient to do anything, but simply makes suggestions to him, leaving him free to act or refuse to act upon them, recognizing that the patient must have liberty of choice.

Nearly all mental healers request their patients to think of themselves as they would like to be. If they are weak, they must think of themselves as being strong; not simply strong in themselves, but strong because of a power that works within them to will and to do. If they have been morbid or despondent, they must try and see the bright and hopeful side of life; to picture in their minds everything about life as they would like it to be; to fill the mind with uplifting thoughts; not to talk about their troubles or diseases to other people, and not to listen to conversation where sickness and disease are discussed. Some may think this a heartless way of doing, showing lack of interest in the well-being of others, but this is far from the case, for all such conversation has a depressing effect upon the minds of people and tends to perpetuate their sorrows and troubles rather than to relieve them from them. Let the patient, therefore, religiously take it upon himself to talk only of things that will leave a good impression on his own mind and that of others. Let him try to acquire a mental poise where the little things of life will not disturb him, and when he has overcome the little things he will find that he is able to cope in a far greater way with the great trials of life.

Some patients, even while making decided improvement, are very slow about acknowledging it either to their friends or to the one giving them treatment. This is a mistaken

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course, because in acknowledging it to their friends it tends to make the friends of the patient more hopeful, and this, in turn, has its good effect upon the patient's mind, as it is always much better to have people thinking of us in the right way than in the wrong way. Again, the healer is busied listening to the pains and aches and woes of his patients, which doubtless to some degree must depress his mind. If the patient is quick to acknowledge the good he derives from the treatment it serves as encouragement for the healer, causing him to put forth renewed effort for the continued improvement of the one who is taking the treatment. Patients often think that the healer is above all these things, and that he has no need of encouragement from his patients or anyone else; that the good work he is doing is sufficient encouragement; but it is well for patients to remember that we are all human yet, even if we are reaching out for our divine birthright, and that we all feel in need of human love and sympathy.

Real sympathy is that which tries to make another life a little brighter and a little happier. Many patients know that there is a correspondence between mind and body wherein certain wrong mental conditions express themselves in physical pain and disease. Knowing this they frequently ask their healers the mental cause of their physical troubles. Even if the healer was able to give the right mental cause for every physical condition, which he is not always able to do, he would not be justified in doing it. People are sometimes honest with themselves concerning their mental shortcomings, but as a general thing they do not like other people to be honest with them, and even where a mental cause for a physical trouble is plainly set forth by the healer, with most people, instead of being accepted as the truth it might bring about a condition of resentment in the mind of the patient which would tend to hinder the good work being done by the healer; therefore,

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it is never wise on the part of the patient to ask the mental cause for any particular trouble from which he is suffering, and it is never wise on the part of the healer to talk to his patients about the law of correspondence other than in a general way. Quite often patients take up quite as much of the healer's time in asking questions as is taken in giving the treatment. Most of these questions could be as well answered by their reading some good book that the healer might recommend. It might occasionally be necessary to ask questions, but the patients should always have in mind that the healer has a great many things to do other than the answering of questions. Occasionally the commercial side will come up in the mind of the patient; he is paying out so much money and he desires to get his money's worth. Mental and spiritual treatment cannot be measured by any money value. How can anyone tell how much of the tangible is to be given for the intangible? The healer is living in a world where money is the medium for the physical luxuries and necessities of life. It is necessary that he should have money to meet the requirements of his physical life. The truth cannot be measured by money and the money the healer receives is not any compensation for a stated amount of truth, but rather for the time he has given for the welfare of his patient. The commercial spirit, then, should be kept out of the minds of both patient and healer when dealing with the higher truths of life. It is well, however, to remember, both on the part of the patient and healer, first, that all giving implies receiving, and if the healer gives his time and work for the mental and physical strengthening of his patient, then the patient should in turn be willing to give toward supplying the physical needs of the healer. Another thing to be remembered is that where the giving is all on one side that such giving tends to make the recipient selfish and prevents him receiving that which would

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make for his highest good. Every true mental healer is always willing to give when there exists a real need, regardless of compensation, but it is better for healer and patient alike that the patient should give some little equivalent than not to give at all. It is better for the patient's own feeling of independence and freedom from obligation to give even a little rather than not to give at all. Some patients go to mental healers with just one object in view, and that is their recovery to physical health, without any desire for a knowledge of how to lead a more law-abiding life. It is best that they should know that the healer can only aid them to a knowledge of life and how to live, and that if they expect permanent health they must learn to know and then obey the laws which make for health and strength. After all each individual must work out his own salvation. The mental or spiritual treatment only serves to get people started right and throw light on life's way so that they may have no difficulty in walking therein.

Questions in relation to food, drink, sleep, exercise and various habits are continually being asked by patients of their healers. I will try to answer some of them briefly. Some mental healers and many Christian Scientists say: eat whatever you like, it will not harm you. I do not think that this is a wise position to take. If the patient is weak or worn out mentally and physically, the digestive and assimilative organs of the body are not vigorous enough to digest and assimilate rich or heavy food, and at such times food of a light, nourishing nature, taken in moderation, is much better, and sometimes it might be as well to go without any until Nature makes the demand. Any kind of drink or tonic intended to stimulate the system is harmful. All excessive action, no matter if it may seem to do good at the time, is followed by reaction which is harmful to the system. Sleep is necessary, and will prove of more benefit than any or all medicine.

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When the patient retires at night he should try and relax the whole body and be peacefully and restfully quiet, even if he does not go to sleep at once. The mental effort he often makes to go to sleep defeats the end, because it makes the mind too active, and when the mind is active sleep does not come. Drawing up the arms or legs or getting any part of the body in a contracted position shows mental tension which is always detrimental to restful sleep. Turning or tossing about on the bed uses up the vital energy faster than one can get it. When the patient is restful, even if he does not go to sleep for hours, he is adding to his store of energy. It is not wise before going to bed to make the mind active on any subject, whether through reading or discussion, or otherwise.

In regard to exercise. One can have too much, as well as too little. All physical exercise should be done with an intelligent understanding of what one is doing, and should be done without too much mental or physical tension. Remember, too, that the mind needs just as much exercise as the body, and that if the body is made strong through right use, that the same course followed with the mind will give like results. Now as to wrong habits, such as drinking or smoking. Anyone under mental treatment who will give them up will make more rapid progress toward health and strength than if he continues them, but many seem unable to do this. If one earnestly desires to overcome such habits the mental healer can be of the greatest help in overcoming them. Above all, the patient should try and be temperate in all things mentally and physically, and while this may not be accomplished all at once, nevertheless a growth is going on that will make for the greatest good in any department of life. Patients should avoid anything in the nature of anger or excitement; even pleasurable excitement, if carried too far, is not wholesome. A question often asked by patients is: "How long is it going

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to take me to get well?" That is a question very difficult to answer. As, for instance, two people having exactly the same trouble, both equally ill; one may entirely recover before the other shows any improvement. The time required is largely dependent on the mental receptivity of the patient. But what are the elements that go to make up the receptive condition in the mind of the patient? I will try and enumerate some of them. A mind free from prejudice, desirous of knowing the truth for truth's sake; a mind filled with brightness and hope, that is continually reaching out for that which is highest and best in life and one that tries to see good in all; a mind that is charitable and kind, filled with love for humanity; a joyful, optimistic mind. All these things go to make one receptive to the good influence of mental treatment and positive against wrong influence. Furthermore, if one is not possessed of these qualities he can set about getting them and soon be in possession of them. The grumbler, the fault-finder, the envious, the malicious, the narrow-minded, or the one who lives in the negative side of life is not receptive, and will take much longer to get well than the first class. It is very doubtful if any healer can say with absolute certainty how long it is going to take his patient to get well. The treatment is a planting of the seed in the mind of the patient and the God who works within the life gives the increase.

There is much more that I should like to say in this article, but space forbids. I sincerely trust that no one who is under treatment, or who thinks of taking it, will get other than encouragement out of what I have written. Some may think that too much is required of the patient, but I would remind them that I have been writing of ideal conditions that make for the greatest good. And while all may not have entered fully into this state, we are all possessed of the power to do so to a degree, and these conditions are all susceptible of cul-

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tivation on our part. A thing that seems hard to-day may become easy for us on the morrow, if we put forth the right kind of an effort, for every good and true thought held is an auto-suggestion that is going to find lodgment in the subconscious mind, and that will make for untold good to us in our hour of need. Browning has beautifully and truthfully said:

"All we have willed, or hoped, or dreamed of good shall exist;
Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor good, nor power
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist
When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.
The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard;
Enough that he heard it once; we shall hear it by-and-by."

Our truest feeling, our highest thoughts, our best deeds, go to make the real and permanent riches of life, and the more we can add to them the richer we become, and these riches not only ennoble and bless us but radiate from us, blessing and enriching the lives of others.

"And good may ever conquer ill,
Health walk where pain has trod;
As a man thinketh, so is he,
Rise then and think with God."

Goodness and love mould the form into their own image, and cause the joy and beauty of love to shine forth from every part of the face. When this form of love is seen, it appears ineffably beautiful, and affects with delight the inmost life of the soul.—*Swedenborg.*

Each day is in itself a little sphere. We have but to round it out to perfection, and the year will take care of itself.—*Selected.*

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THE NEW THOUGHT FEDERATION.

Its Scope and Purpose.

Development is evidenced by cycles of progress. When particular forms and manifestations have answered their purposes, they disappear and give place to others that are more in harmony with the advanced conditions which the former have served to bring about. No material manifestation or physical form is perfect, permanent or final. But if the esoteric and the exoteric are one and inseparable, each is equally essential and indispensable. It is for humanity to elevate and glorify the external, and to mould the outer form into fair and beautiful likenesses of the spiritual ideals they represent.

Associations and organizations have come and gone in the New Thought world. Each has represented the average development of its time and has subserved its particular purpose. However, the New Thought ideals and especially the conception of the vital relation between principle and manifestation, have broadened to such an extent as to demand a form of organization different from any that the past has produced.

As the result of a Preliminary Conference held at Hartford, Conn., February 21-22, 1899, the International Metaphysical League was formed with Charles Brodie Patterson as President, and its First Annual Convention was held in Boston, October 24-26 of the same year. A Constitution was adopted at that time which stated that its purpose was "to establish unity and coöperation of thought and action among all individuals and organizations through the world devoted to the study of the science of mind and being, and to bring them as far as possible under one name and organization."

What was regarded as the basic Statement of Truth was

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formulated as follows: "That One Life is immanent in the Universe and is both center and circumference of all things, visible and invisible, and that One Intelligence is in all, through all, and above all, and that from this Infinite Life and Intelligence proceed all Light, Love and Truth."

The Boston Convention having been eminently successful, the Second Annual New Thought Convention was held in New York, October 23-26, 1900. At this convention Rev. R. Heber Newton was elected the successor of Charles Brodie Patterson as President of the League, and it was decided to hold the next Annual Convention in Chicago.

Various matters conspired to delay the arrangements for holding the Chicago Convention, and it was postponed from year to year until an event occurred which brought together the various Chicago New Thought organizations. The reception given to Elizabeth Towne served to inaugurate the "Chicago Union New Thought Committee," through whose efforts the Third Annual New Thought Convention was held in that city on November 17-20, 1903. By reason of some misunderstanding, the International Metaphysical League and the Chicago Union New Thought Committee did not coöperate in this work, and the Chicago Convention was the work and represented the ideals of the Chicago organization.

The two fundamental ideas for which this Convention stood were: (1) the bringing together of all who stand for the power of mind to develop the highest ideals, and (2) federated work organized in recognition of the individuality of associate work as well as the individuality of persons themselves.

At the Chicago Convention, resolutions were adopted approving of the conception of Brotherhood and Coöperation and accepting Association and Organization as means for their realization, and an Organization Committee was elected to make recommendations for carrying these resolutions into

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practical application. The Report of the Organization Committee was adopted unanimously, its recommendations including (1) The formation of a New Thought Federation of international scope and character, and (2) the statement and acceptance of a comprehensive and definite formulation of the essential significance and meaning of the New Thought.

Invitations having been received from the Mayor of St. Louis, the President of the St. Louis Purchase Exposition, and the Business Men's League of St. Louis, it was decided to hold the Fourth Annual New Thought Convention at St. Louis during the Exposition this year, and the Organization Committee, under the designation of "The Executive Committee," was deputed to arrange for holding this Convention and forming the New Thought Federation. This Executive Committee was constituted as follows: Eugene Del Mar, Chairman; Margaretta G. Bothwell, Nona L. Brooks, John D. Perrin, Charles E. Prather and Helen Van Anderson.

The International Metaphysical League was found willing to coöperate and merge its work with the proposed New Thought Federation, and Rev. R. Heber Newton, President of the League, consented to become President of the Federation. Other members of the League were elected on the Executive Committee, which, after due deliberation, adopted a Constitution for the Federation and completed the labors committed to it by the Chicago Convention.

In the Constitution of The New Thought Federation its purposes are defined as follows: "To aid human development through unfoldment of its consciousness of unity, and in the manifestation of this consciousness by way of coöperation; to stimulate faith in and study of the higher nature of man in its relation to health, happiness and character; to teach the Universal Fatherhood and Motherhood of God and the all-inclusive

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Brotherhood of Man; to secure rightful liberty in pursuit of the purposes of this Federation; to foster the New Thought movement in general; to publish such literature as may be found essential, and to take an active part in all matters appertaining to education along the lines proposed. In accomplishing these purposes, the Federation in nowise shall interfere with, infringe upon, or be responsible for, the interpretations, methods, or work either of New Thought individuals or organizations."

The significance of the New Thought is stated to be:—"That One Life is immanent in the Universe, and is both center and circumference of all things, visible and invisible; that every soul is divine, and that in the realization of this truth each individual may express and manifest his highest ideals through right thinking and right living. These statements are tentative, and imply no limitations or boundaries."

The provisions in regard to Membership are:—"Any person in sympathy with the purposes of the Federation may become a member thereof on payment of the annual dues. The annual dues of a member shall be one dollar, and all memberships for the first year shall expire with the adjournment of the (St. Louis) Convention hereinbefore mentioned. The regular meeting of the members of the Federation shall be held at the New Thought Convention, to meet this year at St. Louis, and shall commence on October 26th. Each member shall be entitled to vote, but no member shall vote by proxy." It was deemed advisable to leave the terms and conditions of organization membership to be considered and determined by the St. Louis Convention.

The Constitution is a provisional one, and it will be altered and improved in such respects as the St. Louis Convention may deem advisable.

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The executive officers of the New Thought Federation are as follows:

President, Rev. R. Heber Newton, D.D.
Vice-President, Ursula N. Gestefeld.

Executive Committee:
Margaretta G. Bothwell,
Eugene Del Mar,
Bolton Hall,
H. Bradley Jeffery,
Charles Brodie Patterson.

Assistant Secretary,
John D. Perrin.
Treasurer,
H. Bradley Jeffery.
Auditor,
Bolton Hall.

Secretary, Eugene Del Mar.
Address: P. O. Box 20 M. S., New York City.

The list of those elected members of the Board of Directors (Advisory Committee), as well as the Honorary Vice Presidents, affords some evidence of the scope of the New Thought Federation. The names are as follows:

Georgina I. S. Andrews,*
William Walker Atkinson,
A. P. Barton,*
Kate A. Boehme,*
H. B. Bradbury,*
Nona L. Brooks,*
Henry Harrison Brown,*
George E. Burnell,
Fred Burry,*
Alice M. Callow,
Helen Campbell,*
Mary E. Chapin,
Egbert M. Chesley,
Susie C. Clark,*
W. J. Colville,*
M. E. Cramer,
Aaron M. Crane,
Minnie S. Davis,*
Stanton Kirkham Davis,
John Hamlin Dewey,
Horatio W. Dresser,*
James A. Edgerton,*
Paul Edwards,
Sarah J. Farmer,*
Charles Fillmore,*
Horace Fletcher,
Henry Frank,*
W. C. Gibbon,
Emma Gray,*
Frank Harrison,

(The * denotes "acceptance already received.")

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Esther Henry,*	H. H. Schroeder,*
Fannie B. James,*	Evelyn Arthur See,
Eleanor Kirk,	Joseph Stewart,*
M. F. Knox,	Alice B. Stockham,*
Hannah More Kohaus,	Sara Thacker,*
Lucy A. Mallory,*	Henry S. Tafft,
Francis E. Mason,*	Elizabeth Towne,*
Mary Robbins Mead,*	Ralph Waldo Trine,*
Annie Rix Militz,	Paul Tyner,*
Anna W. Mills,	Helen Van Anderson,*
G. H. Moulton,	S. A. Weltmer,*
T. G. Northrup,	Lilian Whiting,*
John D. Perrin,*	Ella Wheeler Wilcox,*
W. P. Phelon,*	Floyd B. Wilson,
Charles E. Prather,*	J. Stitt Wilson,*
George Ricker,	J. W. Winkley,*
Adolph Roeder,	Henry Wood,*
Woodbury Sawyer,*	Jane W. Yarnall,*

The names of several persons of prominence in the New Thought have been omitted advisedly, out of deference to their publicly expressed views against organization in general, and in recognition of their voluntary self-exclusion from coöperative work. Doubtless there are others whose names should be included in the list and which have been omitted inadvertently. Such matters will be adjusted as they are brought to the attention of the Executive Committee.

The Fourth Annual New Thought Convention will be held at St. Louis, Mo., on October 25th to 28th, inclusive. The sessions will be held in the Music Hall—located at Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Olive streets—which has a seating capacity of 3,000. Friday, October 28th, has been designated by the World's Fair management as "New Thought Day," and this

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will appear on all the official announcements of the Exposition.

The detail work of the Convention is under the personal direction of Rev. John D. Perrin, pastor of the West End Church of Practical Christianity, St. Louis, and Assistant Secretary of the New Thought Federation. He will be assisted by various committees, the chairmen of which are as follows: *Publicity,* Charles Edgar Prather, Kansas City, Mo.; *Transportation,* Bert Pierce, St. Louis, Mo.; *Reception,* Mrs. Katherine Medcraft, St. Louis, Mo.; *Music,* Professor LeRoy Moore, Kansas City, Kan.; *Hall,* E. M. Dinning, St. Louis, Mo.; *Hotel,* W. H. Gummersell, St. Louis, Mo. These chairmen, with the addition of Rev. H. H. Schroeder, Edmund T. Bunting, Mrs. Vintie Root McDonald and Rev. J. D. Perrin, constitute the Convention Committee.

The Executive Committee of the New Thought Federation will constitute the Program Committee of the St. Louis Convention, and will assume the responsibility of selecting those who will be requested to deliver the addresses on that occasion.

The Scope and Purpose of the New Thought Federation have now been outlined. All that may be accomplished prior to the St. Louis Convention will furnish the foundation upon which that Convention may build a permanent Federation, fashioning it—after deliberate consideration—in such manner as may be determined upon there.

The degree of success to be attained by the Federation rests entirely with the New Thought people. To the extent that unity and coöperation remain unmanifest and therefore not practised, in such degree will the Federation lack in vitality and usefulness. It is expected confidently that the New Thought Federation will receive such hearty coöperation and support as to make it representative of all that is best in the

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New Thought movement, and that it will show forth in living form the Principle of Unity which lies at the basis of all New Thought teachings.

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE,
THE NEW THOUGHT FEDERATION.

EUGENE DEL MAR,
Secretary.

HEED NOT THE HURT.

Heed not the hurt, except to know and feel
That thou hast tried the day as long and hard as they
Whose efforts won;
Another day and thou with strength may clothe thy brow,
And all the hurts will heal
When that is done.

Heed not the hurt, though life may seem so small,
And thine should be among the names that are unsung,
Be brave and wait;
Another life may be a glory unto thee,
Thy soul be over all,
Thy name be great.

There is no hurt, save in the mortal mind
And death shall calmly sweep it into dreamless sleep
'Till day shall break;
And every fault and fear and every failure here
Will be long left behind
When we awake!

JAMES RAVENSCROFT.

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A STUDY OF PARSIFAL.

BY W. J. COLVILLE.

The recent presentations of Richard Wagner's great mystical masterpiece, "Parsifal," in New York have naturally aroused considerable popular interest, not alone in the superb musical and scenic production but also in the profound spiritual mysticism of the tale itself. Parsifal may well be termed a super-historical character, for though Knights of the Holy Grail may easily have been actual personages with whose history Germany's great musical composer had become traditionally familiar, vastly more than simple biography is contained in the story of the valiant Knight who is truly a representative —like the biblical Job—of the human soul regardless of place or period. The mystery which envelops the fine dramatic story appeals as strongly and persistently to lovers of the marvelous as the more heroic features of the play appeal to those whose special affection is for the sterner virtues of courage and firm endurance, rather than for those milder and dreamier traits of character which specially fascinate the lovers of romance. Tennyson's "Percival" and Wagner's "Parsifal" are much the same, and both depict the trials of initiation through which every novice must pass who would rise from the lower rank of neophyte to the higher degree of hierophant in the immemorial Mysteries. The modern revival of religious dramas is largely a return to a practise sanctioned by the Church in the Middle Ages. The complete secularizing of the theater which followed the Medieval period has made it seem irreverent to portray on the boards scenes which grandly depict the most sacred acts of religious worship, but the public mind is now be-

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coming used to a blending of the sacred with the secular to which the Puritan spirit proved itself rigidly averse; therefore, after a brief sputter of dissent, "Parsifal" on the stage is accepted as a legitimate offering to frequenters of America's leading temple of lyric art. Parsifal, the hero of the play, is a complex but perfectly natural character. In early youth he shows himself valorous but unkind; bravery, but not sympathy, is developed in him; he therefore needs to undergo a rigid training, attended by many hardships, before he can be promoted to the highest office in an Order which rightfully demands of its chiefs the tenderer as well as the more heroic virtues.

Kundry, the mysterious witch-woman, is a fascinating study and one which well repays unusually close investigation. As Robert Louis Stevenson's weird narrative, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," represented not two men but two sides of one man, so does Kundry in Wagner's music-drama prove the embodiment of a higher and lower personality in a single individual. The mystery of dual consciousness is here held up for contemplation, and though it can scarcely be said that this strange woman is the incarnate solution of the mighty problem of the two natures which inhere in every one of us, the ultimate triumph of her celestial side and the defeat of all that is infernal agree well with the sublime philosophy of Robert Browning, the most truly optimistic of all modern English poets, whose faith in the ultimate triumph of goodness seems never to have faltered. "Parsifal" is not altogether unique among Wagner's masterpiece, for in "Tannhäuser" we see the blossoming of the seemingly dead branch and the ultimate rescue of the sinner from the consequences of his sin. It is as a life history applicable to every member of the human family that "Parsifal" intensely appeals. Its human interest is unusually strong, for though couched in mystic language, the characters attired in

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unfamiliar garb, the great spiritual tragedy appeals to the poetic soul to-day as powerfully as does the book of Job. Klingsor comes as near to being a veritable incarnation of unmixed evil as any poet's creation with which the world has yet been favored, and as such may be fairly styled an extravagance, even a caricature of humanity; but, regarded as the inversion of certain human elements rather than as a permanently wicked individual, this monster becomes intelligible and serves not only to present a dramatic foil but also to teach a very useful lesson. Klingsor, like Satan, can easily be understood as an exclusive presentation of that side of our common nature which, when unbridled, lures us to destruction, but when rightly disciplined leads us on to certain victory. When Marie Corelli wrote "The Sorrows of Satan" she gave evidence of having deeply delved into legendary lore, and it is from the same fertile and fascinating source that Wagner's genius has gathered almost all the material employed in "Parsifal." Klingsor is the arch-enemy of the Knights of the Holy Grail, and those illustrious noblemen can only attain to the highest stations in their Order as they vanquish, each in turn, this subtle and seductive tempter who places every snare imaginable in the way of their onward progress.

Amfortas, the son and successor of Titurel as chief of the Knights, has fallen a prey to some of the wiles of the tempter before Parsifal, the guileless youth, appears upon the scene, and because of his wickedness in an hour of exposure to temptation Amfortas must suffer severely whenever he attempts to discharge the most sacred duties of his state. The wound which causes him excruciating agony has been inflicted by a holy weapon perverted from its rightful use and temporarily found in possession of the enemy. This sacred spear could never have been turned against Amfortas had he not permitted himself to be beguiled by the spells of Klingsor, carried out through

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the agency of Kundry, who undergoes amazing transformations, being at one time a hideous and repulsive creature and again a radiantly beautiful woman as fair as the goddesses of Greek mythology.

The Holy Grail, divested of the special traditions which romantically encircle it, bears close resemblance to that condition of ineffable blessedness which Hindus designate Nirvana and to which Christians give the name of Paradise. The celebration of the Eucharist means vastly more, when considered esoterically, than the reverent reception of sacramental elements. As the student of Yoga philosophy in India aims at complete surrender of his lower personality that he may discover his higher individuality, so does the devout communicant who approaches a holy mystery in faithful spirit seek earnestly to become one with Christ and thereby one with all humanity. Very much of the original beauty and significance of the Holy Supper as a social as well as an ecclesiastical institution has been beclouded, but students of the practises and doctrines of the earliest Christian centuries will find a great deal to admire in the pure bond of fellowship with all humanity which was graphically portrayed to the primitive Christian in the act of participation in the consecrated elements. Earlier by thousands of years than the beginning of the Christian Era may have been many of the eucharistic ceremonies, but neither antiquity nor modernity can affect the essence of a holy rite which is found, if at all, far below the surface of custom and tradition. Purity in thought as well as in deed is rigorously demanded by the Order of the Holy Grail, and the officiating ministers at its immaculate altars must be free from all base emotions or they cannot, without extreme suffering to themselves, officiate as celebrants of the august mystery. In this declaration, most vividly presented in the agonies endured by the weak Amfortas, we learn that the holy communion is not

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vitiated in itself by the weakness of the celebrant, but he who errs must suffer; thus the very act of efficient celebration brings torture to the strayed one when it should ever be a source of inexpressible delight.

The odd expression "Guileless Fool," as applied to Parsifal in the English text, is a strange survival of an ancient usage. By "fool" was originally meant not an imbecile nor even an uneducated person necessarily, but one who is thoroughly unsophisticated and has never been led astray by worldly wiles. Parsifal as the "fool" is not yet ready to fill an exalted place in a sacred Order, for he has not yet undergone temptations; so when Gurnemanz thrusts him from the holy precincts Parsifal goes forth to meet those various temptations which he must needs withstand before he is qualified to assume the high station which destiny holds for him.

The three temptations mentioned in the Christian Gospels and the four stages in initiation alluded to in many procurable treatises which undertake to unveil some of the mysteries of Occultism, are all summed up in the discipline undergone by Parsifal, who meets and vanquishes all that theologians classify as the allurements of the World, the Flesh and the Devil. The temptation presented to Parsifal by Kundry under Klingsor's spell is extremely subtle, as she personates the valiant youth's pure mother, for whom he entertains the greatest reverence and affection; but, guileless though he is in the best meaning of the word, he is not to be vanquished even by this deception, for instead of his yielding to the cleverly contrived seduction and falling into the Black Magician's trap, his spiritual vision grows clear and he adds to his other virtues the grace of sympathy. Now he begins to comprehend the agony of Amfortas, and far from coldness in the presence of human suffering he feels the warmth of such pure tenderness as can, when combined with strength of purpose and resoluteness of will,

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show a way out of sorrow even while sympathizing tenderly with the afflicted. Parsifal's soul is truly born within him at the exact moment when he begins to feel a compassion his heart has never known before. This sweet compassionateness, far from detracting from his courage, adds to his bravery, as true discerning love always strengthens character. A heart which has never bled cannot understand another heart which bleeds, and lack of comprehension is ever an effectual barrier against the highest attainment.

The spiritual agencies constantly at work throughout the action of the play can be understood and appreciated in a two-fold manner, for they suggest equally the various elements in man which are the ingredients of human character, and those companion souls which are ever in communion with us and which, in all their various orders and degrees, can only approach us through their correspondences within ourselves. Mental Scientists, Theosophists, Spiritualists, and all who are seeking to probe and penetrate the mystery of multiple human consciousness will find in the story of Parsifal almost unlimited food for meditation. The ultimate redemption of Kundry harmonizes the central truth of Universalism with the great doctrine of the certainty that suffering must follow transgression of the moral law, which is the highest ethical note in all philosophy. Whether the human soul is rightly described as a battle-ground or only as a workshop and a laboratory, may be an open subject for controversy, but that this world is a school, or, as Alfred Russell Wallace persists in calling it, a very important seminary, is undoubted; though we are by no means assured that it is the only one in our solar system.

We may, however, wisely leave Wallace and Flammarion to settle astronomical disputes between them. As practical working Metaphysicians we must ever be most intensely concerned with life here and now, and learn how to render life most

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noble and most beautiful. From the pulpit of the theater rather than from that of the cathedral are multitudes of inquiring minds in this romantic, albeit scientific, century awaiting illumination. Parsifal is the typical knight *par excellence*, who stands forth in dramatic story as the conqueror of earthly passion and the deliverer of the afflicted through the ministry of a well and nobly rounded life.

The greatest lesson of all conveyed in the mighty mystic tale is the need of symmetrical development. Heart and head, reason and intuition, sound judgment and tender sympathy must be united in due and equal proportions in the heroic deliverers of humanity from bondage who will fulfil in their own career the brightest Messianic expectations.

SOON shall heaven be found to be, not a place only, but a state of mind; seen to consist in knowing God and man, in loving God and man, in serving God and man.—*J. F. Clarke.*

O STRIVING soul! strive quietly.
Whate'er thou art or dost,
Sweetest the strain when in the song
The singer has been lost;
Truest the work when 'tis the deed,
Not doer, counts for most.

—*Adelaide Procter.*

MEN are tattooed with their special beliefs like so many South Sea Islanders; but a real human heart, with divine love in it, beats with the same glow under all the patterns of all earth's thousand tribes.—*O. W. Holmes.*

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THE ELEMENT OF TIME IN DREAMS.

BY REV. ADOLPH ROEDER.

The facts in evidence are quite numerous and quite familiar. There are a number of common factors in all dreams. For instance, there are dreams of flying or floating, familiar to every one. There are dreams of going through rooms and rooms and rooms; there are dreams of going upstairs, over staircases and through doors that grow constantly narrower; of going downstairs into cold and clammy places, through cellars, subcellars and sewers that grow more and more noxious and trying; of standing beside one's own body and realizing one's true self apart from the body; of meeting those who are known to be dead, yet finding them alive. Among a multitude of such common factors, there is one quite pronounced, and that is the element of time. And most noticeable about this element, when introduced into dreams, is the feature that it does not coincide in any way with the factor called time in the outer or waking world. The most perceptible differentiation is generally in favor of the dreamer, in that time is perceptibly and in most instances startlingly lengthened. Dreams quite frequently involve for the evolution of their pictures (which are in such instances almost invariably legitimate unfoldments of ordinary life processes) periods of time of inordinate duration. Thus the sleeper will live through a series of ordinary life experiences (and from the data which the writer has thus far collected, involving some eight thousand dreams, emphasis must be placed upon the adjective "ordinary" since in dreams involving "extraordinary" experiences, the element of time is usually lost sight of altogether) extending

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over an appreciable period of time, most frequently some weeks or months, in rarer cases, years.

Such dreams come to the especial attention of the sleeper, because of the fact that he takes cognizance for one reason or another of the flight of "actual" time in the waking or physical world. The dreamer, in the usual dream of this nature, wakes for a moment from sleep—hears a familiar sound, the striking of a clock, the noise of a specific train whose time schedule is known, the blowing of a whistle, used to indicate time; or he wakes and notes the time on his watch or clock. He then dozes quietly for a few minutes, and wakes with a start having gone through a long line of ordinary life experiences in these few moments, involving long periods of time and including such activities as crossing the ocean and meeting friends on the other side; starting a store and running it successfully for several months; reading proof of a book and seeing it through the press; being married and establishing a family of three children; passing through a protracted illness of six months' duration, and many others.

These are the facts in the case; but two considerations must be added before these facts can be assumed to have been fairly stated. The first is that in all dreams the *waking* imagination and that part of the memory in direct connection with the talking mechanism of the narration of a dream must in all reports of dreams be largely discounted. No man can tell of a dream involving startling time features, without drawing upon his imagination as to the sense of time duration which differs very much with different people; and upon his memory for the inscenation, which again is subject to modifications directly traceable to the fact that the memory records matters of the imagination as readily as it does matters of observation. In other words, the personal equation is as strong in dreams as it is in the waking hours, and with the nervous and imaginative

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the dream period must be discounted more largely than with the phlegmatic and the unimaginative.

The second is the alternate fact, which is seldom recognized, namely, the total loss of the consciousness of time, both in dreamless sleep and in many dreams. This phenomenon is virtually as difficult of interpretation as is that of the surplusage of time connected with the dreams here spoken of.

The first groundwork of premises required in the explanation which follows, is along the line of what may be called "layerings of consciousness" or in a generic way the "Doctrine of Degrees." The various lines of research pursued by students of hypnosis suggest other psychologic investigations tending toward the formulation of the idea that there are not only planes of consciousness, but that each plane of consciousness has a distinct or differentiated process, method or law of life.

The mind and the structure of the mind is most easily understood if the body and the structure of the body is understood. for whichever system of philosophy we follow out, there is always some relation between the body and the mind, either the mind is part of the body, or the body is part of the mind. In some way there is a relationship, and the student who fully grasps the values of functions in the body is best prepared to do the same in the mind. In the first place, then, there is no sense of identity for the body. We call it a body from habit, but it is really a series of bodies rolled into one. It is a series of structures, each one entirely differentiated from the other or entirely discrete. There is, for instance, an entire body built of bone. It is a structure all by itself, with a quaint, uncouth life of its own, a life which can scarcely be called life, for the oozing of a mineral substance out of or into the marrow that fills a bone is an absolutely uncouth process when compared with the transfer of a live sensation from the brain to the end of the fingers by the nervous system. Again, there is

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a muscular structure. It also has a life of its own, existing largely of two simple mechanical functions, one the function of contraction, and the other the function of relaxation and a partly regular interplay of the two, for the purpose of moving in one distinct part of the body. The muscular structure is entirely distinct from the bone structure. Beside these two bodies, for each of these structures is a body in itself, there is a third body which may be called the vascular body. It, again, is an entirely distinct system of structures which could be dissected out from the flesh, if we had the skill and the means for doing so, and which includes all of that vast network of things built in the tubular form, all of the alimentary canal, all of the lymphatic system, all of the arteries and veins and the heart. Every student of anatomy knows that this entire system could be dissected from the body, that it would in general have the human form, that it has a series of functions entirely different from those of the bones or of the muscles, that the element of the creation, production and sustenation of the various fluids of the body, blood, lymph, chyle, etc., goes on almost entirely by the laws of osmosis, of absorption, of assimiliation, entirely independent of the muscular contraction which plays an important part in the first days of intercreation of food substance after they enter the alimentary canal. In other words, the circulatory system is a body or a physical man all by itself. Again, beside these three organic structures there is a nerve man, a nervous system which nowhere turns into or changes into either of the other three systems. It is entirely by itself. In other words, our body really exists of at least four bodies rolled into one, each with a life of its own, each with a method of procedure of its own, each with capacities of its own, and, if we choose, we can call this interlaced quadrature of bodies a series of discrete degrees one different from the other in structure, life and methods of life. It would

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be not at all difficult to distinguish between the relative values of these four structures. No man will deny that the bone man is of a lower order than the muscular man, that that, again, is of a lower order than the vascular man, and that, again, is of a lower order than the nerve man. Hence in this premise we have not only the fact established that they are differentiated in discrete degrees, but that they are coördinates making one degree higher or lower than the other. For each the sentence is permissible, that the body is built on the least discrete degrees of altitude, that is that one degree is higher than the other.

Upon the physical premise of the body it is comparatively safe to construct the mental premise of "spirit." In other words, no matter how much or how little we know mind and spirit, we may safely say that, as there is no sense of unital identity in the body, so there is no sense of unital identity of the mind. Man as a physical body is in reality at least four bodies rolled and interwoven into one; hence, man as a mental being is virtually at least four minds, or four layers of mind rolled and interwoven into one. Each "body" has a life and a set of functions of its own; hence, each mind has a life, a consciousness and a set of functions of its own.

This is a very general major premise based upon what students of metaphysics have learned to call the "Science of Correspondences."

A second step in this line of reasoning involves the statement that all four bodies of man may and do function synchronously; that is, the lungs breathe while the heart is beating, and the brain "animating" and the food digesting and the various liquids of the body "osmosing" (if such a word be permissible). All these things are going on at one and the same time. It may therefore be taken for granted that no differentiation as to time can be said to take place anywhere in the body; even

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the ratio of rhythmic beats being under normal conditions maintained without change. So far as the functioning of the body is concerned therefore, there *is no element of time* introduced or introducible.

But what is true of the body is equally true of the mind. If you will watch the functioning of your mind you will note that it also is *synchronous*. Take a case in illustration: You are a commuter. You are riding in your accustomed train reading the paper. You will note that the car is unusually warm (or cold, as the case may be). At the same time you will note that some one near you is accustomed to using some particularly pleasant (or unpleasant) form of perfume. You will hear (and understand) quite a few broken sentences of conversation going on within ear shot, and you will *at the same time* be reading (and reading intelligently) the utterances of your favorite editor. All these things *at the same time*. Hence the element of time doesn't enter into the waking mind, while it is functioning in its various layers or degrees of consciousness.

There is, therefore, no valid reason to suppose that the element of time plays any part whatever in the mind when asleep.

When the body sleeps the outer sense-man becomes dormant, but the vital functions go on without cessation. It may, therefore, be assumed in sleep, that the outer layer of consciousness of the mind (whatever name we may choose to give it) becomes dormant while the inner mental functions continue uninterrupted. Add to this the element of synchronousness and you have the immediate result that several layers of the mind may in a dream be active at one and the same moment and each furnish its picture or thought.

Now take the final step. If you were reporting your train experiences to your friend at the end of the journey, you would instantly need to do two things—you would have to tell the stories of the four sensations involved—the sense of heat or cold, the sense of odor, the sentences heard and the sentences

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read in a certain order, arbitrary or rational, according to the habit of mind; and you would be compelled to allow for a sense of time in each case, the time involved in the telling of the stories, and the fact of *their sequence,* which in itself begets a sense of time, leading inevitably to the introduction of the element of time *during* the narration of your experiences. The conclusion would therefore be that the sense of sequence and time is introduced into vivid dreams by the waking mind, when it thinks them over in the morning or when the dreamer tells his dream.

This is not done consciously, but grows out of the very nature of the case. No man can see the picture of an entire business transaction or of a journey without his mind involuntarily introducing the idea of Time.

Take a waking case once more. You sit in your room in New York City, say, and hold in your hand an unopened cablegram. You open it—unfold the yellow messenger and read the words: "Reached London O. K." It takes only a second to read them—but you will instantly find yourself saying: "I wonder whether they had a smooth trip?" which means—what? That you are necessarily thinking of the intervening time. Now take a dream. A sleeper sees (and sees in a moment of time) himself in a strange room, having a somewhat foreign cast of furnishings and hangings and three children—and an impression that they are his—and the waking mind will unconsciously add the foreign land, the length of trip and the period of time presupposed by the family relations indicated. The dream itself (as are all dreams) *is devoid* of the element of time entirely.

All of which leads to the general conclusion that the factor called time does not enter into the functions of the mind or the spirit, whether waking or sleeping, and the further and yet more general conclusion, that spirit recognizes neither space nor time.

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THE PSYCHOLOGY OF REFORM.

BY PROF. W. A. MCKEEVER.

"Can the Ethiopian change his skin or the leopard his spots?" Although this question is as old as the hills, in its figurative sense, it is still pertinent. Can a man change his character definitely and permanently, so that the tendency to act in the old way will not more recur. It is doubtless true that at the beginning of every new year, several millions of the people of this country make some kind of effort to reform their characters. What are their probabilities of success?

In the first place, it will be agreed, the answer to this question depends very much upon the age of the person concerned. When one has reached mental and physical maturity his character tends to become more and more fixed. New ideas come to him less readily and remain with him less permanently. He may conduct himself in a new way for a short time, but the tendency is to fall back into the old rut. Every kind of observation on the subject, and every manner of introspective evidence seem to give testimony to the effect that the best time to reform character is during childhood.

The fact is, we are inclined to take rather too much personal credit for what we are and what we can achieve. It can likely be shown that the foundation and much of the superstructure of our characters were constructed before we became aware of the higher purposes of life. Nay, more than that; many of the more stable qualities of our natures are the result of a slow process of evolution dating back many generations.

In the case of some children, it can easily be shown that by

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persistent drill a new mode of response can be formed and an old one eradicated. In other instances wherein the tendency to act in a specific way is an inherited one, the change is more difficult. Modern science has shown pretty conclusively that every physical act is presided over by a specific portion of the brain. For example, there is a brain center for the movements of the right hand and another for those of the left. If the latter is more highly developed at birth, the child it naturally left-handed, and this tendency will likely never be overcome. Much training may make the child right-handed, but he will never be so skilful and proficient in executing right-hand movements as he would have been, after the same training, in executing left-hand movements.

It is high time we were recognizing the fact that reformation of character means, to a certain extent, a reforming of the brain mass, and, at times, of the whole nervous mechanism. There is no difference in principle and fundamental method between a case of breaking a child of left-handedness and breaking him of some immoral habit, say lying or stealing. In each case, there is, correlated with the habituated action, a highly developed brain center, and the mechanical side of the reforming process is that of annulling the effects of this center by disuse, and developing another to take its place. Then, for the sake of simplicity, let the case of left-handedness represent them all. You ask a left-handed boy, whom you are trying to break of the habit, to throw a ball. What is the detailed process for him? There is (1) the usual idea of the movement, (2) the impulse to throw with the left hand, (3) the inhibition or check of this impulse, (4) the idea of throwing with the right hand, (5) the impulse so to act, (6) the action as a result.

Now, while the foregoing complex process may occur all within a second or two, the fact and manner of its occurring

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indicates the nature of the reconstruction necessary before the reform is even relatively complete. The brain center for left-handedness must be kept dormant by constant inhibitions of its natural processes, while that for right-handedness is built up by constant practise. It is a slow, tedious operation, even in the case of the child, whose brain mass is still plastic, and an almost hopeless one in the case of an adult.

All this discussion seems to offer scant encouragement to the several millions of mortals who, on New Year's day, honestly and faithfully resolve to reform. However, there is still some hope; but the individual must act emotionally as well as intellectually. While he is most deeply under conviction as to the errors of his way and feels most powerfully the force of the new resolution he is forming, an examination would show that strong emotion is actually in process. The life forces feel warm and strong, many of the muscles of the body have an unwonted fixity and the countenance has an unusually firm aspect. At this time the blood is doubtless flowing with unusual force through certain of the brain regions. This is the feeling that is desired as permanent. "Strike while the emotional iron is hot!" is the rule laid down by the psychologist. The self-reformer has to work against great odds; and, if he is to succeed in forming the new habit and destroying the old one, he must be both faithful and persistent. Suppose the case of an habitual drinker of intoxicants trying to reform. He must persistently image (think of) himself in the performance of acts of sobriety and abstinence, and at the same time refuse positively to think about the old act.

The last clause needs fuller treatment. While an open confession may be good for the soul, a repetition of it is exceedingly bad for the reform. Many fail here through ignorance of the law. After the new mode of conduct is adopted they keep up a morbid practise of relating the old evil experiences.

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Many a religious convert makes this form of error by repeatedly giving a detailed account of his past sins. He thus prepares the way for easy and natural "backsliding" by keeping alive the old tendency to do evil.

An almost absolute essential for the self-reformer is that he strive in every way to continue to be emotional with reference to his new form of conduct. Let him indulge every impulse to act in its behalf. Let him talk much of it, meditate upon it, quote poetry and sing songs about it, connect it, in thought, with every beautiful sentiment possible and with every mode of inspiring conduct imaginable. In short let him become passionately fond of and thoroughly imbued with his new idea and it will naturally work itself out in his character.

DOTH darkness seem to cloud thee?
The light is clear, closed are thine eyes.
Doth sorrow seem to bind thee?
Still art thou free! Glad soul, arise!

Dost seem a child of earth with strife distraught?
Thou art a child of God, His living thought,
Complete and perfect in Omniscient Sight;
Turn then, thou blessed one, and see the light!

ALICE HENRY.

THOSE who follow that part of themselves which is great are great men, and those who follow that which is little are little men.—*Mencius.*

To be always intending to live a new life, but never finding time to set about it,—this is as if a man should put off eating and drinking and sleeping from one day to another, until he is starved and destroyed.—*Tillotson.*

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IS THE ASCETIC IDEAL THE PERFECTER OF LIFE?

BY WILLIAM TULLY SEEGER.

In a notable book, "Culture and Restraint," whose second edition has recently been issued in London, Hugh Black writes capably and lucidly on the old—but ever new and never exhausted—theme of the two conflicting tendencies most apt to baffle those who sincerely seek what is highest and best in life.

Does this—the chief end of man's existence—consist in the fullest development and enjoyment of human capacities, always aiming to harmonize and give equal value to physical, intellectual and spiritual? If yes, the true method to follow is summed up in the word *culture.*

On the other hand, is it not quite possible that what is highest in life involves something more than developing and enjoying our capacities with equal interest and range—something more radical as the outcome of all development fit to be called betterment? If such be the case, it can but be seen that there are limits to what culture can do for us, and not only that, but qualities are thereby developed which it becomes necessary to restrain unsparingly.

Present day civilization is much given to the Greek ideal of physical and æsthetic values, full self-expression, the wine of life, and joy of beauty, opposing which is the Hebraic (more properly the Hindu) and Puritanic ideal of ascetic values—self-repression, spiritual detachment and the divine uplift.

After criticizing and comparing these two ideals—placing them in various lights—through ten chapters, the author concludes with a final one on "The Christian Solution," which

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closes in this strain: "It is religion man needs, not culture in itself. So the birthplace of modern civilization is not Athens, but Calvary. The 'pale Galilean' has conquered against all full-blooded gospels of the natural joy of life, but conquered in the grandest way of conquest, not by the extermination of the opponent but by changing the enemy into a friend."

"The 'pale Galilean' has conquered!"

This is an astonishing statement to the present writer, and must be as much to many others who have eyes and know how to use them. While, generally speaking, the civilized peoples of the Occident are to-day better off physically and morally than ever before and have achieved greatly in altruistic endeavor, it is nevertheless a fact that Christendom still clings to the "full-blooded gospels" and does not scruple to make blood flow freely on slight provocation. As for the Christianity of the churches, it is something that the "pale Galilean" would not recognize as belonging to him.

No, it cannot be said that our civilization acts as though the "pale Galilean" had conquered. The Greek ideal dominates and it is unblushingly Epicurean, not Platonic; while asceticism, which Jesus practised among the Essenes, and never departed from in any important respect, is condemned—except in one branch of the Christian church—from sheer lack of the spiritual discernment needed to understand its true meaning.

The author of "Culture and Restraint" apparently shares this lack and, after treating asceticism at considerable length, can only iterate and reiterate that it is a failure as a method of attaining what is best in life. Overlooking the important part which the ascetic ideal plays in all religion worthy the name, he proceeds to invest the "Christian method" with the very advantages properly belonging to the method condemned.

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for example: "Opposed to externalism of morals, the Christian method demands a renewing of will, producing spontaneous moral emancipation. Instead of mere negative prohibition, it points as the true secret to the purifying of the inner life, raising it into a higher sphere where the lower temptations can get no foothold."

Now, in order to raise the inner life into a higher sphere one must negative—with one's members as well as one's mind—the environment of the lower sphere. Has it ceased to be generally true that "a man is known by the company he keeps"?

As for "negative prohibitions," it is only the outsider who sees but the externals of a religious code, that such details wrongly influence. Those who realize what asceticism has done for mankind and seek to penetrate into the secret of its power—who else can estimate it aright?—find that ascetics are no more given to negatives than to positives, but that their appreciation of the *essentials* of religion leads to a more radical individualism than society, in its ignorance, likes to tolerate. In what they enjoin there is a positive for every negative, as is evident in these words of the "pale Galilean," which come nearer to expressing the ruling motive of asceticism than aught else that could be quoted from the world's bibles, namely: "He that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal" (John xii. 25). If Jesus, duly accredited, should reappear and reaffirm these profound thoughts, would not the all too confident up-to-date Occident turn its back on him—clergy and churchmen along with the rest, excepting a very small "saving remnant"? Naturally; and because spiritual development has been occulted by physical, during the past half century, it must now wait for psychical science to catch up with physical science, so that the inner life may be better known. Spiritual development (*i.e.*, involution) is the con-

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comitant and coöperant of physical (*i.e.*, evolution), but, being internal, it escapes observation, for the most part, until its results come into pronounced antagonism with man's heritage of animalism. Then comes the warring between the "flesh" and the "spirit" that Paul treats so earnestly, and there looms up a problem that cries for solution wherever an aspiring heart is in travail because of the stress it imposes, *i.e.: Why this irrepressible conflict between higher self and lower?*

What can Modern Science do for this brave aspirant who is resolved to press onward toward the goal of Truth at any sacrifice? Pitifully little! It will talk warningly about pathology and dualism, but cast no appreciable light on the problem, for it has not studied involution.

What has the Christian Church to offer? Unable to cope with the problem because of onesidedness of view, it will say: "Come back into the fold and lose this spiritually proud self in loving service to others."

With hope almost extinguished, the aspirant comes wistfully into the presence of deep-eyed Asceticism, wherein abounds the wisdom resulting from untold centuries of physical training, research and observation on the part of the keenest men of the Orient; and at last the bold truth-seeker finds that his hope was justified—that nothing less than the indwelling Divinity was responsible for the aspiration—that the stress was explainable by the resistance of Creature Self, who will not receive the spiritual "bread of life" and thereby part with the sweets that conduce to earthly happiness.

Hear what that hard-headed moralist, Thomas Carlyle, says in this connection: "There is in man a Higher than love of happiness; he can do without happiness and instead thereof find *blessedness!* Love not Pleasure; love God. This is the Everlasting Yea, wherein all contradiction is solved."

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What, then, is God but the Great Ascetic!—"in the world, but not of it"—co-working with Nature, but eventually overcoming Nature in order to manifest the Supreme Good! since Nature is never found to be moral except for expediency's sake. This Supreme Good—the highest state into which a self-conscious being may enter—there is no language that can fitly characterize. Carlyle called it "blessedness"; Paul, "the peace which passeth understanding"; Gotama, "Nirvâna"; Jesus, "Heaven."

Recurring to the main question as stated at the outset, that is: "Is the ascetic ideal the perfecter of life?" the author of "Culture and Restraint" answers first in the negative, on the strength of his conception of what asceticism amounts to, but finally, by adopting the spirit and animus of that ideal under the guise of "the Christian method," his answer appears very much like an affirmative.

It is just and well-meant criticism to say that he judges asceticism by its extreme forms and excesses, instead of by its habit, which is consistently religious and logical. But why should so much objection be made when a St. Anthony is carried away by enthusiasm for perfection? What if he does set himself the task of running up Salvation's craggy mount instead of plodding along deliberately and with circumspection? His bruises will only make him more strenuous. How much less of a fault is it to victimize oneself than victimize another, for differences of doctrine—one of Christianity's chief practises?

"Work out your own salvation," said the ascetical apostle to the Philippians. This is a favorite text with all who realize the meaning of the great overcoming, and none know better than the ascetics how to make light of the hardships involved. They do not commonly overtax their strength in what they undertake, and their method does not encourage

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hurried and premature attempts to do wonders in the line of self-denial. Progress is intended to be normal.

"Be ye therefore perfect," said the ascetical Founder of Christianity, and it is as plain as day that what he meant was the Supreme Good as the end, *i.e.*, perfection, and *not humanistic good, i.e.*, perfection limited by a passion for happiness.

Is it not just here that most Christians diverge, with the author of "Culture and Restraint," from the Christ?

Asceticism was never intended for the youthful. Only for mature minds is it prescribed. It is the post-graduate course in the religion of individualism—the finisher of the soul's education. It insists that the Supreme Good is not merely a Somewhat to have faith in, but a Reality to enter into and possess.

Asceticism's emphasis is laid upon *being*, rather than doing. Hence it subordinates altruism, leaving it to follow in the wake of a consecrated individualism. Because of this, it is frequently call "the gospel of selfishness." There is somewhat more than a hint of cant in that. A legitimate and commendable quality of selfism attaches to the highest of self-conscious beings, in the attempt to realize the true self's possibilities. And does not every true self prefer not to be an object of altruism, except on extraordinary occasions? Selfishness is of the lower self—*i.e.*, Creature-Self—and none succeed better than the ascetics in getting rid of that importunate partner as soon as its mission is fulfilled. This consists in antagonizing—thus developing—Soul-Self.

But, asserts the critic of the ascetic ideal, it cannot be denied that such constant attention to the higher self—even though not narrowly selfish—is distinctly anti-social, tending to increase the obstacles to society's solidarity and progress, and threatening its very perpetuation.

Well, that depends upon your standpoint. What is society for? For the highest good of each of its *units*. Now, it so

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happens that society commonly regards its solidarity and progress as an end. This is society's error. They are but the *means* to an end which concerns each unit alone, that is the *individual's* manifestations of the Supreme Good. In the last analysis this is what the religion of individualism comes to—this is the implication in "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father." *Being*—naught else—is *the end.* The other matters of life are but incidental.

Ah, society! It is proud; it craves aggrandizement and goes the way of Creature-Self, always resisting its would-be saviors when they make plain the way of Soul-Self!

Asceticism provides for social needs by the coöperative community life, whereby individualism and altruism work together. At many points, society is now looking forward to relief from its false standards and superficial, high-pressure living, and the tendency to coöperate and simplify will become more and more pronounced. Ascetics can hardly be expected to work socially with people who quarrel with their standards. As a rule, society being what it is, they have to be exclusive and go off by themselves, appearing to be misanthropic—which they are not. On the contrary, they are working heroically for mankind's highest good.

Cotemporary thinkers need to change some of their fundamental concepts concerning God and the meaning of life development before they can do justice to asceticism. Seldom are they radical enough. In recent years they have had much to say of the law of evolution as properly a demonstration of monism. But this monistic concept cannot explain that mighty law of antagonism that makes the moral world an arena of ceaseless and bitter struggle. If it were not for the law of antagonism there would be no need for asceticism's method of overcoming ignorance and sensuality. In that case, we should all be automatons—and monists.

So prominent a scientist and evolutionist as Professor Hux-

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ley, in his lecture on "Evolution and Ethics" (Romanes Lecture, 1893), came fairly upon ascetical ground in holding that ethical development antagonizes cosmic and physical development at every step. As long as the human race lasts, he thinks, it will have to reckon with a tenacious and powerful enemy—the animal nature, whereby it was physically evolved. He said, despite the nature-cult of the scientists, "Much may be done to change the nature of man himself."

Verily, and much *has been* done by Asceticism, which was marking out the "strait and narrow way" to the Supreme Good long before Christianity was founded.

One more quotation from the chapter on "The Christian Solution" must suffice: "In all Christ's teaching on self-denial it must never be forgotten that it always meant to Him some larger good. Self-repression was always a stage to a truer self-expression; any giving up of self would result in the true finding of self. . . . . The end is . . . fulness of life, true life for the first time, so large and full that it can be called, even here, eternal life. It is not the process which is to be judged, but the object achieved."

Nothing more apt could be said of ascetism to which the precepts of Jesus are so closely akin that the acutest reasoner cannot alienate the two without doing violence to logic.

Finally, it is the belief of the present writer that the author of "Culture and Restraint" has, through the power of auto-suggestion and alter-suggestion, conjured up a bogey which he calls asceticism, but rather should be characterized as the delirium tremens of negativism. He must know that the term ascetic derives from a Greek word meaning athletic training. But in his special pleading in behalf of Christianity, he refuses to see that asceticism is just such systematic exercise and discipline in the things of the spirit as athletics is in the things of the body. Persistent overtraining in either is hurtful—but that is no reason for damning the system.

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THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY.

BY M. HANSON BEST.

To know well the history of the human race, to read with understanding the message it traces along the shore, one must study a little child; there in embryo lies all the story. The individual is the type of humanity. A child's day dreams are prophecy of the man. What is possible to a man is equally possible to a nation; what befalls a nation may overtake the whole race.

Never yet was born the little child that did not look at the nearest hill in its tiny horizon and wonder what was beyond. Some day, a mind more experienced will explain to the little one that behind that mound of earth is a higher hill, after that more hills, then mountains, and, by and by, the sea. According to temperament will the time be long or short before the little child has toiled to the top of his first hill, just to look and ever afterward to long for the distant stretches of valley and hill, and the next line of hills, touching the blue of the circling sky-line. There will be heartsick disappointment not to see the gleaming waters that his childish fancy has painted, for every son and daughter of man has an instinctive love and yearning for the sea, even if land-born and land-locked all the length of mortal life. It takes the child many years to understand that too close proximity to his little hill shuts out the view of the higher heaven-kissing hills, and that to reach the many-sounding sea he must wander, as the Greeks of olden days.

To carry the similitude from the physical plane of perception up to the plane of mental conception in the adult mind, man is ever dreaming of the unknown, the unsolved. He wan-

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ders over the earth searching untrodden places. He spends wealth and spills life-blood in quest of undiscovered countries. He defies climatic conditions and, after burning in Equatorial marches, turns northward and endures the freezing breath that beats him back from the mystical, magnetic North Pole.

Nay, more, he delves beneath the surface and compels the mines to yield their hidden stores. He sails the surface of the seas, he dives beneath their tumbling waves. He changes water-courses to serve his needs; tunnels, burrows, builds where Nature seems to deny foundation; tears down what she has decreed to last through ages. Not yet content, he wrests the secrets from the birds of the air, and attempts to imitate their aerial flights. He studies atmospheric currents, learns to his dismay of the vacuum-like pits in the path of his flying machine; dreams, constructs, fails, struggles up again in pursuit of the fascinating problem of aerial navigation.

After a while he will have mastered these simpler complications of the physical world, and will then be more fit to cope with the finer subtleties of the mental realm. Already he dreams. Telegraphy, wireless Marconi messages, telephonic communications, the photography of colors, telegraphic photography, X-ray demonstrations, bloodless surgery, the advance along all therapeutic practise; indeed, the progress in every line of material research—these are the rungs of the ladder up which his fancy dares to climb to a vision of the days when he shall have less need of material agencies, shall live in higher spiritual planes, shall convey thought unlimited by barriers of physical phenomena, shall have intercourse with dwellers outside our earthly environment.

Already we are catching glimpses of this near approaching possible. We each have personal experience of mental telepathy, of suggestion, auto-suggestion. Some have vividly real sympathy with the occult. A few have distinct understanding

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of many phases of what is at the present era termed New Thought.

Two days prior to the terrible railroad disaster in New Jersey in January (1903), a resident of middle New York State received a letter from her friend in Plainfield, whose husband was a regular commuter on the ill-fated Sunset Express. In that letter was written: "For the past week I have had such a terrible apprehension of a fearful railroad disaster, and every evening I wonder if Henry will be brought home dead." As a matter of fact, on the day of the disaster her husband came one train earlier than the wreck, though his wife had said nothing to him of what he, a practical-minded man, would have termed a woman's foolish fears. "How did you come to take the early train?" she questioned. "Oh, work was short, so I came home. Must have been meant for me to come, I suppose."

In a second letter to her New York friend, commenting on the occurrence, she wrote: "Now, why did *I* have that experience? No one of my friends or family was in the wreck. My prophetic apprehension did not serve as a warning to save any of the victims. Why did it come to *me,* who was utterly outside of it? Henry says it is mere coincidence, that I have agonized hundreds of times over him and the babies when nothing ever has come of it." In reality this woman was one of many other neurotic psychics. Women with their greater intensity of emotions, their keener intuitions, their finer susceptibilities, are much more in touch with the psychic world than even they themselves dream. Could they but receive the necessary training, adeptship in so-called occult sciences would speedily be theirs.

Of graver importance, sons of such mothers would be less handicapped in the pursuit of mental studies. They would have keener brains and less material bent of minds.

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Women have yet to rectify a mistake, where they go out in the world and fight the world's battles of competition alongside their brothers. The shelter and the leisure of home life are their blessed privileges in which to perfect themselves in those mental functions best fitted to the womanly mind. A simplicity in the regulation of household affairs, less catering to the conventions that decree dust-gathering draperies, inartistic gaucheries of adornment, intricacies of culinary problems in the place of plain, wholesome dishes—all this would give women more time to discover themselves and their own glorious possibilities of mind.

There are many hopeful signs of improvement. We know more about sanitation, hygiene and the chemistry of foods than formerly. We have advanced from drugs to exercise, cleanliness, sunshine and the rest cure. We relax or "go into the Silence," according to well explained laws for physical beneficence. We avoid anger and envy and other unlovely traits proven detrimental to bodily beauty. We deny the errors of sickness, sorrow and sin, and regard death as a transition. We are seeking universal brotherhood, and tincturing it a little less with racial prejudice. We are almost persuaded that Oriental religions contain truths equally as important as Occidental Christianity.

One-third of human life, that proportion spent in sleep, we do not as yet fathom. The rules which govern its mysteries are as yet a sealed book to us. George du Maurier, in his first book, "Peter Ibbetson," gave us a glimpse into the loveliness of dream life. His book has been as much unappreciated as his second book, "Trilby," has been misunderstood. It is said that the author died broken-hearted because the world so wilfully misread and misinterpreted.

Little as we understand the power and possibility of our sleeping hours, less do we realize the potency of our emotions.

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Under their sway we are Titanic, yet convention bids us crush them out, suppress them. We shackle our imaginations, we scoff at our intuitions, we repress and confine our affections. We make too little study of the emotions, either rational or instinctive, of the simple emotions that are all but so many modes and forms of the feeling of *joy* and *sorrow,* of the affections that are but so many different modifications of the one comprehensive principle of *love,* and its opposite, *hate.*

We hesitate to pursue our investigations when they reach the realm of human desires, the animal appetites and the rational or mental desires; we pass lightly by the emotions of *hope* and *fear,* yet they have not a little to do with the happiness or misery of life, casting their lights and shadows over no small part of our little path from the cradle to the grave.

We stand aghast if perchance we catch a peep at the passions of humanity—those various affections, both malevolent and benevolent, when they rise above the ordinary degree, and become impatient of restraint, imperious, no longer under the control of reason and sober reflection, but, themselves assuming command of the whole man, impel him toward the desired end, regardless of other and higher interests.

The Greeks named the passions in general, suffering; the Stoics, diseases. We view them mostly in the light of crime, yet a closer study of them and their training into purely benevolent social lines, and what good would result to the world!

A soul under sway of a ruling passion is at the zenith of its power and beauty. To you, that have known Youth and Love walking hand in hand, did the sun ever shine with the glory of that day when love stood revealed? Has it ever since had a like radiance? The clouds were vaster and whiter, all the flowers of the earth wafted their perfume to you, the leaves rustled and whispered, the birds sang "Love, Love," until you

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were abashed with consciousness that all the living world knew your joy and was joining in annunciation.

If you caught a glimpse of your own face, you were startled to find it beautiful, no matter how little of classic contour or artistic coloring it may have previously possessed. When the moonbeams caressed the earth and you went to prayers, it was not the usual little egotistic petition, but a universal benediction: "Oh, God, bless all the world, and make it as happy as I am."

If one passion can so deify us in undisciplined youth, what might not other benevolent passions, well directed in maturer years, do for all humanity?

Widest realm of all in the undiscovered country, is that region of the Mind called Will. No one has yet learned its limits or confines. The doctrine of the Will is a cardinal doctrine of both psychology and theology. It is the link between Man and his Maker, the point of contact between humanity and divinity, the proof of immortality. What we *will*, we *can*. It determines our actions, moulds our character, destines our fate. We used to believe in heredity, in the inevitable necessity of following innate inclinations, in foreordination, in the power of environment; but we are learning day by day the absolute freedom of choice we exercise in all our acts and thoughts. Inclinations are not fixed quantities. They depend in part on intellectual conceptions, and as our desire towards a right use of our faculties awakens within us, the necessary instruction is forthcoming. The writings and teachings of men whose life work is mental research are within reach of all receptive minds; there are schools of philosophy, conventions open to all whose tastes lie in that direction. Truly the roads that lead to that undiscovered country are many, and the signs of the times indicate that many minds are turning to the well blazed pathways of the New Thought.

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DIVINE DISCONTENT.

BY S. M. TALBOT.

It is to the tune of the inborn dissatisfaction of the human soul with things as they are that the progress of the world is set. Content with existing conditions—that placidity which seeks no betterment of whatever stage of existence, however favorable—ends in stagnation deadly to race or individual.

Above and beyond and superior to all the chances and changes of time and catastrophe Man sits enthroned; investigating, shaping, combining, commanding, defying the blind elements in conflict with which is his arena of action and effort.

He rides the whirlwind in his balloon. He dives down into the deepest sea and steals its secrets. The African jungle parts for his exploring foot, and Arctic icebergs make way for his venturesome ships. He peers down the smoking crater of the volcano while yet the thunders of eruption are echoing. He wrests from the gold-ribbed mountains their vainly hid treasure. He laughs at "the dissociable ocean," and takes a star for his guide across its waste of waters, to seek new worlds and new peoples.

His thought-messengers race with the wind and keep pace with the lightning. He points his telescope at the heavens and "Arcturus and his sons" appear in glory. He spells out the stars and calls them by their names. From spaces unthinkable he marshals celestial armies no human eye has seen and makes them discourse of yet other distant battalions bivouacking in the limitless fields of God, for whose stupendous extent the language of earth has no word.

He laughs at Death and dares his assaults in a thousand

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seekings after knowledge, which by the mind's divine alchemy is converted into Wisdom. His scalpel searches the secret chambers of the brain, sets free imprisoned Thought, pinioned by a pressing bone, and sends her speeding in fetterless flight to eyries without limit of place or time.

He proffers his anæsthetic to the agonized sufferer, and thenceforth no message goes to the brain to tell of the knife's swift execution upon trembling flesh and shrinking fibre.

He makes labor automatic with his mechanical inventions. He annihilates space with locomotive devices. He dissipates ignorance by the illumination of the printing press, so that books replete with tabulated and encyclopedic knowledge are to be had as freely as the air we breathe or the unbought sunshine. Volumes once worth a king's ransom are in the poor man's hands almost for the asking.

No avenue of exploration is fraught with too much difficulty for the endeavor of the divinely discontented soul. No peril of experiment daunts his venturous effort.

Not only the material and tangible, but the spiritual and impalpable, yield to his clamoring cry for more light, more love, more help, to make this life better worth living—to render it a richer heritage for those who shall come after.

Battlefields pale their horrors before the heavenly ministrations of the angels of the Red Cross or the tender offices of sweet-faced sisters of Mercy. Brother answers to brother with loving word and helping hand when dire catastrophes overwhelm with tornado—or tidal wave—or volcanic eruption—or fierce conflagration.

Love is a divine flame. Many waters cannot quench it. We are learning more and more that we are all children of one Father and that His heritage is for all alike. God's estates are not entailed.

The allurements of worlds yet to be foster man's divine

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discontent, with their promise of revels of color never seen by mortal eye, of harmonies of sound unheard by human ear, of sensations unknown to any vibrations of which we have cognizance, and only imagined in their sublime possibilities by some dizzying flight of fancy.

That yearning of the soul whose thirst is never slaked—that gnawing hunger of heart which no aliment of earth can assuage—that onward struggle for something farther, better, higher, is the instinct of a being whom only God can satisfy. It is the homesickness of an exiled soul.

From our star-dust beginnings afar back, even unto now, the struggle has gone on—the leaven of divine discontent has worked. The atom has striven until now in the brain of man it builds the Mind's noble temple, where "thoughts that wander through eternity" have their dwelling.

When these twin companions of the three-score-and-ten journey are bidden by Death to separate, the unresting atom shall return to Nature's laboratory for re-creation, and man shall slake his divine discontent "higher up" in the fountains of primal Wisdom, and pacify his hunger from the tree of Life with her "twelve manner of fruits"—whose leaves are "for the healing of the nations."

IF we look down, then our shoulders stoop. If our thoughts look down, our character bends. It is only when we hold our heads up that our body becomes erect. It is only when our thoughts go up that our life becomes erect.—*A. McKenzie.*

WHAT had the life of Jesus been to us if we had only the records of his sermons without the record of his going about doing good? I think the every-day life of Jesus touches the human heart more than the great truths which he uttered.—*Bishop Simpson.*

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VISIONS OF THE TRUE SELF.

BY NORA BATCHELOR.

Says Emerson, "Our faith comes in moments; our vice is habitual. Yet there is a depth in those brief moments which constrains us to ascribe more reality to them than to all other experiences."

In our unregenerate state, before the New Thought comes to teach us better, we are subject to moods. Our spiritual barometer rises and falls from day to day and from week to week. To-day we dwell in the seventh heaven of happiness; to-morrow in the depths of despondency and despair. Oftentimes a very trivial circumstance is sufficient to raise us to the higher plane or drop us to the lower. To-day life is all rich, all glorious, bright with the promise of hopes fulfilled, of plans executed, of possibilities realized. To-morrow some trifling disappointment or temporary defeat turns all that light to darkness. We are baffled, tormented, defeated by the overwhelming difficulties which rise on every side. We are as weak and helpless as babes in the face of the forces with which we have to contend. We feel that it is useless to struggle longer. Fate is against us, and we wonder how we ever could have been so foolish as to think life worth the living.

But along comes another sunshiny day, and up go our spirits again. The divine ego asserts itself once more. Now we have the strength of a Hercules. Nothing is too great for us to do or to dare. We laugh in the face of difficulties which yesterday were insurmountable. Invincible power now seems our rightful and natural heritage. We are a king on a throne; our word is law. We are master of ourselves, master of our en-

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vironment, master of destiny. We know that *now* we see things as they really are; that *now* we estimate ourselves at our own true worth, that we really are what we seem at the moment to be.

But, alas! "Our faith comes in moments; our vice (lack of faith) is habitual."

If we could always hold to that vision of truth; if the mists and clouds of doubt and uncertainty would not drift in and hide it when most we need it; if we could always dwell on that high spiritual plane, always feel that serenity and peace of mind which come from a sense of mastery both of the inner and the outer world; if these fleeting glimpses of the real and the true could be caught and held until they become so ineffaceably stamped upon the mental fabric that the old pictures of the false and the unreal are permanently replaced—life would indeed be worth the living.

The New Thought teaches us how to do this. It declares that new truths are to be builded into the mind and soul in the same manner that old falsehoods have been, by constant thought, affirmation, assertion, or, if you please, "suggestion."

For ages past our progenitors have thought, felt, believed and asserted their littleness, weakness, dependency, incapacity, impotency and general depravity. Priestcraft and kingcraft have dinned these "suggestions" into their ears for many centuries. When we of the present generation appeared upon the scene of action, this same set of "suggestions" was straightway presented to our weak little infantile minds, and persistently hammered in during all the years of childhood and early manhood and womanhood, until it is now little wonder that the truth of our own divine power and unlimited possibilities of achievement penetrate our brain substance only in fitful gleams and flashes.

What the New Thought proposes to do, and does do, is to

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clear away this old rubbish and let in the light, to rebuild this brain or mind substance in such a manner that it will reflect truth and not error.

If the constant iteration and reiteration of falsehood can so stamp our minds with erroneous conceptions that they seem to us the very image of truth, and are so accepted, surely the strenuous and unceasing assertions of truth ought to have the same effect.

That vision of our own divine selfhood, with all of its marvelous capacities and powers, which breaks upon us at rare intervals of spiritual exaltation, can, by persistent effort in affirming its truth and reality, be caught and held permanently before the mind's eye, until the consciousness of its reality becomes the rule rather than the exception.

Not in a day, nor in a year, but in time this can be done. By continuing unwaveringly in the assertions of our spiritual strength, power, invulnerability and possibility of attainment, we can render these periods of conscious, masterful, joyous life, with their accompanying serenity and power, much longer, and the unfruitful intervals of doubt and depression correspondingly shorter.

The gain in achievement, in self-unfoldment and in consequent happiness is incalculable.

No word in the English language is to-day more fraught with deep significance to each and every one of us, than this word "auto-suggestion." Upon our full and clear comprehension of its meaning, and of the system of self-culture for which it stands, depends our individual salvation.

Through understanding and intelligent use of the New Thought teachings we become daily and hourly conscious of our own high prerogative in molding our inner true self into the image of our highest ideal of mental power and of moral and spiritual excellence.

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Through the habit of holding truth persistently before the mind we become ever conscious that life is eternal, progressive, ever-unfolding, ever-advancing in the direction of wisdom, power and happiness; and that nothing in the earth beneath nor the heavens above can hinder or deter the soul in its onward march to its own high destiny.

LOOK upon each new day which comes as an opening into a higher world and a better life. When an opportunity of doing good comes, think that God sends it. Be faithful in small things, because they also are divine duties.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

THE way to be strong is to act on the credit of strength being given. Strength is received in the act of obeying. When the path of duty is clear, it is want of faith to continue asking for strength and not act upon it.—*G. W. Mylne.*

FROM the gift looking to the Giver,
And from the cistern to the River,
And from the finite to Infinity,
And from man's dust to God's divinity.

—*Robert Browning.*

When, through your bigness of heart, you give more of yourself to another than he is capable of understanding, and because of his ignorance he takes advantage of your bigness, then it is that you have cast pearls before swine.

—*H. C. Morse.*

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FRUIT OF THINKING SOULS.

BY ELLEN L. MOORE.

There has never been a time in the world of letters when the ideal and the philosophical so fully responded to the questioning soul as it does to-day. An abundant supply of revivifying and stimulating messages are scattered broadcast, and man does not lack in the best that the world offers.

Art, music, astronomy and philosophy chime about us in one inspiring rhythm, but more distinctly clear are the ethical notes that tell us of spiritual ministeries and carry us into the upper strata of life where breathing is divine and where the soul's purest emotions give birth to lofty conceptions.

Inspiration is something more truly of to-day than of the patriarchial times. The very air is full of it and the world is teeming with its eloquence. It is the substance and the embellishment of the age, whether in art or in literature. It seems to come in cylic waves like the seasons of prolific vintage. Books like grape clusters and writers like fruit bearing branches, draw their living vine from the "Central Vine." Therein is the essence of life.

Pious men of old lived closely to nature and fed on the simplest products of the soil. They knew little of the harrowing responsibilities and the wear and tear of nerve that besets the man of to-day; their best words spring from religious sentiment; but the elect of the present age are acquainted with the undertow of human experience. They have seen suffering such as the infant race did not conceive. Faithful missionaries, tried and purified by the refiner's fire, they have within themselves an unfailing fount of inspiration. To them life is a tribute voicing the words of God. In the writings of

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Phillips Brooks we sense the potency of Christian idealism. Like a rare and radiant gem he reflects an age-abiding effulgence.

In the feast of things which thoughtful souls have prepared, there is a bountiful and varied spread. There are delicacies for the weak, bread for the hungry, and meat for the strong. Among the early writers Plato and Socrates placed reason as the center around which all things should revolve, while Buddha held "Pure Love to be the sole essence of being," and from his exalted viewpoint told the story in simple language of the life

> "Where pity is, for pity makes the world
> Soft to the weak and noble to the strong."

To love intelligently is to instate the healthful influences of courage and faith. Tennyson's ideal love was the abnegation of self, as expressed in "Locksley Hall."

> "Love took up the harp of life
> And smote on all the chords with might,
> Smote the chords of self, that trembling
> Passed in music out of sight."

In George Meredith there was a wealth of wisdom, love and charity for human foibles. He made "life greater than its gratification" when he saw how humanity sought gratification at the risk of life. Howells penetrates to our very centers when he asks, "Is there one little drawer in your soul, my dear reader, which no hand but yours has ever opened and which none that have known you seem to have suspected? What does it hold?" The beloved Oliver Wendell Holmes showed such a tender appreciation of all that domestic comfort implies, when he said, "Many a blessed woman who dies unsung, has given out more of the vital heat that keeps the life in human souls (without a spark flitting through her humble chimney to tell the world about it) than could set a

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dozen theories smoking or a hundred odes simmering in the brains of genius."

No pen of any age more fully expresses the divine consciousness of God-presence than does that of Walt Whitman. He sees God in all things. He finds "letters from God in the streets." The I in himself, as in everybody else, is a divine thing. Hear what he said: "To Him that was crucified; my spirit to yours, dear brother; do not mind because many sounding your name do not understand you; I do not sound your name, but I understand you." Walt Whitman was rich with only a morsel, and joyous where others would have murmured.

It is true that some authors are much like other people, but a few settlings in the oil do not seem to lessen their light. We find segregated views of gold in Lord Byron's character as we read "Childe Harold." Robert Burns appealed to us in his "Cotter's Saturday Night." How eloquently did old King David sing "The Lord is my shepherd." Voltaire suppressed the religious persecutions of his time, and ancient Rome spoke laws which govern modern civilization. Inspiration is concomitant with the world's best thoughts and seems not to be necessarily affected by inherent facilities. Wonderfully clear and comprehensive was Shakespeare in his problem of life, as he saw that all things move in circles and all wrong revolves back to its source. Note the stanza,

> "Time's glory is to calm contending kings,
> To unmask falsehood and bring truth to light,
> To stamp the seal of time in aged things,
> To wake the morn and sentinel the night,
> To wrong the wronger till he renders right."

As guests of time we fail to do homage to the divine purpose and never quite relish the rulings of justice. With one governing motive, and that motive to externalize the best that is within us, human conduct would be unassailable. None too

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much time is given to penetrating the selfish motives back of our acts and making them serve as mile-stones which mark the path of bitter experiences. With Bacon, we believe that "he who studies revenge keepeth his own wounds green which otherwise would heal." The motive that kindles the fire of sensitiveness has no place in the divinity of man. No selfish motive serves to the advancement of humanity, but works eventually toward discord and physical disease. Some of us are so ready to blame circumstances for all that is not as we would have it. Astrology attributes disaster to the stars, but with Cassius let us think "The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves."

All down the ages Æolus has blown the waters into billows and men have looked in vain for Venus to calm the unrest. We have toyed with our years just as we sometimes twirl a string round our fingers and drop it. In this little verse Lowell notes the value we place upon every-day life:

> "For a cap and bells our lives we pay,
> Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking,
> 'Tis Heaven alone that is given away,
> 'Tis only God may be had for the asking."

We are out upon the great restless sea of time, rocking with the waves between two shores, and our deluded senses are lulled by the rhythmic motion. A conscious moment and we get a glimpse of the upper day; awake, yet sleeping. Both ends of the "unseen cord" are fastened to an unseen center, and like a pendulum it carries us forward or backward under the sway of our own God-given wills. In time we learn that the conservation of life is the reward of wisdom, and the circuit of justice overlaps itself for those who have been merciful.

The serene and hopeful Emerson had an exquisite sense of the bountifulness and the fineness of Nature when he said: "That which befits us (embosomed in beauty and wonder as

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we are) is cheerfulness and courage. Shall not the heart which has received so much trust the power by which it lives?"

How the mystic Browning picked rough gems from human character, and, after polishing, held them up to encourage competition; any of us may do as much. Victor Hugo, in his poetic admiration for men of genius, believed them to be in a peculiar sense, "Sons of the Infinite." How gloriously he pictured Shakespeare as the man who had "ascended the mountain with the rising sun mantling his brow, while the multitude were yet in the dark valley below."

When Kepler found his three laws of planetary motion in the stars, he exclaimed, "O, Lord, I think over thy thoughts after Thee," so the altruist, without telescope, may penetrate the vast chasms of materialism, and, as he feels the divine contact, endow life and its phenomena with reverence.

To Carlyle inspiration was as spontaneous as the opening of a blossom when he said, "There comes seasons, meditative, sweet, yet awful hours, when you ask yourself that unanswerable question, Who am I? What is this Me?" Then he goes on, "We sit in a boundless phantasmagoria and dream grotto, sounds and visions flit round our senses, but Him the unslumbering, whose work both dream and dreamer are, we see not; except in rare half moments, suspect not. This dream, this somnambulism is what we on earth call life." Most of the fruit from Carlyle's vineyard is ripe and full of flavor. He helps us to join hands with the Infinite for the shaping of our lives to finer issues. He finds the God-like and eternal energies within us. It is ourselves that mould and move us to action; ourselves that we live with and sleep with, and ourselves that awaken to consciousness in the *Real Life* later on. We learn, perhaps late in life, that environment is the rough grinding stone against which we rub off our jagged edges and become smooth. Thus our sensibilities are quickened and we perceive

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a way to dominate circumstances after having long been their victim. We are face to face with our own living sculpture, within which an oracle voices its admonitions and divine guidance. There are no favored children in this family of humanity. What is true with one may be true with all. There is a saying of an old Latin poet: "I am a man and nothing that concerns humanity is foreign to me." The welfare of one is bound up in the welfare of all. Even the animals are dependent upon us and inanimate Nature herself is alive with feeling and desire. We talk of kinship with the sea and the mountains and we express deeper truths than we know, for surely there is a living presence or subconsciousness all through every department of Nature. Things take on shapes, colors, conditions, and adjust themselves to the natural order of existence. Every manifestation of the phenomenal universe, from the decomposition of mineral to the formation of man is due to the out-picturing of this permeating consciousness. With Plato we may see God geometrizing in the six-rayed snowflake, whose needles diverge at perfect angles. Color, form and sound are living representations of God's numerical conceptions. Every leaf, every flower and every shining stream are expressions of the force and value of numbers. While there are spontaneity and freedom of action, there is supremacy of law and order. The great universe imposes no responsibility and recognizes no bondage. It simply is and gives no reason for being what it is. From Edwin Arnold's "Light of Asia" we quote:

"Ye are not bound! the soul of things is sweet;
The heart of being is celestial rest;
Stronger than woe is will; that which was good
Doth pass to better, best.
Ye suffer from yourselves, none else compels,
None other holds you that ye live and die
And whirl upon the wheel, and hug and kiss
Its spokes of agony."

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Marie Corelli says: "Ye are arbiters of your own fate, and your will is positively unfettered," and "the great motor that lifts man into the seat of power is love," and further she says:

"Life is our conquest, and we make
That conquest only as we love.
Love is complete when for love's sake
All is beloved below, above."

Alice Cary saw clearly in her simple little rhyme,

"It is not just as we take it,
This mystical world of ours,
Life's field will yield as we make it,
A harvest of thorn or flowers."

Every pure impulse and every kind word are productive seeds scattered in the world and from which, in time, the soul will gather sweet ambrosia for the fulness and gladness of years. According to our measure of such sowing will we be attuned to the divine harmonies and be enabled to sing with Browning,

"Again a long draught of my soul wine,
And thou hast done now with the actual."

"SHE thought to herself," writes a modern novelist, "how delightful it would be to live in a house where everybody understood and loved and thought about every one else." She did not know that her wish was just for the kingdom of heaven.—*F. W. Farrar.*

THAT day is best wherein we give
A thought to others' sorrows;
Forgetting self, we learn to live,
And blessings born of kindly deeds
Make golden our to-morrows.

—*Rose H. Thorpe.*

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UNFOLDMENT.

BY SHELDON LEAVITT.

To every soul benign unrest is given.
The paths we tread to-day do not suffice
To fill our rising, longing selves with peace
For days to come. But every morn we seek
New paths. We crave delights we have not known.
To-day we find the way bestrown with flowers;
The skies bend over us in love; the birds
Sing notes that thrill; all nature makes us glad.
But when the shadows deepen into night,
And the Soul strikes the balance for the day,
A deficit is found that makes us sad,
That 'neath to-morrow's sun we must o'ercome.

And thus it is from sun to sun. On, like
The rustic youth who seeks the rainbow's rays,
We fly in vain pursuit of joys before,
Nor rest content with what we now enfold.
Man's spirit bids him on, and on, and on.
His feet cannot find rest. They will not pause.
New hopes allure: the future waves him on.
Nor are the paths delightsome all the way.
He finds them oft beset with ugly thorns,
And oft begirt with hanging walls, with deep
Declines that yawn their vast and hungry mouths,
Inviting him to swift and certain death.
'Twas ever so and ever so 'twill be.

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If but we catch the meaning of unrest:
If we but learn why man, unsatisfied,

Moves on with longing eating at his heart,
'Tis well. It has a meaning deep and broad.
Man is unfolding, like the sturdy oak
Unfolds from the small acorn, or the rose,
In all its grace and sweetness, from the bud.
He cannot be content to rest supine,
For voices hail him from the unknown and bid
Him hasten on his way to loftier heights,
To more abundant life, to fields where he
Can best fulfill his destiny and serve
His fellow men. To halt is but to die
By processes that eat the heart and sap
The streams of life till they at last run dry.

The soul is here shut in a house of clay,—
An inn upon the road to fairer climes.
Its beauty here is hid, its power unknown.
In truth, Soul is the very man—the Self.
The outward form that the eyes look upon
And call the man is but the envelope:
The ego is unseen, invisible.
The eye, with its dull sense, sees not the soul,
Though it is here in all its majesty.
Things seen live but to fade and pass away;
While those unseen, with energy divine
Renew their powers and live eternally.

The life of sense is but a stopping place
For the true Self, and hence men cannot rest
Content with things that last but for the day.
"Forward!" the Ego cries, and moves apace,

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Halting but to imprint a helpful touch
Upon the passing scene and to enjoy
But for the nonce, but yet with grateful heart,
The pleasures time affords, and then away.

'Tis well, 'tis well, that man be not content;
Though he pass on, and on, with feverish haste,
Toward the unseen, the unknown, the unknowable.
He finds no quiet harbor, no retreat
Where he would ever rest and find relief.
Without regret he goes, knowing full well
That better things, and true, are just ahead.

WHAT we can *do* is a small thing, but we can will and aspire to great things. Thus, if a man cannot be great, he can be good in will; and what he, with his whole heart and mind, love and desire, wills to be that without doubt he most truly is.—*John Tauler.*

AND all suffering at length conduces to the triumph of the victorious spirit, and opens to it a more glorious career in eternity. God is just! Throughout the creation there is nothing wrong or unjust. Everything leads upward to a glorious end.—*Zschokke.*

THE desire of knowledge God has planted naturally in us, as hunger is natural in our bodies, or the want of light in our eyes. And the eye is not a more certain indication that light is to be given than our desire to know divine things is that we shall be permitted to know them.—*H. Bushnell.*

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PRAYER.

BY VICTOR E. SOUTHWORTH.

In every genuine, earnest life there is room for prayer. The soul of man has its hungering and thirsting just as naturally, though on another plane, as the body has its hungering and thirsting. This instinctive reaching out of the soul for what will satisfy its needs and give it happiness is prayer.

The soul of man reaches out to obtain certain things that are necessary for its well-being. It reaches out after whatever is good or true or beautiful. It desires that it may be filled with the spirit of love and of truth. The soul of man instinctively longs for fulness of realization, it desires a deeper experience, a clearer consciousness of the meaning of life, and a greater sense of power.

The soul feels itself related to that which is infinite and eternal. There is a waking within it of the sense of what is universal. It is stirred with love for life and for its divine beauty which it seeks and finds in all that lives and moves, in all growth and change, in all doing and suffering.

The soul retires into the inmost sanctuary of life, and listens before the altar of its own consciousness, finding in such moments of silence its true quality and power.

The spirit of the universe reveals itself to man in what man himself is. Our very being is an actual center of the One Infinite Life. We come into the realization of the unity of Nature and God within our own hearts. We take hold of universal forces and become master of their activity. We are uplifted and illuminated in our understanding. We enter into the boundless fellowship of life. We become participators in the wisdom and love that sustain and guide the visible world.

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We realize humanity within us. The highest power waits to be manifest in our lives. We feel ourselves greater than we had dreamed. The merely personal life is lost, and we enter into and become conscious of our true being. This uplifting of the soul to realize its true being and to manifest its highest qualities is prayer.

Prayer is the attitude of the soul by which it realizes its Oneness with the Eternal—it is the silence, and the recognition, and the acceptance, and the fulfilment.

The soul's reaching out toward the highest ends in the discovery that the highest is already and always within us.

This is prayer—the soul's realization of its own immediate and spontaneous wisdom and power.

Prayer is the breath of the soul. Life itself in its conscious activities becomes prayer. It is an unceasing act of gratitude, of gladness, of receptivity, of response and of praise. We rejoice in the sense of the fulness of life. We center our forces in the truth that is revealed to us in what we are. We reach up in thought, in desire and in effort to make our conduct, our character and our environment a worthy expression of what is within us.

This recognition and practise of truth is the only prayer that a free soul needs. There is nothing in it of weakness. It has no taint of anxiety or fear or hesitation. It does not beg. It does not desire a particular advantage. It asks no pardon. It indulges in no self-depreciation. It is unconscious of sin. It betrays no sense of helplessness and inferiority. It is not the bending of a servitor before the throne of a king. It is not a petitioner soliciting the favorable consideration of his claims. It offers no adulation, no honor, no sacrifice to some mighty one. It burns no incense.

For long, long ages man has felt a sense of dependence. Now the sense of dependence passes away. It was part of

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our spiritual childhood. It belonged to our ignorance. We saw through a glass darkly. We distrusted this life and looked beyond the grave for a life great enough to satisfy the soul. God was *a* God, a particular being, a vast objectivity, a person or principle wholly independent of us. We were taught that this mighty one held all things in the hollow of His hand, and that His favorable attention was needed to sustain our very existence.

In this thought it was perfectly natural that man should humiliate himself, should bewail his weakness, and should strive to place himself on good terms with this Almighty One. The form of prayer natural to such misconceptions of God and man's relation to God has passed away.

In the new thought of life and of the universe as a complete round of things, a harmonious balancing of forces, a mutuality of existences, the very nature of the world holding within itself the elements of its own perfection—in this thought, that is just beginning to flood humanity with new light and uplift it with higher inspiration, prayer is no longer a beseeching of the throne of grace for some unmerited gift. The human soul has no lack that life itself does not supply. The soul has but to learn the lesson of receptivity and there will flow into it and flow out of it a boundless wealth of blessing.

The new thought of God makes the old methods of prayer impossible. Such methods are good and necessary in that stage of development to which they correspond. The deification of one being naturally placed all other beings in an attitude of subordination and of dependence. But now, we no longer conceive of such a deity.

We do not say, "there is a God": we say that "there is nothing else but God." We do not deify a being, we deify all being. It is not God who gives the life, but it is life itself that is God. He is All in All.

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He is not only the light that we see, He is that which sees. Not only the idea that we worship, He is that which worships. He is the thought and the thinker. He is truth and that which reaches out after truth. He is the word and He is the flesh that manifests the word. He is the ocean and the drop in the ocean. He is infinite spirit, and beside Him there is nothing.

How triumphant, how joyful, how much at peace with the world does the soul become when it realizes what it is! The fact of its own nature satisfies it. It is rooted and grounded in the Eternal. It is one with Infinitude. It is a center of activity and of consciousness, a center of power and of wisdom in the one life.

The soul of man is at once finite and infinite, human and divine. It has the fatal power of self-limitation. It can seek to be something of itself. It can place itself in opposition to that which is universal. And in so doing the soul is human and finite. It negatives its own power. It denies the truth of its own being. And here is the cause of its weakness, its pain, its distress, its disappointment and loss.

It does not realize what it is. It must be awakened. The light of life must illumine it. Out of its very nature come the struggle and the passion for truth. It feels itself hampered and restless like a caged bird. It longs for freedom, knowing not, never suspecting, that it has denied and negatived its own power, and that there is no hindrance outside of its own thought.

The soul is infinite and divine by original right. It holds within itself the universal quality and power which are life, which are real being. The deepest fact that we can any of us ever realize is the fact of our own nature. The ideal that we objectify and name "God," will be no longer a mere ideal or an external object when we have come into the consciousness of what we are.

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The soul hungers and thirsts for self-realization and self-fulfilment. It cannot conceive of any excellence but that it desires to incarnate it and make it a vital part of its own existence. It can never be content to remain less than its highest thought. It must be in its own attainment equal to whatever it has learned to reverence as good or true or beautiful.

This reaching out in desire and effort to render actual its own ideals constitutes the very life of the soul. This is its immortality. This is its eternal dynamic. It would lose its separate life, its merely human and finite condition, and putting off all limitation, it would rise into the fulness and freedom of its true being. It would not go to God, it would grow to God.

The enlightened soul as it becomes identified with the highest in its own consciousness, so equally it becomes identified with the lowest. It is not so rapt in the glory of truth that it feels no longer the sorrows of earth. It is not so exalted in its own interior being that it is oblivious to the world around it.

The prayer of the soul is not for its own gratification merely. It has no joy that it would not impart, no blessedness it would not share, no triumph of its own, but it desires an equal triumph for all.

It sees all souls in the one life. It reaches out in fellowship to share in the needs and in the struggles of the world. Truth does not divorce us from humanity. As we come into truth our sympathies deepen, our interests are intensified and multiplied, and our compassion becomes the more divinely tender.

Every great soul who has reached the higher consciousness becomes in himself an answer to the prayers of the world. Fortified in the realization of the eternal forces which center within, man becomes the incarnation of love to man, he becomes a God to man.

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Such have been the triumphant souls of the past. Gotama the man, the prince, the separate person, denies his limitations, puts aside his personal birthright, to become a universalized individual, a Buddha.

The carpenter's son of Nazareth, the Galilean peasant, leaves his home, his workshop, denies the exclusive claims of his family upon him, pours out his life-blood in love to humanity, is crucified as Jesus that he may live as the Christ.

The true prayer is not to have, but to be; not to enjoy for oneself, not to gain the heights alone, but to make every individual attainment a factor in the world's growth, and to enter consciously into the work of the universe.

THE despotism of custom is on the wane. We are not content to know that things are; we ask whether they ought to be.—*J. S. Mill.*

HE who continually deplores his defects and does not give himself due credit for his desirable traits, is as discourteous to God as though he were continually belittling any other of His children.—*H. C. Morse.*

THE New Thought is the consciousness that "the effort to keep in touch with all that is highest allies one with the currents of infinite energy." It is the knowledge that "Prayer is simply occult activity,—the intensest form of spiritual life." It is the certainty that "praying for the divine impulse to enter, it will come." It is the assurance that "*Love* is the utmost potency, the divine energy, that the spiritual conditions of all bloom and brightness and blessedness of life are love and harmony, of that harmony that is the result of love."

—*Augusta T. Webster.*

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THE KARMIC LESSON: A TALE.

BY MAHARATTA ALAKENANDA.

I.

This is the story that the stars told me.

In the East there lived a man who was called Amru, the son of Jarub. Now the form or body known by that name contained a soul whose Karmic account had not been balanced for several incarnations, and, as a perfectly natural result the man was proud and haughty as well as cruel and heartless, for he had prospered greatly at the expense of others so that he had come to defy the Almighty, as well as to scorn all of his creatures.

Now, Amru loved no one, neither his wives, his children, nor his brethren, but he held undying hatred for many, and chief among these was one, Onab, a merchant like himself, who was his rival in business so far as he was able; but, having neither the intellect nor the unscrupulous nature of Amru, Onab was at a disadvantage.

In the course of time Amru secured all the trade of the Royal Court, which had before been divided with Onab; but he was not content with this, for nothing would satisfy his hatred but the complete ruin of the man who had dared to oppose him; so he laid a plot whereby certain men of undeveloped souls and ready to perjure themselves for gold, swore before the ruler that Onab had spoken evil against one of the princes attendant at court. This was followed by the public disgrace of Onab and the confiscation of all his property.

Amru was satisfied in part, but his persecution did not cease until Onab, now a beggar, had died of starvation, cursing his enemy with his last breath.

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The evil deeds of Amru were too numerous and too revolting to be related; but, withal, he prospered until the minds of the ignorant were filled with the idea that since no punishment came upon the evil-doer here there must be eternal torture waiting beyond the grave, or else there could be no just power overruling the earth.

But the Infinite Power has made a just law and Karma was neither dead nor sleeping; the Infinite Future was left in which to balance the account of Amru. It was not necessary nor just that he be punished on the spirit plane for that which he had done while on the material plane. The time of settlement would soon be ripe.

Amru the great, the wealthy, the envied, the admired, the hated, was as easily conquered by death as the humblest of his slaves.

II.

The soul of Onab was far from having attained wisdom, and after a period spent in passing through the states of spirit life it returned to earth and was reincarnated, this new form or body which it had taken on being called Omar.

When he had grown to manhood Omar was wedded and his wife bore a son for her first child. This man, of course, knew nothing of Onab or Amru; but the hatred that Onab had for Amru, and Amru for Onab, remained, forming a strong, attractive power and bond, so that to Omar was born a child whose soul was that of Amru. The child was named Imshi, and like most of those born to this earth remembered not his former lives.

But while Imshi retained the nature of Amru it was modified greatly in one way through his parentage. Omar gave to his son a small and weak body and the soul within was made timid thereby.

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The boy, as he grew, hated his parents; but at the same time feared them, and the same thing was true of Imshi and his young companions, so that he was disliked by all and found himself an outcast early in life. Moreover, this soul was not born to wealth in that incarnation, but to poverty; hence the sufferings of Imshi began in the cradle. As a child he was disobedient and undutiful to his parents, thereby bringing upon himself many punishments.

When he was yet very young Imshi was compelled to work at hard labor for his father; this he wished to escape, but his cowardice was great and he dared not refuse to obey his parents. Then the time came that his father hated him and sent him forth into the world to earn his own livelihood or to die, as might happen. After a time, during which he lived by begging a morsel here and there, Imshi secured employment for which he was to receive food and a small wage. The food was coarse and barely served to keep body and soul together, and at the end of two years he had received no pay for his labor; but when he complained his master told him that he was idle and worthless and deserved nothing, and thereupon sent him away empty.

The youth left with hate and bitterness in his heart and much concern over his unhappy fate.

After a year of wandering Imshi again secured employment. He was now a man in age, although small of stature and weak of body; his master was a hard man, who compelled the weakling to perform the same labor as the man of strong sinews and Imshi suffered, again and again, the pangs of utter exhaustion and would have gladly died only that he had a great fear and horror of death. But he survived the contract with his employer, and finding himself with a small sum of money began to devise a way of spending it to advantage.

Now Imshi, though full of hatred for all the world, was

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hungering for love and sympathy; he therefore concluded to purchase a wife, that he might have a family to love him, as he supposed they would. The woman was easily secured and for a period he was contented and almost happy in his married life, but then trouble returned and seemed more bitter for the short respite.

Work became scarce and food hard to get, so that for lack of nourishment his favorite child was taken with a sickness and died; then the two others followed and only his wife remained to him, and she hated her husband because of his weakness and inability to provide, and one night she fled and went to another man, leaving Imshi alone.

For some years the man lived and labored, solitary, despised and mocked by all. Then a famine came to the land and Imshi was not able to secure food for himself, so that he suffered the pangs of hunger until his body became a mere sack of bones and his eyes grew back in his head. But that was not the end; plenty came again, but there were other troubles for Imshi; he was now crippled and unable to work and could only keep himself alive by begging his daily bread; and his appearance, the look on his face stamped there by the hatred he had carried in his heart for so many years, repulsed those who would have given alms, so that he often went hungry.

And all these years the longing for love and sympathy remained in his heart and there appeared no way of satisfying it. With age it grew to be an agonized craving; the soul was suffering within its innermost depths. The body had long ago experienced almost every conceivable pain and still continued to feel them, but that was nothing to the agony that had taken possession of the soul. But from that agony was to come the relief. In his intense longing for love, hate died within the man and the soul was born anew.

The change did not come all at once, but, as the old feeling

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was disappearing, Imshi saw another beggar, a blind man, and a feeling of kinship came into his heart for the first time and he spoke kindly to the other unfortunate. The blind man was glad to talk with the lame man, and there Imshi formed his first friendship, which lasted until the death of the other. The soul had begun to know itself, but Karma still had a large item of the account to settle besides other small ones that might wait.

Imshi learned to love others, but never another like unto Jumna, the blind man. And Jumna returned the love to a certain extent, so that at times Imshi felt the touch of true happiness.

The years passed by and the two friends in poverty grew to be very old men. The feeling of hate had left the heart of Imshi and in its place had come a great tenderness, not only toward his blind friend, but toward all mankind. But none beside Jumna showed any return of the feeling, and he sparingly, until his death. When this occurred he was tended by Imshi, who, during the last sickness of his friend, begged for both, and at last Jumna cried out his love for his comrade and the heart of Imshi rejoiced.

But when Imshi had buried the blind man with his own hands he felt his bitter loneliness, and the heart that had once been so hard broke, and the soul in anguish left the crippled body, thereby settling the last great item which the Karmic account called for, and Imshi had paid what Amru owed.

* * * * *

In the spirit world a soul is waiting to take on another material body, certain of entering into an earth life where it will find itself surrounded with love and friends and other accompaniments of a pleasant existence; for the soul, having lived many earth lives in ignorance, the culminating one in the form

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called Imshi, has learned the great lesson of love while enclosed in that material form, and has thus taken a great step forward in the path of being that will never have to be retraced.

"And," said the stars, "every soul must pass through this experience on the Way to Attainment, for Karma is just and sure and fails not; so that every thought and every action brings its own result, which men call reward or punishment, and which is necessary that the account of Being be made to balance; so that each has only to pay the debts which he has contracted and which are but the price of Wisdom and final Attainment."

Oh, brother men, if you have eyes at all,
Look at a branch, a bird, a child, a rose,—
Or anything God ever made that grows,—
Nor let the smallest vision of it slip,
Till you can read, as on Belshazzar's wall,
The glory of eternal partnership!

—*Edwin Arlington Robinson.*

If grief could have its will,
All days were dark and chill,
The spring would never come;
The flowers would never bloom;
The birds would never sing
At rest or on the wing.
Rest, troubled spirit, rest;
God knoweth what is best.

—*J. W. Chadwick.*

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IN THAT DAY

BY MARY E. BLEAKMORE.

"In that day." I wonder how many hundreds and thousands have read these words, and the promises that follow them, without stopping to think or attempting to realize *what day* is meant that is to be fraught with such wonderful revelations and followed by such glorious results? Or have they, like myself, sought the solution and struggled for years with old-time dogmas and inbred creeds, till the Spirit of Truth opened the floodgates of universal Love and proved the reality of the kingdom within?

I have read of those so rich in faith and with such child-like confidence, that they stepped at once into the glorious realization of the possibilities of all the New Thought teaches. But to me the lessons were difficult to learn. Coupled with an earnest determination to seek the truth and study every side of the question, there was ever present a stubborn resistance that battled for every step of the way. The struggles, the fears, the burdens that my pious forefathers thought it *necessary* to bear, all marshaled themselves in battle array, determined upon my defeat. But the greatest enemy of all was the thought of presumptuousness. Did I dare to think that I was so joined to the Infinite—was the possessor of powers within myself sufficient to regulate my life, and radiate spiritual, mental and physical health and strength? I prayed earnestly for spiritual enlightenment; and gave a portion of the early part of each day to the seeking of love, peace and truth. I did not wait for the All Good to knock, but threw the door of my heart wide open and bade Him enter and give

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unto me the spiritual portion of my inheritance. And as the days and months and years go by, I can look into the inner sanctuary of my being, and with infinite joy find in its treasure house many of the jewels I sought for so long.

"At that day ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you." This assertion made by Jesus to his disciples can have but one interpretation, namely: that when their spiritual understanding should be awakened, and they recognized their oneness with Him—realized that their earthly body was the temple of the Spirit of Truth, and that God Himself was not that mysterious being they had worshiped afar off, but was a part of their incarnation, dwelling in them, and with them, awaiting only the spark of divine love that should kindle into flame the glorious possibilities of the human soul—then, and not till then, would "that day" arrive; when they, heirs to an everlasting kingdom, could sing in spirit and in truth that song of the angels, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men."

The prophet Isaiah all through his writings has sounded the glad tidings of the joyous events that are to happen "in that day." And as our spiritual sight grows clearer, and our knowledge of His doctrine increases, and our will is lost in the divine Will, we realize more and more how galling and cruel were the chains of fear, doubt, superstition and weakness that bound us to the tyrannical thoughts of those of past ages; whose influence weakened our will, darkened our understanding, and instilled into our nature a false conception of the Creator of all things.

Living without the light of the New Thought is like having a grand musical instrument in the house without the ability to awaken its magnificent melody. But when the truth, as taught by Jesus, is accepted and *practised,* we touch at will the white keys of love, faith, peace and hope, and the grand

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strains of perfect harmony make our onward march of life a continual inspiration, and the anthems of our soul ever new and joyous with the coming of each day.

God never intended His children should sue and plead with tears of agony for the gifts already so royally bestowed upon them; but which in the blindness of their hearts they expected to receive only by prostrating themselves in the dust at His feet, and putting sackcloth and ashes upon the bodies made so divinely like unto His own. Is it any wonder we pray and pray and receive not, when in our hearts we do not *expect* to receive what we ask for? But "in that day," when life's great lesson has been learned, when love and faith occupy the holy of holies in our heart, when we realize that there is no such thing as time or distance between God and His children, but that He is with us now and always; then, and not till then, shall we stand in the full light of the dawn of "that day," and, all along the highway of Truth, pick the glad buds of promise and fruit of faith, knowing that with golden threads our soul is bound to the Universal Soul, and whatsoever we ask, it shall be given unto us.

WOULD that it were possible for the heart and mind to enter into *all* the life that glows and teems upon the earth,—to feel with it, hope with it, sorrow with it,—and thereby to become a grander, nobler being! Such a being, with such a sympathy and larger existence, must hold in scorn the feeble, cowardly, selfish desire for an immortality of pleasure only, whose one great hope is to escape pain! No. Let me joy with all living creatures, let me suffer with them all: the reward of feeling a deeper, grander life would be amply sufficient.—*Richard Jefferies.*

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

CONSTRUCTIVE RELIGION.

CONSTRUCTIVE religion is one of the world's greatest needs. Religion that has its foundation builded on the rock of the understanding. Religion that is filled with sweetness and light and is thoughtful and reasonable. Religion which places the living presence of God in human life as of far greater importance than any creed or rite. Does the Christian religion fulfill these requirements, and is it sufficient for the needs of mankind? If we take it as taught by the Church of our day, or any past day, we cannot affirm that it is. The tree must be judged by its fruits.

True it is that the Christian world points with pride to the wonderful progress of a Christian civilization. We grant progress, but has that progress been an unmixed blessing? Are we in reality so much better off than the unchristian nations? If we could only lay cant and hypocrisy aside and carefully analyze Christian civilization we doubt if we would find the wonderful advantages that so many people think we have as a result of such civilization. The Prince of Peace has for his followers the wide world over a people who make war; a people who call on a God of love to aid them in their wars. Again, where is the sin of drunkenness to be found? Only among the Christian nations, or the nations that have been corrupted by them? Not among the Mohammedan or Buddhistic peoples.

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We point to schools, colleges and universities as evidences of our superiority over the non-Christian world, but they in turn might well point the finger of shame to our overflowing jails, prisons and poor-houses. The vast sums of money spent in educational effort are far more than offset by the money spent to prevent and punish crime. In what way is the command being fulfilled, "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good"? Christian civilization has, however, accomplished this: It has constructed railroads, telegraph and cable systems; invented all kinds of labor saving machinery, and developed commercialism to a degree never known by the world before. The railroads, however, kill more people in a year than the Car of Juggernaut in India ever did in a century. With all our wonderful material progress are we happier because of it? Has it brought with it a greater development of character? "The love of money is the root of all evil." Who are the nations that have the greatest love of money and strive the hardest to get it?

The writer believes that the religion of life as promulgated by the Nazarene contains within itself all the essentials necessary for a constructive religion. A religion that, in the process of time, should become universal. But the writer does not believe that the continuance of the decadent so-called Christian religions is going to work any regeneration in the nature of man or bring about a life of greater spiritual development to mankind as a whole. They have all been tried and found wanting. What is needed to-day is a re-presentation of the vital truths of Christianity, and after that a faithful effort to find all the points of agreement that it is possible to find between the Christian religion and the religion of other peoples. Anything that is vitally good and true in one religion must be vitally good and true in any other religion. The conflict between religions is not one over essentials, but non-essentials. If Chris-

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tian people realized the spirit of their religion there would be far less exception taken to the religions that other people believe and trust in. Christian religion in order to become thoroughly constructive must put aside its policy of trying to destroy other religions. The effort to proselyte and make people believe in Christianity whether they want to or not is in no way beneficial to the Christian religion. It is not through any tearing down process that the best good of Christianity is to come, but through a policy which would be constructive from first to last.

If the leaders of Christianity the world over would come to see that the real Christian religion is not one of externals, but rather the living of the Christ life and doing the Christ works, we would have a revival of the spirit that animated the primitive Christian faith; but, lost in their wordly wisdom, they no longer perceive that their words fall meaningless on the dulled ears and stagnant minds of their hearers. If they could only let go of their worldly wisdom and allow the spirit once more to find expression, it might be said of them as Jesus said of His disciples. "For it is not ye that speak but the spirit of your Father which speaketh in you." The day will certainly come when the doctrinal dogmatism of Christianity will pass away, and when the letter will be superseded by the spirit, and when the golden rule shall become something more in the minds and lives of people than it now is. If the Christ religion is to supersede the other religions of the world it will be because it contains more of the vitality of the spirit than the other religions, and not because of any other thing. It must show in unifying the races and nations of the earth that it is really what is claimed for it—a religion of great joy and peace and good will to all men. The world is in need of such a religion.

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The Upland Farms Summer School will be opened informally all through the month of June. The formal opening comes on June 28th, and from then until August 31st the regular program of the school will be carried out. From the present outlook the season bids fair to be a most successful one. People who have attended the school in former years need no description of the beauties of the place, but to those who have never been there and who think of going for the first time this season, a few words in reference to the place might prove helpful. From a natural point of view the environment is all that could be desired. Upland Farms is only thirty-seven miles from New York, but with a scenery that would remind one of the Adirondacks. Great hills, valleys, meadows, running brooks and a luxuriance of foliage, all unite in making the place one of the most beautiful in the State. From the top of Mt. Airy (which is a part of the Upland Farms) the view is magnificent. The green of the trees, made vivid by the sky-line back of it, the majestic Hudson, which from the winding course it takes may be seen in many directions, make a picture as beautiful as it is restful. To one tired of the long winter city life it is little short of inspiration.

The program this summer will be one of unusual interest. There will be many men and women of note who have not been heard in previous seasons, and also many whose faces are familiar who have attended the school before. The themes that are to be discussed will be many and varied, covering spiritual, educational and social life. Prominent among the speakers will be the Rev. R. Heber Newton, Professor Hyslop, Professor Anspacher, President George McA. Miller, of Ruskin University, and others. Musical programs promise to be of unusual interest. Everything that the management can do to make the season one of profit and interest to the people in

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attendance will certainly be done. It is hoped that the season of 1904 will be one long to be remembered by the visitors and students of the Summer School.

In the following notice Mr. J. A. Edgerton explains the arrangement by which the subscribers to *The Essene* are to receive MIND for a pro rata period in place of the former magazine, which has suspended publication. We welcome our new subscribers, and hope they will find it both pleasant and profitable to continue as friends and subscribers to MIND for many years to come.

TO THE READERS OF THE ESSENE:—It has been found advisable to merge *The Essene* with MIND. All subscribers to the former, whose time has not yet expired will receive MIND for a pro rata period. The reason for this move it may be as well to state frankly. *The Essene* never more than paid its way, and for a considerable portion of the time was an actual expense to its owners. Toward the end of last year the publisher got behind with issuing it, so much so, indeed, that the December number did not appear till nearly the first of January. To remedy this defect, also to relieve Mrs. Brown from the drudgery of bearing the entire burden alone, I brought the magazine east, being unwilling to let it die without one last effort to keep it going. Because of lack of time and means, however, I have finally concluded it advisable to cease the unequal struggle.

To those friends who have so loyally stood by us throughout, I wish on behalf of the management of *The Essene* to extend our thanks. I hope all of you may see fit to continue with MIND, which is, perhaps, the nearest our ideal of a truly spiritual publication of any now before the public. MIND is much larger and much more ably edited than it was possible for us

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with the meager support given us to render *The Essene*. For this reason, I am sure the change will be welcome. If any of those who have sent in renewals recently, however, are not satisfied, and will write me to that effect at 56 Park Place, New York City, I will gladly refund their money.

The editor of MIND has kindly invited me to become a regular contributor, so that whatever testimony I may have to give, if it is of any value to you, may still be received through this channel. I am sure that Mrs. Brown also may find time occasionally to offer a word. The work of the Spirit goes on, and it matters not the human channels through which it is made manifest.

J. A. EDGERTON.

LOOK within! You know that in your highest moments an ideal of purity, honesty, sincerity, loveliness, shines within you. Let that be your constant guide and companion as you work day by day, moulding your life into its likeness.—*Abby M'Duffy.*

THE best things are nearest,—breath in your nostrils, light in your eyes, flowers at your feet, duties at your hand, the path of God just before you. Then do not grasp at the stars, but do life's plain, common work as it comes, certain that daily duties and daily bread are the sweetest things of life.—*Selected.*

IF our life were indeed hid with Christ in God, if we could realize anything of the height and depth of that mysterious life, we should be kept in peace, even though the sea should roar in all its fulness.—*Maria Hare.*

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THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

Conducted by

FLORENCE PELTIER.

FOR THE PARENTS.

"Every child of earth is also a child of heaven. It has a two-fold inheritance. It is the child of the Father-Mother God; and beneath all erring ideals of the earthly parents is the divine idea to be brought out eventually by growth and experience.

"God, the Infinite Parent, is with the child from the first and always. Now, if parents could realize this fact, and give themselves and their children the benefit of this blessed thought, the whole work would be made comparatively easy and simple."

—*Minnie S. Davis.*

A LITTLE STORY FROM REAL LIFE.

In a small town on the Ohio river, there might have been seen one summer morning a baby digging laboriously and energetically. His curls fell in a sheen of gold about his shoulders, and his dainty white gown was bespattered with mud, as with sturdy and determined little fists, he tossed up shovelful after shovelful. A man passing by stopped to look at the pretty picture, and called out:

"What are you trying to do, boy—dig a well?"

The child paused, and, with serious gravity, replied:

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"No; I'm digging for the devil."

"For the what?" said the man.

"For the devil," answered the child.

The man laughed until he wiped the tears from his cheeks, and replied:

"Why, you'd run like a good fellow if you found him, boy! They say he has horns."

"I wouldn't be scared," answered the baby contemptuously, *"I am God's child,* and He takes care of me all the time. Mamma says there *is no devil,* only the naughty in people's hearts. Tom Jones says that there is, though, and that he lives under the ground; but I've digged three days, and he hasn't comed up yet."

"You'd better give him up as a bad job," answered the man. A gorgeously hued butterfly flitted by, and, dropping his shovel, the child was off like a flash to give it chase.

It was the habit of this baby to daily bedeck his mother's writing desk with violets and roses. "Flowers are God's pretty little thoughts, Mamma," he would say; "and as you write and look at them, you'll think of God—and of me." He was such a queer, original baby. His mother said he had come into her life because she asked God to send him, and before he came she named him, and dedicated him to God. The baby's worship of his mother was something the angels must have smiled upon. Very often, while sitting at her feet, he would startle her by giving voice to whatever was in her mind, so exactly seemed their natures in accord with each other. The child seemed a living demonstration of the broad, beautiful philosophy of Emerson, which his mother loved so well. His soul overflowed with beauty, truth and holiness, of which he was a revelation in the highest degree.

One day there strayed to his gate a baby as dirty and forlorn as he was spotless and beautiful.

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"Why do you not wash?" asked the child. "God *must feel sorry* to see you so dirty. The little birds wash, and God washes all the trees and flowers with rain and dew. When I get *big*, I'll give soap and brooms and vaseline to every one like you. The vaseline would make your face well. Here—take this rose, and when you see how sweet it is, maybe you will wash."

Like a lovely bud, growing daily more beauteous as it expands, so, year by year, the development of the child grew more exquisite in its complete oneness with God.

Later, when the boy was no longer a baby, but a sturdy boy of twelve, in trousers and jacket, a playmate remarked to him:

"How could you keep from hitting Tom Brown when he tore up your kite?" The boy plucked a rose from a bush and threw it to the ground.

"See how *still* the bush is," he replied. "It just blooms on—as sweet as ever. Everything in nature is so still and grand, no matter how agitated people are, that it always seems like a great teacher speaking to us from God, to be always calm and still and smiling; and when I am angry I try to be still and say to myself, 'I am God's child. His life and love are within me. I must not mar His temple with anger. I believe Tom Brown will be *hurt* by that act, because no one can do another an unkindness without hurting himself.'"

"Where do you learn to think so many things?" asked the little friend.

"I will tell you," answered the boy. "I wait before the Lord every day.

"Do you mean pray?" asked the other.

"No," was the reply; "of course I pray, but not when I wait. I just wait silently before God, while He flows into me His spirit, in peace and health and joy. I have a little

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pine pillow which I brought from Pass Christian, Miss., and I can't help loving it, because I have put my head upon it so many times while I am waiting before God for His Blessing."

"What do you hear when you wait?" asked the child.

"Nothing," answered the boy; "I only realize God's presence, and *practise* His presence, just as mamma practises on the piano."

"That's queer," said the child. "I never heard of such things."

"Yes, it *is* queer," was the reply; "but, oh, it just helps you *every way*. I would sooner go without dinner than without waiting. It keeps all harm and trouble from you, even sickness; but if pain does come, it is only a lesson in God's big school, teaching us patience and drawing us nearer to Him. We cannot get so near God in any *other way* as we can in this waiting in silence before Him. You know one of the promises is, 'He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.'"

One evening the boy sat beside his mother, literally drinking in a melody of one of Beethoven's sonatas. Suddenly he interrupted her.

"Mamma," he said, "I feel as though I could follow that melody if I had a flute."

A few days later he was the proud possessor of a handsome flute, and, true to his convictions, without instruction, clear and sweet were the tones he produced, as in perfect harmony he followed each selection upon the piano. The mother arose from the piano, and, taking him upon her lap, opened a well-worn copy of Emerson and read:

"The common experience of man is, that he fits himself as well as he can to the customary details of that work or trade he falls into and tends it as a dog turns a spit. Then is he part of the machine he moves—the man is lost."

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Turning to another page, much read and underlined, she read again:

"Each man has his own vocation. The *talent* is the *call*. There is one direction in which all space is open to him. He has faculties silently inviting him thither to endless exertion. He is like a ship in a river; he runs against obstruction on every side but one; on that side all obstruction is taken away and he sweeps serenely over God's depths into infinite sea." She ceased reading, and brushing the boy's fair hair from his broad, low brow, said, "I shall place you now, dear, under the finest musical instruction, and when you are grown, remember what I have just read to you, and whatever talent calls you, follow it, as *God's call.*"

"I shall write beautiful songs when I'm grown, Mamma," answered the boy; "and music will always be my highest enjoyment; but, like my grandfather has done, I shall follow the law. You know there is a great field for fine lawyers, and for Christian lawyers. I have looked many times at grandpa's books, and I shall be a lawyer."

This is but a chapter from a boy's life. It is a life so pure and beautiful that it sheds sunshine upon all about it. And, in the language of Emerson, "When we see a soul, whose acts are all regal, graceful and pleasant as roses, we must thank God that such things can be and are."

MALEY BAINBRIDGE SHAW.

"Unhappy is the man for whom his own mother has not made all other mothers venerable."—*Richter.*

The instruction received at the mother's knee, and the paternal lessons, together with the pious and sweet souvenirs of the fireside, are never effaced entirely from the soul.

—*Lammennais.*

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FOR THE CHILDREN.

"Come, pretty Violet,
Winter's away;
Come, for without you
May isn't May."

'TIS MORN!

'Tis morn! the world has bathed its face
In dew. Awake! the glad sun shines.
Upon the grass beneath the pines
Dame Spider weaves her lace.

Anon, she weaves that dainty net
With threads so fine and silv'ry fair,
A-tracing deftly here and there
The pattern she has set.

Oh, staid old lady dressed in gray,
Pray sell to me a yard or two
Of lace, all spangled o'er with dew,
To take with me away.

There, nestled close in deepest green,
Sir Cricket chants his morning song;
Upon the breeze, both loud and strong,
He's heard, but is not seen.

'Tis morn! Fair child, come out with me,
The Rose Breast from his bough does call.
We'll search beside the garden wall,
And wondrous things we'll see!

M. CECILY DOYLE.

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ROSE-COLORED SPECTACLES.

Tossing her hat and books upon the couch, Joy dropped into a wicker chair with a sigh.

"What now, little girl?" asked her grandmother—such a sweet grandmother, with soft, dark hair and merry eyes—taking off her spectacles and laying them beside the book which she had been reading. "I think I'll have to rename you *Sorrow*, from the look of that gloomy face."

"Oh, Grannie, dear, everything has gone wrong to-day. It has been so horrid and rainy, and I failed in two of my lessons; and—and I am so—unhappy." Joy leaned her head upon her arm and burst into tears.

"My dear child, come to me;" loving arms gathered the little weeper in a tender embrace. "Now let's be sensible, look things in the face, and see where the trouble lies."

Grandmother drew the drooping head upon her breast, and, smoothing back the curls from the moist forehead, wiped away the brimming tears with her own dainty handkerchief.

"You know it is our own fault if we are miserable. If we truly wish to be happy, nothing in the world can make us otherwise. Take off those dark glasses and see the World Beautiful through rose-colored ones."

Joy raised a puzzled, surprised face. "What do you mean, Grannie, dear. I don't wear glasses."

"Don't you? I think we all wear them, but they are invisible—let me see—I think I know a story about them. Wouldn't you like to hear it?"

"Oh, yes, please, I'd love to!" The little girl's eyes sparkled with delight, and, shaking the last dewy drop from her cheek, she slipped from that lap of refuge and procured a hassock upon which she seated herself at her grandmother's feet.

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For a moment "Grannie, dear," musingly smoothed the small hand resting upon her knee; then she began:

"Once upon a time there lived a little princess who had every thing she could possibly want; still she was far from happy, and grew more miserable and discontented every day."

"What was her name?" interposed Joy.

"Her name?" putting one slender finger under the dimpled chin and smiling into the interested face. "Oh, she was called Violetta, because her eyes were as blue as the beautiful violets which grew in the cool, shady woods beyond the palace gates. In after years her real name was forgotten, for she came to be called the Princess Everhappy.

"Of course the good king and queen were very much distressed over their little daughter's unhappiness, as their greatest desire was to see her grow into a sweet and lovely woman; so they decided to ask the advice of a powerful fairy.

"Upon being consulted the fairy laughed. 'Ah, your majesties, this is but an easy task. Leave the matter to me and all will be well.'

"One day, soon after this, as Princess Violetta was walking in the royal garden, she saw the queerest little old woman, dressed in a long green cloak, hastening toward her!

"In one hand she carried a cane, with which she seemed to fly over the ground; in the other she held a curiously woven red and gold basket. Upon her head was such a peculiar hat that the princess stared in amazement, wondering if she had indeed plucked an enormous flower and turned it upside down to keep off the sun.

"As this old woman came up to her, the princess, who had been taught to be courteous to every one, wished her good day.

" 'Good morning, little one,' responded the woman. 'Would you like to buy of my wares? I have strange goods and a yet stranger price to pay.'

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"This aroused Violetta's curiosity, for, after all, she was very like other little maids. 'Pray show me what you have, good dame,' she said.

" 'Ah, but I must have my pay first: A smile for a peep, two smiles to try on; and three smiles purchase a pair for life.'

"This unusual form of payment so amused the princess that she smiled, in spite of the fact that she had almost forgotten how to curve her lips into a happy expression.

"Instantly the old woman took off the cover of her basket, and the child, eagerly glancing within, saw arranged pair after pair of tiny, rose-colored spectacles, which twinkled up at her like so many friendly eyes.

"In delighted astonishment she clapped her hands and laughed, whereat a pair of these unusual glasses were quickly slipped upon her small nose by the energetic old lady.

"A bright light spread itself before the sight of the princess. It was as if the sun had suddenly come from behind a cloud where he had been in hiding.

"As she gradually became accustomed to the brilliancy, she looked about her and noted that the whole world was changed.

"The flowers, dull and heavy before, now raised their drooping heads and sent out their sweetest fragrance; the trees took on a richer hue and their whispering leaves spoke loving words of cheer; the birds in the shrubbery opened their little throats and sang of the joy of living.

" 'Oh, how beautiful the world is!' she exclaimed, turning to thank the little old woman; but to her surprise she had disappeared.

"As she gazed around, wondering what had become of her odd visitor, a merry ripple of laughter drew her eyes to a beautiful rose growing beside her.

"From the heart of it peeped out the face of a fairy who spoke in a clear silvery voice:

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" 'The rose-colored glasses are yours, dear princess, to wear or lay aside at will; but take care you do not mislay them. Adieu!' and the wee hand of the fairy waved a kind farewell.

"The pink petals of the rose were drawn together from within and the bewildered princess, gazing at it, could scarcely believe it was anything but a half-blown bud."

* * *

As grandmother ceased speaking, Joy gave her hand an affectionate squeeze and said with a happy earnestness in her eyes:

"Thank you, Grannie, dear; your stories always show me where I am wrong. I think I'll have to find some smiles and buy myself a pair of glasses from that fairy." Then nodding toward the table, "I know that you wear rose-colored spectacles, for there they are."

Sure enough, during the telling of the story, the overhanging clouds had dispersed, and the red rays of the setting sun, glancing through the window, reflected upon the glasses of "Grannie, dear," causing them to sparkle with a rosy light.

M. Cecily Doyle.

A LESSON FOR EACH WEEK IN THE MONTH.

Lesson IX.

I have learned that there is within me *force* (energy or action) that I have the *power* (will) to turn into good (real) or bad (unreal) deeds; and that I have *wisdom* (intuition) to use this force in the right way. Above all, love for mankind and for all creatures should fill me; for we are all closely related to one another, as every creature is a Thought of God,

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who is Love. We are all parts of one great Whole: that is, the Divine Force (God) created us and placed within each one of us a part of Himself.

I will now turn my thoughts to *vibration.* Another name for vibration is *motion.*

When I look at the stars and moon and sun I know that they are moving through space more rapidly than I can even imagine. The light that comes to me from them could not reach me—I could not see it—if light were not motion. It comes to me in waves that travel through space at about the rate of 186,000 miles each second!

When I hear music or sounds of any sort, I know that I hear it only because sound travels. It moves in waves, just as light does, but the sound waves take a different direction and are of different length from the light waves. Therefore, light and sound are simply energy, or force, moving at a different rate of vibration and in different directions. All force is *motion.*

Lesson X.

As I study this earth we live upon I find that everything on it is in a state of vibration. Some things I can *see* move: sunlight, fire, water, and so on. I know that the grass and flowers and trees must vibrate, too, because they are constantly changing—growing taller and putting forth new leaves and blossoms, and changing from buds to flowers, and from flowers to fruit; but I cannot see their motions.

The rocks that seem so motionless are vibrating, though very slowly, and in time they crumble into fine particles that form soil.

I can see trolley cars move swiftly along, and I know that a force, called *electricity,* propels them. But I cannot see this force, except once in a while in the shape of fire that I know

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is the same thing as the lightning I behold in the thunder-storm.

This sort of force, electricity, will carry a message through the air or under the water; but I cannot see it move, nor in fact see anything at all. Still I *know* that it does move and that there *is* a force that enables me to hear the voice of my friend who is many miles away, or to receive a message from the other side of the world. And all this is accomplished through one form of motion.

Therefore, on all sides I perceive that everything is in motion, or is vibrating, and, as there must be force behind motion, there is force everywhere.

Lesson XI.

If I put my hand into water I cannot tell instantly whether the water is hot or cold. But very shortly I know, and, if the water is very hot, it may scald me before I *know* it is too hot; for, after the nerves telegraph the danger to the brain, the brain has to telegraph to the hand in order to make it act.

Again, if I am blindfolded and my hand is put into water that is exactly of the same degree of warmth as my hand, I am not conscious that my hand is in the water; for, as heat and cold are only different forms of motion, and as there is no difference of vibration between the warmth of my hand and the warmth of the water, there is no difference of vibration felt by the nerves and no need for their telegraphing to the brain.

My body is always vibrating; for, like everything else, it is made up of little particles, called *atoms,* that are too small to be seen, even through a powerful microscope. Each one of these atoms is in motion. The atoms that form the bones do not vibrate so rapidly as those that go to make up the blood. Thus, the atoms that form different parts of the body

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have different rates of vibration. One set of atoms makes the nerves. These nerves are the body's telegraph system. Without them I could not feel, or see, or hear, for they carry the vibrations of sound, sight and feeling, to my brain.

If I place my hand in very hot water the vibrations of the atoms of water are so rapid that they fiercely overpower the more slowly moving atoms of my hand and would injure it badly if my nerves did not telegraph to my brain the danger.

Lesson XII.

Now what does all this teach me? It teaches me that my body is in a state of vibration like all the universe; that the vibrations about me affect my body; that, if I had no nerves from my eye to my brain the waves of light could not be carried to my mind and I could not see. If I had no nerves from my ear to my brain, the waves of sound could not be carried to my mind and I could not hear. If there were not nerves throughout my body, I could not feel, or taste, or hear, or see, and my body would soon be destroyed because there would be no pain, nor bitter taste, nor hearing, nor sight, to warn me when in danger. In fact, without nerves, and a brain that the mind could govern as the brain governs the nerves, the body would be entirely useless. I could not lift so much as one of my fingers. I could not walk or run. I would be an idiot.

I cannot see my mind, but I know that by means of my wonderful telegraph or nervous system, with its "central office," the brain, my mind permeates all through my body, and that my mind uses my brain and nerves to telegraph its force throughout every atom of me, thus giving me the power to make my body a fit habitation for the Spirit.

As the trolley car stands upon the track utterly unable to move without the power of electricity, so my body and brain are equally useless without the force called *Mind.* F.P.

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FLOWER LESSONS.

Early one morning a buttercup was born. She grew very fast and soon became a beautiful flower. She was wooed by the bees who lived in the field near by; the butterflies that flirted about from flower to flower made love to her, and even the busy humming-birds sought her hand. The many flowers that grew near her looked upon her with admiration and adored her. A cypress-tree, that had sheltered her from the noonday sun ever since her birth, felt for her a motherly interest, and did all in her power to make the buttercup's life happy.

The buttercup soon became very vain from the attention she received. The more she was wooed the more selfish she grew. At last she became so wrapped up in herself that she expected everybody to do just as she wanted them to do. Of course that was very wrong of her, but her self-love was very great. Any one that loves himself too much will always show ingratitude. That was the way with the little buttercup. She was a flower without gratitude.

One bright day, early in June, the buttercup probably would have died for the want of water had not the kind cypress-tree wept until she had all she wanted to drink. Would you believe me when I say she did not even thank the good cypress for saving her life, but, instead, she turned on the tree, and scolded her for getting her garments wet?

"Who will love me when my clothes are all wet?" she cried; "and I look so ugly! Are you jealous of my beauty? You are a wicked tree, and because you are so large you boast of your greatness by being cruel to one so small as I."

"My dear, little buttercup," said the cypress sadly, "I gave you water because I thought it would restore your life and refresh you. I thought you looked tired and that a drink would

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do you good. The sun will soon dry your wet garments, and you will be more beautiful than before."

"Now gloat over the misfortune you have wrought me!" cried the buttercup, shaking her head in despair. "Shame! shame! How can the sun dry my wet garments when you hide me from its beautiful rays? Have you not always been unkind to me? And because of your unkindness I have never seen the midday sun."

The cypress-tree wept bitterly. She felt that she had intended to be kind, but had failed to please. She knew that the buttercup had accused her of doing a wrong, and she would not have wronged for all the world. And while she wept her tears again fell upon the buttercup.

"Cruel tree!" cried the buttercup, "are you not satisfied with wetting my clothes? Would you drown me? What harm have I ever done you?"

The cypress did not answer, for she felt too sad at heart. She dried her tears. She felt that perhaps she might have done wrong, and her thoughts gave her great pain. But her heart was not heavy long, for at her feet she suddenly heard a tiny voice call out in astonishment:

"I was pressing my head against the earth with all my strength, when it suddenly gave way. Perhaps, you think I am not surprised. I wasn't able to come out of my home last year until two weeks later, and I suppose I will live longer this year than I did last.'

"Why! if little Sweet William isn't born again," said the cypress in a happier tone than she had used for a long time. "My tears must have softened the ground so that he was able to escape. I did do good, after all, as Sweet William seems so pleased to be able to live again."

As the days flew rapidly by, Sweet Wiliam grew to be a tall, handsome flower. He soon began to show attention toward the

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buttercup, and after a while she learned to love him with her whole heart. She scorned all others who tried to love her and treated them with contempt. She even went so far as to frown on the bees who brought her dainty food that she might eat. The butterflies who came to her each day with stories of their travels were sent trembling away. The humming-birds, who had hummed many pretty tunes, at her request, were told to leave and never come again. Even the red clover blossoms, who had stood so faithfully at her side, were looked upon with scorn.

One day Sweet William kissed the buttercup, and said: "Beautiful flower, I shall love you always."

The buttercup trembled with happiness, and her eyes were imprisoned with tears that fell from joy. Poor weak flower, she listened to his soft words and trusted him!

Now, shortly after Sweet William was born, the tears of the cypress gave birth to a pink. She grew to be beautiful in face and form and in nature, being loving and kind. When the flowers and insects saw her lovely blossom they came from far and near to pay her homage as they had done the buttercup. She felt thankful for their love and appreciated every kindness bestowed upon her. She would listen to the humming-birds hum their tunes, and smile with delight. She would accept the dainty food given to her by the bees, and thank them with much feeling. The butterflies, that came to her with stories of their travels, were listened to so intently that they would linger long at her side. Oftentimes the red clover blossoms would dance in the breeze, and she would laugh merrily, as they swayed to and fro. Once did the cypress sprinkle the pink with her tears, and she became so thankful that she almost wept with gratitude.

Strangely, Sweet William began to lose interest in the buttercup. His love was not as constant as it might have been.

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He seemed to have forgotten what he had once said to her—"I shall love you always;" and grew cold and indifferent. He would talk to the pink for hours at a time, and never tire of listening to her sweet voice. Once he whispered to her and told her of her beauty. She looked sadly at him and said:

"You are a deceiver, Sweet William, and none should trust you."

The buttercup heard the conversation, and her heart ached with a bitterness she had never felt before. She turned her head away to hide the stream of flowing tears that fell from her sad eyes. When Sweet William again said to her: "I shall love you always, dear buttercup," she shuddered as she replied:

"I can feel no gratitude for such love as you would give."

The buttercup became so unhappy that she pined her life away, and ever afterward, in the flower language she is called, "Ingratitude." Because Sweet William deceived her, all the flowers shunned him, and he is still known as a "deceiver." The little pink is called "Pure Love;" and when she died was mourned for by all. Now, dear children, should you ever see a cypress-tree weeping, do not laugh, and call her a silly tree; she weeps for the pink. Some day, perhaps, the cypress will know that the little pink she so dearly loved, lives up in the beautiful flower heaven, and then I think she will cease from weeping, don't you?

BERT WENRICH.

"Love and kindness we may measure
By this simple rule alone:
Do we mind our neighbor's pleasure
Just as if it were our own?"

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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

A STUDY OF VIBRATION. By Minnie S. Davis. 108 pages. Price 75 cents. Published by Alliance Publishing Company, 569 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Miss Davis' book adds one more to the list of New Thought books that are so influencing the civilized world to-day. Each writer has some message that no one else could give in exactly the same way. So the author of this book has her own message to give, one that must have far-reaching effects for good because the book deals with many of the vital truths of life. In this volume she shows how to attain the poise and harmony of life through right thinking and living. On pages ten and twenty-three, she says:

"One of the first things to learn is that health and happiness, like wealth and learning, can be obtained only through natural lawful processes. Health and happiness cannot be bought, though one had wealth untold: nor can they be obtained by prayer and sacrifice; nor can the Christ himself bestow the boon except one follows Him.

"As in Nature, the seed must be sown and cultivated before the harvest can be enjoyed. Men are blindly knocking at wrong doors and then rail at Providence because they receive stones when they long for bread. They sow tares and then wonder and lament that the harvest is not rich and fair."

"The keynote of health, of happiness, and of goodness, is harmony. Soul and body must be tuned as an instrument, a living evolving instrument, which increases in power and exquisite complexity, and in ability to respond in harmony to other wonderful beings, also struggling for expression and growth. At last a consciousness of the cosmic order is attained and a new day has dawned for this child of eternity."

The author recognizes the fact that the reciprocity of giving and receiving is requisite to the perfection of life, and that all

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giving must be without thought of receiving in order to make it righteous giving. She has this to say on page sixty-eight:

"Thus are the balances kept in the realms of both mind and matter. Selfishness cannot be a permanent factor in the make up of the growing soul, for its penalty is impoverishment, and the very instinct of self-preservation brings the needed reaction. Altruism must be polarized with egotism. Neither the self nor the other must give or take too much. There are loving souls—self-made martyrs—not recognizing this law, who give and give of themselves until self-effacement robs them of their rights and proper dignity, and in the meantime they are depriving others of their rightful privilege of giving and doing."

The book is filled with helpful suggestions from beginning to end. It is a book that will far more than repay you for the reading, because it is written out of the experiences of one who has given years of study and application to the laws that make for health and righteousness. Miss Davis has had a large experience in New England as a New Thought teacher and a practitioner. The book is neatly bound in cloth and gold.

The SAINT AND THE OUTLAW. By Michael Wood. 236 pages. Price $1.00 net. Published by John Lane, New York.

This book is composed of a number of short stories designed to show in a simple way the result flowing from good and bad actions. In other words we might say it was an exemplification of the laws of Karma. It also shows that the development of life must take place from within, and that the greatest happiness is to come to man through character building. "He who doth not harken to God's voice within him will never hear aright his voice without him," is one of the sentences at the close of the first story. Undoubtedly the author of this book

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is a mystic, and his object is to bring simple truths before the minds of people in an attractive way.

The book is printed in large type and the paper is very good. We commend it to people who like to read short stories that have more or less of the philosophy of right living running through them.

TYPO-CULTURISTS. By Mary Eupha Crawford. 43 pages. Price $1. Published by the Broadway Publishing Company, 835 Broadway, New York.

This little book is filled from first to last with health-giving suggestions tending to show the supremacy of mind over matter. It is written in the form of a dialogue between two persons, one taking the superficial or negative side of life and the other contending for a positive philosophy of health, strength and beauty. The contrast between the two conditions of mind at times is very striking. The author contends that experience and observation teach that success in any occupation is in proportion to the trained intelligent control of one's powers, and that success, health and happiness follow along the path of self-mastery. The book is printed on good paper with large type and it will repay careful reading.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE SOUL. By Thomson J. Hudson. Price $1.20 net. 344 pages. Published by A. C. McClurg & Company, Chicago, Ill.

The latest work of Thomson J. Hudson, entitled "The Evolution of the Soul," is a book filled with valuable information well in keeping with the other volumes Mr. Hudson has written. If there is one question more than another dealt with in this book in a thorough way it is the question of Telepathy. Mr. Hudson has given his reasons in a clear, comprehensive manner not only as regards Telepathy but in many equally interest-

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ing phases of psychic development. He treats of such subjects as "A Scientific Demonstration of the Future Life," "Spiritistic Phenomena an Evidence of Life After Death," "The Rationale of Hypnotism," "The Danger Line of Hypnotism," "How to Prepare the Mind for Success," and many other subjects of equal interest. The position he takes in regard to instinct in the lower animal life and intuition in man being identical is commonly accepted by New Thought believers. We quote the following:

"What is this intelligence which so unerringly adapts means to ends and enables the creature to perform all those acts which are preservative of its life and of its species? The ready reply is, 'Instinct.' True, we have a name for it that is in the mouth of every schoolboy. But names do not explain anything. What is instinct? Before defining it in set phrase, I must remark that instinct in the lower animals and intuition in man are identical, the latter being merely a higher and more complex development of the former. I define it as follows:

"Instinct, or intuition, is the power possessed by each sentient being, in proportion to its development and in harmony with its environment, to perceive or apprehend, antecedently to and independently of reason or instruction, those laws of nature which pertain to the well being of the individual and of the species to which it belongs.

"Like every other faculty, organ, or agency in nature or in human affairs, it had a simple beginning. Like everything else of value to mankind, it has developed by a series of progressive steps to a state of wonderful complexity. It has kept pace with the physical development of animal life and with the mental development of humanity, until now it is the most wonderful faculty known to man; it is the most potential force below that of omnipotence; it is the most gigantic intellectual attribute below that of omniscience; it is the subjective mind of man; it is the mental organism of the immortal human soul."

While this book will not create the same amount of interest

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that his "Law of Psychic Phenomena" did, it will undoubtedly be read by many thousands of people who are becoming more and more interested in all matters pertaining to the psychical side of life.

The book contains a very good portrait of Dr. Hudson and also a short biographical sketch. It is almost a year since Dr. Hudson passed away, but he has given to the world a great deal of valuable information and the world will be much richer because he has lived in it.

SPIRITUAL EVOLUTION OR REGENERATION. By R. C. Douglass. 350 pages. Price $1.20 net. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass.

This book constitutes a series of class instructions in practical Christian Metaphysics, given at various times by Mr. Douglass.

The author seeks to give an esoteric interpretation of both Old and New Testaments. His work is distinctively Christian, having practically nothing of Hindu mysticism that, at the present time, gives so much color to books written along metaphysical lines. In reading this book we think of him as one given to much thought and meditation on the inner life. All the way through he contends for a vital Christianity that shall re-present what the Master really taught. We quote as follows:

"Christendom has scarcely awakened to the deeper meaning of Christianity and the vast possibilities of unfoldment and realization, which are the privileges of any one who will studiously apply himself to the unfoldment of the Christ within.

"We have scarcely touched the hem of the garment of the Living Christ, and consequently have not perceived or even conceived the glories ready to be revealed through the fuller realization of the Living Christ in Consciousness.

"We are now in the Twentieth Century, which is to evolve a purer, though not less Christian, system of religious thought,

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free from the swaddling clothes of superstition,—a system that shall be in keeping with the higher intelligence of this progressive age."

This book is handsomely bound in cloth and gold, and is one that should be of help to any one interested in Higher Metaphysics.

A GENUINE conscience is a growing conscience,—one that is perpetually becoming more prompt, more keen, more tender.—*Selected.*

IF you wish to behold God, you may see him in every object around; search in your breast, and you will find him there. And if you do not yet perceive where he dwells, confute me, if you can and say where he is not.—*Metastasio.*

THE humblest man or woman can live splendidly! That is the royal truth that we need to believe, you and I who have no "mission," no great sphere to move in. The universe is not quite complete without my work well done.—*W. C. Gunnett.*

CLEAR and vivid consciousness of the divine presence is like the breathing of a new life and a new spirit into all things. When it comes to us, it transforms the universe. We are no more the subjects of dulness, apathy, gloom, or fear.—*John James Tayler.*

IF we always bore in mind this solemn truth, that life is but the vestibule of the everlasting temple, the first stage of a progress that shall know no limit, the novitiate or apprenticeship both of heart and intellect, I think we should acknowledge more fully the high importance of the trust, and endeavor to fulfil its duties in a purer and holier spirit.—*W. H. D. Adams.*

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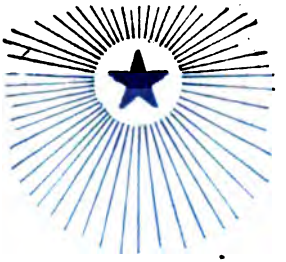

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"There is one mind common to all individual men. Every man is an inlet to the same and to all of the same. Let a man then know his worth." —EMERSON.

Mind
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CAUSATION: IS IT MENTAL OR PHYSICAL?

BY HENRY WOOD.

Where is the grand starting point? Only the origin of a thing or condition can properly be called a cause. Bullets and shells kill and wound men in battle, but they are hardly the cause of the carnage. The occasion or secondary cause of a cold may be a matter of the weather, but back of that is susceptibility, and still further back a psychological basis. Phenomena are often so closely linked to antecedent as to appear almost simultaneously, hence the world often mistakes the observed result for the unseen beginning. Primary causation does not appear upon the surface, but is always hidden.

The problem of the true location of underlying origins is one of the most important and significant with which human philosophy has to deal. It ever recurs in multiform aspects, and runs like a subtle dividing line through systems and institutions. It does not affirm dualism, but it does involve the active and passive, the positive and negative, action and reaction. It separates idealism from realism. It is a question of

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first principles. Its unseen partition extends through philosophy, science, ethics, religion and therapeutics.

If the origination for all phenomena and manifestation be psychical or spiritual rather than material, a great number of conventional assumptions have no possible logical basis. They are not avowedly materialistic, but generally unconsciously so. The issue is so complicated or indirect that the inevitable conclusion is not immediately apparent.

The various religions of the world assume that a future life rests upon a logical basis as well as upon an uncertain hope. But if life, mind or soul be but a property of organized matter, it is obvious that the unseen entity could not be more than a limited dependent. If anything is to survive it must be positive and primary rather than merely expressive and incidental. It must be a cause instead of a result. The property of any organized thing cannot outlast the disintegration of its base. Persistence can result only from self-sufficiency. Here is the fatal deficiency in materialistic systems. The Church, therefore, is crippled by its practical alliance with *materia medica* and the assumed physical causation of science—so-called. The true location of first causes is, therefore, the fundamental pivot upon which a universal philosophy turns. In a well-meant effort at rectification human opinion is mistakenly dealing with the phenomenal instead of the nominal, with results rather than causes. On the other hand, the New Thought philosophy rests upon the higher causative forces, and, be it noted, the latest scientific developments, even when measured by purely sensuous tests, lend their confirmation.

One of the most interesting and conclusive proofs of the order of mental causation, as primary, is perhaps that of a very sensitive and accurate mechanism known as the "muscle-bed." The most noted investigator and experimentalist along this line is Dr. William G. Anderson, who for many years has

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been Director of the Yale University Gymnasium. The ultimate significance of these unique experiments hardly can be imagined. While very simple their logic is clear and unanswerable.

In a recent public lecture in Boston, Dr. Anderson made an exhibition of the "muscle-bed," and, with the aid of four subjects provided for the occasion, demonstrated the principle before a highly interested audience. The bed used was the latest, most approved and delicately adjusted machine of its kind. Any thinker must admit that the general results form an entering wedge to a knowledge of laws which are of tremendous import. Psychological force is weighed and translated to the senses. The fine mechanism registers the rush of extra blood supply to some organ or extremity in response to concentrated thought or even purely imagined movements, thus graphically showing the primacy of mind in man's complex organism. Any serious problem tips the bed in the direction of the head. As accounts of these experiments in the Yale Gymnasium have been published before, the details need not here be repeated. They involve the utmost accuracy. The scientist has all along refused to reckon with soul qualities, *per se,* but here they appear translated into his own chosen realm, and the issue cannot be evaded. Shall we continue to hear that thought is the result or property of the gray matter of the brain? The human material instrument has been mistaken for the player. The experiments of the "muscle-bed" show clearly that man's body is only passive and plastic material. It is never the actor, but moves because it is acted upon. Occasions, secondary causes and reflex activities show themselves in its inert clay, but the source of authority is in the unseen man himself, whether or not he consciously exercises the same.

It is impossible that one truth should be out of harmony with another. But the lack of a necessary reconciliation and logical

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congruity is almost universal. We should try to be reasonable and make our philosophy symmetrical instead of chaotic. We do not intend to be deliberately one-sided or materialistic, for we hope and theorize otherwise. We professedly exercise love, optimism, idealism and aspiration. But the practical systems to which we yield allegiance find no scientific basis for these things. From the laboratory point of view they have only a sentimental aspect. But radical readjustments cannot be delayed much longer.

Important among such changes of opinion will be the repudiation of the prevailing hypothesis of germ causation for disease. While this is endorsed by the ruling medical opinion of to-day it is far from unanimous. But anything different will now generally be classed as assumption and impossible. So was the Copernican philosophy when it first confronted the complete and self-satisfied Ptolemaic system. So was the theory of the circulation of the blood when first announced by Harvey. Innumerable innovations have thus been ruled out when they came as disturbers of the powers that be. There is "no room in the inn" for new recognitions of truth, and so it always has been. But the heresy of one age becomes the fundamental logic of the next. Once start with a mistaken premise and an elaborate system of misleading conclusion is easily built up.

As to germs and microbes, numberless orders are evident, but they are secondary and not primal in causation. Admitted, they may be useful provisionally in the diagnosis of what is back of them. Wherever congenial conditions are found certain definite and corresponding organisms spring up. The fact that they can gain no foothold upon healthy tissue shows that they are secondary and resultant. They are always scavengers. It may be laid down as a positive biological principle that whenever and wherever offensive and corrupt refuse takes

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on forms of life, *there* is purification, refinement and, in fine, resurrection. We do not like maggots and many other forms of life, but they are far cleaner and sweeter than the rottenness which they replace. Life of every order, and without exception, resists decay, and the passage of matter from inorganic to organic form is Nature's method of advance as well as purification. The worst abused microbe is far superior to the filth and putrescence out of which it sprang. It is only life which transforms the black slime of the pond into the beautiful water lily. A universal metamorphosis of this kind is continuous in the world of matter. By this subtle uplift Nature sweetens the worst conditions which human ignorance and neglect thrust upon her. Life and mind lay hold of material and erect and beautify it through the magic of organization. There is an eternal Easter, an abounding miracle of newness of life—higher and yet higher. Ascending to the supreme order—the human—it is therefore the office of intelligence and spiritual potency to harmonize and even sanctify the physical organism. It is not normal that man should be the slave of the lower elements which he is temporarily using. As a divinely commissioned executive, he should not supinely yield his rights and privileges.

A further principle of the compelling logic of the higher causation indicates that the whole complex system of inoculations and serums rests upon a fallacious foundation. Natural immunity from contagion consists of bodily purity and vigor, and their most effective antecedents are the higher consciousness, supplemented by an intelligent observance of hygienic laws. Life is the supreme boon, and the mission of religion, love, ethics, optimism and idealism is "life more abundant."

Serums are diluted concoctions of impurity and evil. Can evil cast out evil? Such preparations cannot be otherwise considered than as unnatural and abnormal. Nature is a safe

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guide, and when her symmetry is violated she is sinned against. But owing to a subtle, unappreciated and unconscious factor such treatment is often apparently effective. How can the corrupt matter which is introduced into the system to produce immunity from smallpox or rabies have any preventive effect? Not in the way usually supposed, but through the mind. The "protected" man has a constant sense of security and every time he thinks of the subject—perhaps many times a day during an epidemic—there is a strong auto-suggestion of immunity. He is getting a continual self-treatment against contagion. While power is from within, things external receive the credit.

The deductions which legitimately may be made from the principle of mental causation, as proved by the "muscle-bed," are far-reaching in their scope. They indicate that the whole province of *materia medica* is located in the realm which is secondary in its order. Fads and fashions in medicine abound. If there are remedies which possess undoubted beneficent power they should remain settled and unchangeable. But we see them depart in an endless, swift-moving procession. For a short time, while much in vogue, a specific drug often seems armed with potency, but it is largely if not wholly due to the subtle subjective factor before noted. Thought discipline is the key which unlocks storehouses of strength and conditions of harmony. To attain desirable results we must go to the fountain-head and deal with the springs which are primal.

If, in addition to other abundant evidence, the scientific accuracy of the "muscle-bed" shows that a little temporary thinking can send a rush of warm, nourishing blood to a waiting organ or extremity, what should be the logical possibility of cultivated, systematic and concentrative thought power? If primary causation for physical conditions be deeper than we have supposed, the world needs the truth. If we have been too superficial and have accounted secondary phenomena as

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primal and ultimate, let us judicially investigate without fear or favor. If a great realm of reality of untold value lies somewhat concealed from ordinary sensuous observation we cannot afford carelessly to miss it. Man is a soul and his physical organism as a secondary instrument should be his useful servant.

THE TRIUMPH OF MIND.

BY FRANK A. DAVIS, SC.B., M.D.

There is no rumble nor rattle of wheels
From the ages of time rolling past;
But the old earth trembles and rocks and reels,
And staggers and groans at the shocks it feels
From the centuries hurrying fast.

And its face grows wrinkled and scarred and old,
Its mighty continents rise and fall;
And the towering peaks and the headlands bold
Lie down in the dust and crumbling mold,
Lost in the past their shadows and all.

New forms and new species appear, live, die,
Each having place in the infinite plan;
Life swarms the earth, swims the sea, wings the sky,
Changing, advancing the low to the high,
Plant, amœba, animal, MAN.

And thus runs the course and ever must run,
The stronger leaving the weak behind,
Until, perfected, creation be done,
And the earth and stars and planets and sun
Behold at last the triumph of MIND.

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THE MORAL RESURRECTIONS OF LIFE.

BY WILLIAM WILBERFORCE NEWTON, D.D.

Terrible and repulsive in its realistic details as is Tolstoi's story of "Resurrection," it is yet wonderful in its power of portraying the awakening and development of the moral sense in man.

It reminds one of a great cyclone or tornado or some of the vast floods and freshets in our American river areas.

Everything is swept away and all the barriers break down before the resistless power of this awakening force in man, so that we ask ourselves the question, "If this is not God working in human nature, pray what is it? and to what shall we ascribe this invincible spiritual sense?"

There is no more marvellous phenomenon in life than the response of the moral nature in man to a great and distinctly moral issue.

The career of our own General Grant is perhaps the most striking instance in all human history of the way in which an inevitable crisis in the life of the nation laid hold of a dormant and apparently dead moral sense, and brought the hour and the man together. We wonder, as we watch the inauspicious beginnings of this remarkable career, which is the greater marvel, the man who saved the nation or the nation which redeemed the individual. The victories of the Upper Mississippi, of Vicksburg and New Orleans and Appomattox were astonishing, but even more wonderful than these was the moral transformation which took place in this great, silent hero when he gave to the nation that message for which it had been so long waiting:

"Let us have peace."

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It is to such as these that Browning's words apply:

"One who never turned his back but marched breast forward.
Never doubted clouds would break:
Never dreamed though right were worsted, wrong would triumph.
Held we fall to rise . . . are baffled to fight better.
Sleep to wake!"

The more we study it and attempt to analyze it, the more it is borne home upon our minds, that human nature is like some complex organ.

The player at the keyboard begins with the sub-base pedal-note, and from this as a starting point, emerges into the growing structure of the musical work before him.

The music does not all come at once, but he leads up to the climax by slow degrees. Now he pulls out a bugle-stop, now a trumpet or a clarionette. Again, he brings into the music the beseeching note of the violin or the full answering refrain of the diapason, until at last, crowning all other utterances, is heard the speech-like note of the vox humana.

Then comes the acme of the piece, and after a moment of the highest domination of the theme, the organist pushes back stop after stop in a diminishing cadence until all stops are closed and the sub-pedal tone with which the piece began is heard once more, and then the last sound vanishes into silence.

In the same way human nature begins with a low note and rises slowly to the central grandeur of the ideal life.

Now the player spirit pulls out the stops of culture, art, science, literature, philosophy, poetry and religion. At last the climacteric of the composition is reached; then the recession of activities takes place. One by one the stops are closed, the music fades away and the life ends as it began, with a single elementary sound, and the last note dies away in the sleep of death.

There is a remarkable psalm found in the psalter, and known

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by its Latin name "Exurgat Deus." It is the sixty-eighth psalm, and was the great war chant of that fighting saint of the Pre-Renaissance epoch, St. Bernard of Clairvaux. It begins with the well-known words: "Let God arise and let His enemies be scattered; let them also that hate Him flee before Him." There is rhythm and movement and the sense of a slowly advancing force in this psalm, as if some divine power was in touch with human nature's strivings after a better, holier life. And it is probably because of this sense of inward and divine motion that it finds its place in the service of the Church for Whit-Sunday.

When once we let God arise in us, when we uncover the moral sense and unlock the will to the higher influences of the Divine, the life becomes wonderfully clarified and simplified, and the drama of this psalm of man's moral awakening, this "Exurgat Deus" of the soul, becomes a great movement acted out in our hitherto undeveloped lives.

These moral resurrections which take place in human lives are a most interesting phenomenon. They show us the wide circuit of human nature's orbit of progress.

Browning has a sentence in his poem of the Morgue in Paris which is suggestive. He says:

> "My own hope is a Sun will pierce
> The thickest cloud Earth ever stretched
> That often last returns the first
> Though a wide compass round be fetched."

This stretch from the low "C" to the high "C" in human nature is indeed a wide compass. What vast regions and continents of human life and experience are covered by it. See Luther, the spiritual prophet and leader, and Luther, the earth-born German peasant. Behold Cromwell, the great hero of English liberties, the companion and fellow-helper of Milton

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and Hampden—and Cromwell, the fierce avenger in the Irish campaign with its bloodstains and its cruelties. The heads of the world's heroes are indeed of gold, but their feet, like the feet of King Nebuchadnezzar's image, are of mire and clay.

Surely the widest compass of all in the vast expanse of creation is that which is fetched between the ideal and the actual in man.

These moral resurrections in human nature show us also the progress of God in His own world.

The Russian poet, Derzhavin's, hymn on God, which surpasses anything in hymnology since Cleanthe's hymn to Jove, contains a metaphor which is striking in its suggestiveness. He says:

> "Yea! in my spirit doth Thy spirit shine
> As shines a sunbeam in a drop of dew."

There can be no movement, no current, no purpose in life if there is no divine influence in it. Life without God in it becomes not a running river but a landlocked lake.

There is no way out of life if there be no God. We are like children lost in some great Exhibition building. There is no exit door, and our parents have left us alone and we cannot read the signs around us, for the signs of the only life which endures are written in the language of the immortals.

And so we cry with the lost children: "It is getting dark! Tell us which is the way out of the building."

Moreover, these moral resurrections verify our instinct for a future life. What are these moral awakenings for if there is no higher field for their realization?

Why should we have these spiritual instincts if there is nothing to which they are to correspond? Nature we know never deceives us in any of our instincts, and every implanted attribute leads the way to the object for which it was created. The mole burrows silently through tunnels deprived of light. The

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bull-calf butts with smooth and unarmed brow. The teal and the widgeon, hatched in the spring in Labrador, fly south to the waters of the Gulf in November—though they have never been there before and have no charts or Baedeker's guide-books or Cook's agents to help them on their journey.

And in the light of this hidden instinct for the life to come the problem of Evolution becomes a great illuminated sign. We read the sign because of the forces which originated the light within, just as we read at night the illuminated letters because of the gas jets and the flashing of the light within. Some unseen power forces itself into the framework of Creation, and the light, which a moment ago was hidden, suddenly becomes manifest.

And in this higher interpretation of life Walt Whitman's bold figure in his hymn on Death becomes the confident challenge of the soul which is conscious of its own upspringing, irrepressible faith.

"Joy! Shipmate; Joy!
(Pleased to my Soul at death I cry)
Our life is closed—our life begins
The long, long anchorage we leave
The ship is clear—at last she leaps!
She swiftly courses from the shore,
Joy! Shipmate; Joy!"

MEN will wrangle for religion, write for it, fight for it, die for it; anything but *live* for it.—*Colton.*

IT is much easier to think right without doing right than to do right without thinking right. Just thoughts may, and wofully often do, fail of producing just deeds; but just deeds are sure to beget just thoughts. For, when the heart is pure and straight, there is hardly anything which can mislead the understanding in matters of immediate personal concernment.—*Julius Hare.*

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THE STOIC.

BY LOUIS K. ANSPACHER.

I.

Grieve or lament?
Why, grief can never reach
My height of calm: its force is spent
In climbing upward where no tears can flow.
No pangs have had the might to breach
My stoic peace. What will be so
Is so. Thought raises me above the world
Of suffering and woe.
I dwell upon a lonely peak,
That rears its hermit height of snow
Far into cloudless and thought-hushéd deeps,
Where silence broods in a dim long ago.
The furious thunders speak,
And angry storms are hurled
Below me: fiercely the wrack is whirled
About my base. Day dawns or sleeps:
Yet I in stellar twilight calm absorb
The peace of unmoved timelessness, and swing
Through human life like a planet in its orb,
Constant, unhindered. And the days may bring
The dew at morn, and the sadness of the eve;
Yet on my height I hear the planets sing
Their mute, inaural, cosmic wandering.
I see no tears; and when the sun doth leave
His blessing on my brow, I cannot mourn:

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My heart beats in the elements' pulse, untorn
By any woe that forces man to grieve.

Grief is imperfect joy. We weep the while
The stars move on, or even seem to smile.
Man tries to live in bliss: an arduous trial
Unworth the effort. Since the soul is God,
Removed from earth, above the fretful dial
Of anxious days, grief cannot touch that part:
It is exalted o'er the harlot nod
Of Fortune's favor; for its high domain
Is where the angels sing, and spirits reign.

How can the lower part insensate grieve?
For, whirled about, Destruction's ravening claw
Can rend the body; there seems no reprieve
From brutal might: it seems the envied spoil
And innocent helpless sport of every flaw
That tears the clouds. Yet even in their broil
Chaotic forces are instinct with law,
Which, like a will, commands them to their toil

The senseless trees that, widowed of the leaf,
Shake naked in their age, the jest of winds,
Moan no dumb sadness, suffer from no grief.
They're part of that same cloddy earth which binds
The winged soul of man: the baser ore
Which God in wisdom uses to unfold
The pure gold of the spirit. 'Tis the mould
That bears a shape and wears the strife and war
Of matter, till the soul to heaven soar.
That part of me that is composed of earth
Is natural, self-sufficient, and it feeds
Upon what Nature gives it; and no dearth

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Can touch it. That desires what it needs,
And earth gives. The part of greater worth,
The spark that burns eternally, the soul,
Is proof against the ills that body breeds;
It is above the clod it ought control.

This sacred flame of God ought never wane
In its pure luminous ecstasy. The flesh,
Its cresset-place, is under Nature's sway;
And Nature brings sufficient to refresh
The mortal part; so that the aching pain
Of want or hunger never can immesh
The spirit's wings that burn their upward way.

How can I therefore grieve,
Though all the Fates in triple plot should weave
To my sad end? A dweller in two spheres,
I give to each its due, but yet I cleave
With climbing strength, to the one beyond man's tears.

II.

Hark—Hark
A tender voice is calling through the dark.
At last, at last, 'tis thou!
I knew thou wouldst not break
Thy vow.
Ah, now—
I'll ask thee, let me slake
My thirst upon thy ripened lips.
Oh, God of love, canst Thou not make
The stars stand still,
Until
I reel, a drunkard in my bliss?

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Time slips;
And yet it seems the fill
Of this
Breeds greater thirst.
Curst fates, why must I think,
A Tantalus to thought? Ixion
On a wheel reversed.
Good God! may I not drink
A simple joy? The fleeing moments cry on
Others as they pass. Despair
Of overtaking joy is all my joy.
Bliss that I cannot share,
Is but a swift decoy,
To lure me to a snare
With a butterfly toy.
I pluck the petals from a glowing rose;
And look for beauty in the withering spoils.
Time flows.
An envious eternity flees past,
As 'twere a second in the yawning vast
Of time. Thought coils
A cold constriction round my joy.
Oh, love, here is thy feverous cheek
Against my cheek; thy breast on mine:
Thou art as great a prize as Troy
E'er bled for. Sweet the love lights shine
Deep in thine eyes that deeper love do speak.
Thy burning hand
Lies clenched by mine. An anguish doth destroy
Me, while I hunt a fleeing bliss.
Thought's disappearing wand
Hath volatiled thee, no more tangible
Than is

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A figment from far fairy land.
The rapturous thrill
Of passing joy hath made thee mute;
The while the chill
Death hand of thought, implacable,
Unyielding to dispute,
As a dull summoning knell,
Doth vivisect
My joy. Be still
Thou flutter in my heart; thou art not joy.
Thou art a rapture wrecked,
A disappointment, rage, despair, attempt, alloy
Of all mixed contraries;
Together with the pitiful throes
The soul of joy makes ere it flees,
And leaves black woes.

III.

Oh, grief, come thou in any other guise
But joy, and I will try to bear thee well.
Or if thou be a joy, then sudden catch me
Unawares, before a lynx's eyes
Can spy into thy soul, and truly tell
Thy name: long ere the brooding thought can hatch thee
To the wild siren shape thou truly art.
Or be a past felicity. Regrets
Are far more easily borne. But let me dwell
In quietude upon my peak apart.
Be thou the change, the storm, the daylight frets,
That whirl below me round my mortal shell.

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THE CONSCIOUS AND SUBCONSCIOUS STATES OF MIND.

BY A. C. HALPHIDE, M.D.

The mind perceives, thinks, feels and wills, and knows that it performs these acts. This power of the mind to recognize itself as the subject of its own activities is called consciousness. The field of consciousness extends from a center where all of the phenomena are distinctly perceived to a rather indefinite border where they are sometimes indistinct and vague. Beyond the limit of this field certain phenomena occur which are sometimes brought clearly within the threshold of consciousness, these are the subconscious phenomena, so-called. Consciousness is the mind's awareness of its own activities and it unitizes the mind as the connective tissue unifies the body. Consciousness has been defined as the active state of mind, as wakefulness, contrasted with its passive states such as sleep, syncope, and the several trance conditions. It is plain, however, that the definition is not broad enough, for it does not include all of the phenomena of consciousness. Moreover, it has given occasion for the use of many terms to explain the phenomena of consciousness, such as, conscious, unconscious, subconscious, supraconscious and the like, all of which are more or less indefinite.

Conscious phenomena are those occurring in the normal, wakeful condition of the mind; however, it should be borne in mind that there are other conscious phenomena, but they occur in unnatural or abnormal states of mind or during sleep or trances. Consciousness is intelligent awareness, and any phenomena produced under these conditions must be conscious no matter what state the mind is in. The limited use of the

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term conscious, as applied to normal, wakeful, awareness experiences, is permissible provided that the other allied states of consciousness are recognized.

The popular phrase "unconscious cerebration" was long used to explain all processes maturing outside of the field of ordinary consciousness, but as we become more familiar with these mental processes it becomes increasingly evident that they would better be classed as subconscious or subliminal. At any rate, it is plain that they are not unconscious, although they are often lost to memory upon returning to a normal state of mind. For example, a somnambule may have no memory of his sleep-walking experiences after he awakes, but that does not prove that he was unconscious during the performance of his remarkable physical and mental feats. It simply shows that he passes from one plane of consciousness into another, and that the events of one state may not be remembered in the other.

The subliminal phenomena have been divided into two groups according as they are conceived to be above or below the conscious, following a threefold classification of consciousness, to wit, from lowest to highest, subconscious, conscious and supraconscious. The conscious group of phenomena has already been considered. An effort is made in the other two groups to discriminate between the phenomena common to man and the lower animals, such as sleep and dreams, and those peculiar to the highly developed man, as telepathy, clairvoyance and the like; however the distinction is too fine for the ordinary student and all subliminal phenomena may, therefore, be grouped as subconscious. Moreover, the distinction is fanciful rather than real, for there are no higher and lower in mental processes. The subconscious phenomena are found in spontaneous and artificial states of mind.

The more common spontaneous states in which subconscious

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phenomena are observed are sleep and disease. During sleep the somnambule performs feats peculiar to the waking condition, as walking, talking, working, and the like. The sleep-walkers often accomplish during sleep what it would be impossible for them to do when awake, as writing compositions, solving problems, and playing upon musical instruments. In short, they exhibit every evidence of consciousness in their performances, but lose all memory of their somnambulic feats as soon as they awaken. In disease conditions a subliminal personality is occasionally observed. The patient passes into a condition similar to active somnambulism, in which the mind is dominated by ideas or hallucinations suggested by the disease. When the change is complete, the condition is known as pathological double personality, in which the patient alternates his normal with a secondary personality. They are often equally conscious and competent in each personality and may or may not be aware of their duality. Cases are on record where persons have suddenly passed into subliminal personalities and after continuing in them for months as suddenly returned to their primary personalities, the interval of the subconscious condition remaining a blank.

The artificial states in which subconscious phenomena are observed are hypnosis and self-induced trances. Hypnotized persons are in artificial conditions similar to sleep, in which they are dominated by ideas or hallucinations suggested by another person. They may be made to perform all of the functions peculiar to the ordinary conscious state of mind, although they are known to be in a subconscious state. The artificial, like the natural somnambule, exhibits exaltation of both mental and physical powers which is probably due to an unusual power of concentration in these states. Since attention is the focusing of consciousness it is plain that these subconscious states do not lack consciousness. The self-induced artificial, subconscious

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state of mind is illustrated by the auto-trances developed by clairvoyants and other psychics. The trance may be partial or complete; in either case, it serves to induce a subconscious condition in the psychic. The phenomena produced by psychics are essentially subconscious, whether it is thought transference, clairvoyance, or what not.

It is manifest from what has been said that the phenomena of consciousness are properly divided into two groups, namely: the conscious, embracing those which occur within the field of consciousness; and the subconscious, including those which transpire without that field, whether above or below or beyond its threshold. The segregation is so complete as to amount to a duality of mind. The lapse of memory of the events of subconscious processes is explained by this duality of mind. The events of each division of consciousness are associated only with other processes of the same division and so can be recalled only in that state of mind. Memory always depends upon the association of ideas. The law is illustrated by every effort to remember anything. One has to go back in mind to the time and place of the occurrence of the event before he can recall it; in like manner it is necessary to return in mind to the subconscious state in order to recall the events of its processes. For example, the hypnotized person readily remembers the events of previous hypnoses although the lapse of memory is complete after he is dehypnotized. However, it should be understood that it is only in extreme cases that the transition from one state of consciousness to another is marked, for the transition in many persons is almost imperceptible. Many clairvoyants and other psychics simply close their eyes, apparently to shut out visual objects, in order to accomplish "second sight," and so forth. Therefore, while it is easy theoretically to explain conscious and subconscious states it is often exceedingly difficult to differentiate them practically.

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The use of hypnotism in giving suggestive treatments makes no material difference, for in the last analysis hypnotism is simply a matter of suggestion. Patients are hypnotized and dehypnotized by suggestion. While it is probable that persons in a state of hypnosis are highly suggestible, as intimated above, the manner of giving the treatments and the mental laws which render them efficacious remain the same as in the waking state. The suggestions are hints, advice, persuasion or commands given to the patient's mind to direct its powers in a curative way. Therefore, it is plain that, psychologically considered, suggestive therapeutics consist essentially in the administration of wise curative suggestions to the minds of the sick in such a manner that they will be accepted and acted upon. Thus the constitution and operation of the mind renders it possible to aid and wisely direct our fellows in their search for health and happiness.

NOTHING can bring you peace but the triumph of principles. *Emerson.*

KNOW ye not that ye are the temples of God, and that such temples can be built only of the common stones that lie about us?—*C. C. Everett.*

SOME people seem to think that death is the only reality in life. Others, happier and rightlier-minded, see and feel that life is the true reality in death.—*Julius Hare.*

LIKE children who are sorely disappointed when they discover that Santa Claus is but a myth, so it is with those who find their long-cherished dogma to be no more real; yet, but a short time elapses and neither would return to his old belief. —*H. C. Morse.*

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KARMA.

BY WENONAH STEVENS ABBOTT, F.U.B.

Dr. Jerome Anderson says: "Karma means that divine, omnipotent, omniscient Power, which adjusts each effect to its originating cause. It does this consciously, wisely and unerringly; therefore it is more than the mere operation of an immutable law, if we regard this as acting mechanically or automatically, for Karma is the agent of Absolute Consciousness, and not one phenomenon occurs in all this manifested universe of which it does not take conscious note. 'Not a sparrow falls to the ground without His notice,' declared the Nazarene.

"Karma is the Will of the Most High, acting by and through the law of cause and effect. Any phenomenon in nature, or the manifested universe, into which cause and effect enter (and who can point to any phenomenon in which they do not?) is an exemplification of Karma. Attempts to limit its meaning or application to any single department of Nature by such definitions as 'the law of ethical causation,' and so on, only grow out of a failure to recognize the infinite sweep of its action. It contains the beginning and the end of all philosophical speculation, it demonstrates a casual relation between the infinite and the finite, for Karma is that Infinite Power which adjusts each effect to its originating cause. It is the Will of the All-Father; every manifested entity is its child; all, therefore, are equal in its holy vision. All are alike imperfect, and in this universal imperfection lies our brotherhood, no less truly than in our one dark Source."

To one born with an innate belief that the Supreme is the highest aspect of the essence which we know as Love, yet whose training is that of the Orthodox, there comes a time

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when the human soul rebelliously asks "Why?" "Why the inequalities of birth, not only in caste but in Nature?" "Why is one child born with a hereditary load of sin and disease, another with a robust frame?" "Why has one the brain of a genius, another that of an idiot?" "Why has one a disposition loving and lovable, while another's character is such that it brings a battle almost from the cradle?"

When such a soul—looking into the dizzy abyss which is apparently filled with examples of God's partiality—learns that the Father is *just* as well as loving, the knowledge of the law by which all is regulated comes like a "glad tidings of great joy"—answering, as it does, one's longing to believe in the Love of the Supreme, and assuring that humanity is not an exception to the general plan of the universe, throughout which there is no effect without its adequate cause, no cause but has its resultant effect. This is that which Bulwer Lytton calls "Nature's first and most imperishable, and most lovely, and most noble Law, the *inequality between man and man.*"

Circumstances seem so unequal, and, as Dr. Buck says, "viewed in the light of one earth life, it isn't fair—it isn't square." Still, even from this point of view, matters are more evenly distributed than a superficial consideration suggests. The sum total of each one's blessings approximates that of his neighbor. In all the kingdoms there is no perfection. What is given one way is held back in another. Birds of beauty are rarely songsters, the sweet singers seldom have handsome coats. Cold regions lack the southern beauty of foliage, but they have not the enervation of the southland and they impart a vigorous hardihood which the sunny south cannot. Every blessing and grief suggests its reverse: happiness—sorrow; trouble—compensation, just as throughout Nature we find the "pairs of opposites": action—reaction, light—darkness, heat—cold, male—female, sweet—sour, motion—rest, falsehood—

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truth, centripetal—centrifugal, inspiration—expiration, pleasure—pain, objective—subjective. Nature likes equilibrium and hastens to establish it.

This law of adjustment is Karma. In the "Secret Doctrine" we find: "The only decree of Karma—an eternal and immutable decree—is absolute harmony in the world of matter as it is in the world of spirit. It is not, therefore, Karma that rewards or punishes, but it is we who reward or punish ourselves, according to whether we work with, through, and along with Nature, abiding by the laws on which that harmony depends, or—break them."

It is because Nature's law is harmony that she is opposed to monopolies. Does a man's touch turn all to gold, which he grasps for his own ends? Nature takes from him, in the love which he *might* receive, what she allows him to gain financially. Our grandmothers had "only home, children, love"—we have also *rights*. Do you doubt that the gain holds loss? The right to mix in public life brings the duty to do so, and that is an added responsibility. A writer may gain fame—the reverse side is the imposed duty of righting humanity's wrongs. Artists gain success—with it comes the necessity for painting pictures which shall raise the aspirations of all who see them. To all who are prominent, in this life, ascends the constant cry, "Help! Help us upward!"

Even esoteric knowledge adds to our cares, for it brings that yearning love which caused Jesus to say, "Come unto me, all ye who labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

But to what do we trace the evident inequalities? Our past actions, in this life and countless others which have preceded it. We are, have, enjoy or endure exactly what our past thoughts and actions caused; and in a future life we will be whatever is the outcome of our present life. We are what our motives, and no other being's have made us—the sum total of our past char-

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acters, the outcome of our account with Karma, which Sir Edwin Arnold calls "The law of righteousness, which none at last can turn aside or staying," adding: "The heart of it is Love, the end of it is Peace and consummation sweet. Obey!"

"The heart of it is Love," another way of saying that it is God's law, and "There are no errors in God's plan."

Some feel that when Karma is a retribution for the forgotten deeds of a past life it is unjust, though when it comes as compensation for past acts, they accept it as their due. We are daily influenced by forgotten causes that have been set in motion in this life. From the mechanic to the artist, automatic memory guides. We walk with ease, but we learned with effort; the process of learning the names of the common articles around us has faded from conscious memory—gone with the long line of forgotten causes. We are now reverent or the reverse, because of childish habits. The list of every-day effects from forgotten causes of this life could be swelled almost interminably. We are the outgrowth of habits, and believers in Karmic law must realize that many of these are not confined to the present earth life. Reincarnation is Karma's twin.

If we have forgotten even the time when we learned to love Truth, when we received the impetus which made us what we are, instead of uncouth vulgarians, can we wonder that so few remember anything of a time registered in other brains? And may we not be hasty in asserting that there is no such memory? Leaving out of the question those who do remember past incarnations, and those rare cases where children are manifestly the incarnation of adults, does not embryology prove that the Ego remembers—not only past lives in human forms, but its success in evolving substance from atom to the human-animal body? How else account for that rapid pre-natal review of all life on this globe, beginning with the lowest form? Review signifies remembrance. What remembers the work done

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in years that must be written in nine spaces, the germ's imprint of ancestral memory? Is it not more probable that we, in our ethereal bodies, aid the mother's task of building a physical body, into which we later merge?

In the Light of Asia, we read:

"This is the doctrine of Karma. Learn!
Only when all the dross of sin is quit;
Only when life dies like a white flame spent
Death dies along with it.

"Say not 'I am,' 'I was,' or 'I shall be,'
Think not ye pass from house to house of flesh
Like travellers who remember and forget,
Ill-lodged or well-lodged. Fresh

"Issues upon the Universe that sum
Which is the lattermost of lives. It makes
Its habitation, as the worm spins silk
And dwells therein. It takes

"Function and substance as the snake's egg hatched
Takes scale and fang; as feathered reed-seeds fly
O'er rock and loam and sand, until they find
Their marsh and multiply.

"Before beginning and without an end,
As space eternal and as surety sure,
Is fixed a power divine which moves to good,
Only its laws endure.

"It will not be contemned of any one;
Who thwarts it loses, and who serves it gains;
The hidden good it pays with peace and bliss,
The hidden ill with pains.

"It seeth everywhere and marketh all;
Do right—it recompenseth! Do one wrong—
The equal retribution must be made
Though Dharma tarry long.

"It knows not wrath nor pardon; utter true
Its measures mete, its faultless balance weighs,
Times are as naught—to-morrow it will judge
Or after many days.

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"So merit won, winneth the happier age,
Which by demerit halteth short of end;
Yet must this Law of Love reign King of all
Before the Kalpas end."

Each one's store of Karma may be likened to an edifice built of stone gathered among many nations, at many times. The foundation was laid when the tools were very primitive, the hewing roughly done, the joints not well fitted. Gradually the tools improved and the mason did better work. It is to improve these tools and those which are to succeed them, making them better adapted to the mason's needs, that they are polished and sharpened by adversity.

Few of us find ourselves with well-proportioned character-buildings, but that which has been built cannot be torn down. Neither can we idly bemoan the poor work, while the tools of this life go to decay. We must hew the block that comes to our hands, knowing that if we follow the directions of the architect—the Higher Self—each will fit its place. The mason, who is the Mind, must become well acquainted with the architect's plans. Having discovered the needs of our individual structures, we must patch up the irregularities which the poorer tools of past lives left, bringing all up to the level of Truth; then do our best before these tools wear out and are cast aside, while we rest and plan the improvement of the next set. When they are ready, they will seem so thoroughly a part of us that we will forget having handled these poorer ones, even as we have now forgotten those we used in past lives, or even a decade ago—which seem to us to have been parts of this same body, though no particle has withstood change.

If we make the will of the Higher Self the guiding motive in life, we will build well, even though each day we fail to live up to it. The Master says: "He who does his best, does enough." Our work is in that part of the evolutionary spiral where humanity climbs.

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Theosophy teaches no hell-fire, not because there is no dark side, but for the same reason that a teacher in physiology takes as his model the perfect form, not because there are no cripples who are apparently hopelessly misshapen, but because each student can approximate the standard. There are dark spots in the sun's covering, but we prefer to think of the radiating, life-bringing rays. Through the darkness light can pierce, and the message which humanity now needs is the glad tidings of Universal Brotherhood, with the promise that *all* have opportunities for progression. The Master's warning is still applicable, nevertheless. "Be not deceived, God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

If that superabundance of life—the vacation which we miscall Death—finds us with illy prepared lessons, we may rest for a time, then again enter life's academy. Pupils vary in ability and power of application. Some study eagerly, accepting the hard discipline as but a temporary ill which fits for future good. Others simply *endure* it. All teachers know which will be most rapidly promoted. A wasted term hinders and modifies many future ones, the result of that negligence often springing up when the cause is forgotten. Each earnest effort makes the next easier, for Karma is like a loving mother who often "takes the will for the deed." Whether we learn rapidly or slowly, there is a fixed amount to be mastered before we enter the higher grades.

It is as though we each owed debts and had accounts with the government bank. We can pay the debts of our past mistakes as rapidly as possible, storing up the results of good actions; or we can squander in heedless pleasure our precious purse of time, allowing the debts to wait until they are thrust upon us with additional interest, and adding nothing to our savings.

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"Evil swells the debt to pay,
Good delivers and acquits.
Shun evil, do good, hold sway
Over thyself. This is the way."

Nature *gives* nothing. What you now have, of good or ill, you earned. Have you health? You earned it; but if you waste the boon Nature will recall it, since she dislikes idle material. Is disease your portion? Be thankful that this Karmic ill came to you on the physical plane—not mental or moral—and remember that mind rules matter. Have you wealth? You hold it in trust for your Brothers of Humanity; if you betray that trust, it will not be given you in another earth life. Have you poverty? Then give of your love. We are none of us really poor. All are so blessed that we must have done more good than we can believe, in those past lives, or we would not be given the privilege of coming in touch with Truth in this great translation period of the cycle.

We are not slaves. We are of royal blood, part of the essence of the Oversoul, and latently possessed of Godlike attributes. The workings out are varied, but the real nature of all is the same, since we are all but aspects of the spirit-matter vibrations. Lives are like magic squares, the direction and order varies, but from protoplasm to Godhood, in any time of incarnation, the amount of work accomplished in this involution of spirit and evolution of matter is the same.

What we now endure of Karmic discomfort comes partly from the mistakes of this life, partly from its predecessor, partly from those farther back. The Divine Law causes the reaction to come on the plane in which the impetus was given. Like begets like. Physical generating physical creates heredity —which the law of affinity makes justice, for oil will not enter into water. The thoughts of this life will furnish the character of the next personality. We sow what we reap, as truly as

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we reap what we sow. Only when we have raised the animal nature—call it human elemental, synthetizer of the body, passions, or what you will—above the plane of desire for sense life can we remain on the subjective plane, with no latent cause dragging us downward to its plane of effect. When the incarnate Christ has raised to His plane all that is on the next below, bringing up these to be ready to reach downward for their next of kin, will He cease to be crucified and soar higher. Only when this Christ soul has so drawn into its essence the labors of the man nature, the sufferings of womanhood, the mind and soul, can sex be left behind and the God-souls pass higher. Love—only love—love broad as that of Jesus, who was at-one with his inner Christ, can develop such a winged soul. Until we so love we may have rests from our labor, assimilating the lessons of earth life; but, like the drop of mercury separated from the mass, we will return, when the restraint has passed, for we cannot soar to a height where the attraction is overcome. Love overcometh!

Though actions return to the physical plane, intellectual effort to the mental, heart-aspirations to the spiritual, the reaction gravitates downward through the lower planes—as a spiritual mind illumines the face of the physical temple in which it incarnates, or the selfish Ego soddens the face. Lesser actions are usually seeds which germinate so quickly that they are reaped in the same life in which they are sown, while the greater deeds influence future lives. But these small causes may be like gnats, which make unbearable beautiful surroundings, or like butterflies which bring beauty into a gloomy scene.

Karma is not only individual but national, wherein lies the key to the rise and fall of empires. We can lighten future national Karma in our land by bearing well our burden and helping others. Thereby we make good individual accounts, and each part influences the whole. Whether the future holds

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happiness or the reverse, depends upon whether we seek to gratify our lower natures, or the Higher Self. If the latter, this world will be the better because we have again dwelt therein.

But we must not do good for the sake of the reward. The Law adjusts itself. All that is required is that we do not retard progress by evil thoughts or actions, and that we raise our Brothers. A great responsibility this — since each instant countless atoms pass from us, impregnated with our thoughts, which, with the atoms, may be absorbed in other bodies, sending their influence to other brain-minds. This is why motive counts more than action. It may become action in some neighbor who combats it less strongly. Therefore it is just that, as a prominent spiritualist has worded it, "Motive and reward are measured in the same chalice." We are "our brothers' keepers" and we owe it to our SELF to raise, not lower, every atom which ever enters into our environment.

In the "Bhagavad-Gita," Krishna says: "Do not be incited to actions by the hope of their reward, nor let thy life be spent in inaction. Firmly persisting in Yoga, perform thy duty, and laying aside all desire for any benefit to thyself from action, make the event equal to thee, whether it be success or failure. Yet the performance of works is by far inferior to mental devotion, oh despiser of wealth. Seek an asylum then in this mental devotion, which is knowledge."

Head learning is necessary, but the heart wisdom is better. With this heart wisdom comes that charity which never condemns the sinner with the sin; which guards the thoughts even more carefully than deeds, knowing that they are more potent for good or evil; which brings the selfishness that comes to those who overcome, making each faithful in that contemplation which is above all action, though it must not exclude it, for

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"action is the means whereby the wise man who is desirous of mounting to meditation may mount thereto."

There can be no progress without effort. Each of us should be a dynamo from which radiates the electric current of charitable, loving thoughts toward all God's creatures. Faithfulness hastens the day when, having gained the victory, learned life's lesson, obtained deliverance from objective existence, we can return to the bosom of our Father-Mother, preserving our individuality, yet at-one with the All-Love. Then can we say, with Gautama Buddha:

"Many a House of Life
Hath held me—seeking ever him who wrought
These prisons of the senses, sorrow fraught;
Love was my ceaseless strife!
But now,
Thou Builder of this Tabernacle—Thou!
I know Thee! Never shalt thou build again
These walls of pain,
Nor raise the roof-tree of deceits, nor lay
Fresh rafters on the clay;
Broken thy house is, and the ridge-pole split!
Delusion fashioned it!
Safe pass I thence—deliverance to obtain."

TO-MORROW.

Fret not thyself for the morrow.
The morrow will care for its own;
'Tis foolish and vain to borrow
Its care and labor and sorrow—
There's enough in to-day alone.

To-day is the time for endeavor,
The only time that's our own;
If we use it aright there will never
Be trouble to-morrow, but ever
A day from which trouble has flown.

W. S. WHITACRE.

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THE CHILD AND INTUITION.

BY LOUISE DOWNES.

The desire and purpose of a true parent is to become as soon as possible unnecessary to the child. All friendship rests upon harmony of disposition and integrity. You are seeking an expression of friendship, not of possession, with the child. You are not ruling each other. Your problem and that of the child is the same—the problem of self-knowledge and self-government.

Psychology tells us that the race has developed a new faculty called intuition. And what is intuition? "A faculty in man (all dictionaries tell us) which discerns truth without the process of reasoning." What does your child want, what do you want for your child, save "a faculty which discerns *truth*"?

Let us put on our thinking caps. What is education? What is education doing with this faculty of intuition now Nature has grown it in a race?

What *about* a faculty *in* the child "which discerns truth"?

What Nature is doing true motherhood will do either from the plane of instinct or from the plane of conscious knowledge.

The struggle of Nature to-day is not to develop the faculty of intuition. The struggle of Nature to-day is to *enthrone* that faculty.

You do not grow intuition; you have it. *You grow the power to follow and obey* the faculty in you "which discerns truth." *It* is the eternal, the absolute, from atoms to men. To follow the subject further is not within the scope of this paper except to say: If there is in the text book which Education hands to a child the information that he has within him "a

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faculty which discerns truth," then motherhood must ask of Education, "How will you enthrone that faculty in his mind and life?" For, a faculty which "discerns truth" must be the aim and the end of culture. "Is the school *en*throning 'or *de*throning' that faculty"? Motherhood is not watching grades or marks; "Is the child's faculty of intuition upon its throne, as it was when the education of school began?" is its concern.

The end and aim of education is to make the child ready to learn of himself. Success is measured in every phase of life by a man's faculty to discern truth. Froebel recognizes this faculty in the child. It is the creative power of the soul to which the mind is to be servant only. Its place is no more to be usurped in the nursery than in the college. It is the child's birthright, the storehouse of Nature's wisdom from which the mind is to draw its knowledge. It is the Father's House which the man must never leave; when he does it is to feed with "the swine." You will not dethrone or dilute that voice; you will recognize and reverence it. You will enthrone it in your child.

The soul did not incarnate to learn the wisdom of earth; it came to bring the wisdom of heaven to the earth. The soul came for self-expression. It came to interpret the soul in the flesh of nature.

You cannot give your child anything; it has come to take possession of its own; it has come after that which belongs to it.

In achieving for yourself you achieve for your child. Its breath is the atmosphere of your soul. Twenty years ago the problem was, "How shall I dominate my child"? To-day, in solemn recognition of its divine voice and right, we ask, "How shall I set my child free? Free to obey and be led by its own eternal voice of truth?" It faces no danger save from ignorant desire to think and live for it. The child is safe with itself.

God came *with* the child and planted the voice of truth in the

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child. It faces no danger save from the ignorance of its trainers. Your problem is to be, be, be, Be; for it breathes from your mental atmosphere. To *be* is to rule. You and the babe have come upon the same errand. You can journey with it, not for it. You have come to express yourselves (O joyous comradeship!); to apply the wisdom which was yours since the world was, *together;* come to remember and apply wisdom and get the experience which is knowledge and understanding. It has only come to walk beside you; this child of yours brought the plan of its life with it. The intuition of the child knows that plan. All the wisdom it needs is knowledge of itself; it brought with it the wisdom which the soul will throw over into the child's mind as it meets experience and *needs* its wisdom; for the mind, before you begin to educate it out of its function, is the perfect servant of the soul, one of the vessels filled with the wine of life at a marriage feast. Modern education, the instant the soul begins to use its vessel (the mind) fills that vessel with the ignorance of earth, usurping the home of the soul until "the son of man" (thought) hath "no place for his head." The mind is to obey the voice of the soul, it is not to set up a clatter of its own.

Fountains of wisdom are not universities; fountains of wisdom are human souls. The problem to-day, to the thinking parent, is to see that education is not robbing the child of a divine heritage, the intuition, the voice of truth, the voice of divine authority within him. To discern truth is to become conscious of law and obey. You cannot substitute your law for the law of the child's being. Perfect obedience and perfect freedom are one in the true law of the child's nature. Obedience to that *law* will be obedience to you. Motherhood must know *the law* before she can have divine obedience.

I am not writing of lawlessness or license; I am writing of obedience, which is freedom; writing of perfect poise and per-

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fect love; the love which knows no obligation or possession. Duty and obligation serve you and hold you steady *by the will* to the truth mark; they serve manhood and womanhood in the place of love; they are not the perfect love of the law which makes freedom obedience and not license.

I am not writing of animal parenthood; I am writing of a new parenthood born of an awakening soul force in Nature's man. There is a crown of motherhood; womanhood has not yet worn that crown, but an angel is hurrying to the planet Earth with a new song and a light which cannot be hid.

The entire trend of modern education is to place the mind upon the throne of the soul. It is thus that Paradise was lost. The brain belongs to the soul, to intuition. A man may be learned in the coming era and never see a university if his mind has learned its function of "vessel."

We only learn that which we already know; when we become conscious of that which we already know we say we have learned something. What else did Plato teach?

The business of the soul is to throw over into the mind the wisdom it brought. The intuition is the messenger between mind and soul. The mind is to receive and record the message of the soul. This it does in the child before the mind is a "den of thieves." Our business to-day is the clearing of the Father's house that the vessel may be filled. Old habits of thought are to be scourged.

Parentage is not possession; parentage is privilege; parentage is opportunity.

You hold a babe in your arms. What has happened? Nothing to change the purpose of your life, the development of self. Life will bring you but *one* duty toward that babe,—*the highest development of yourself.* If you hold your child as a possession, an obligation, a something to be trained, pushed and pulled in the direction *your* vision indicates, you declare your-

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self upon the animal plane of parentage. Your reward will be the reward of animal parentage. Your child's love will mean simply thanks for the sustenance you give that child's existence. Its love for you will cease after its animal necessities are provided for. Your relation after that will be one of duty and obligation, not love.

The incident of birth does not mean ownership or comradeship. Birth does not bring affinity or relationship. Your child will reverence you just as much as you reverence it. Your relationship is declared at the moment you make for it an incarnating center; your motive toward it, your sincerity toward it, your love for it, your relationship for all the years of your life are found at that moment. The affinity cannot be made or patched up afterward; possession, obligation, responsibility, sacrifice for your child are all centered and confined to that moment of attraction. Its friendship with you is established then, if there is to be friendship.

You ask no obligation of your child because you bore him; you will not force upon him a friendship which is not an affinity of soul and mind *because* you bore him. Motherhood does not flow from the fact that you gave consent to existence. If you find comradeship with your child it will be upon the plane of comradeship; he will love you for the same reason he loves another. The fact that you bore him will strengthen his sense of duty towards you, but that fact will never create love towards you. And why should it? Bearing children is not motherhood or fatherhood.

That you and your child shall find your own place in Nature is the purpose of your existence. That which is your own is neither good nor evil. There is neither gain nor loss to love. The child's own will enrich him whether you call this or that experience good or evil. There may be delay but no failure in his life.

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The vortex is a law of nature. There is a vortex motion between good and evil; they are continually becoming each other. The experiences which the child is to have is a source of anxiety to you; there is no problem about the child's experience to its soul. The soul holds the picture of its life, and your boy or girl will obey the voice of truth within it, if free to do so. You give your child to the God within him. "He watching over Israel slumbers not nor sleeps." The child embodied to awaken to its own knowledge, not to yours. It did not come to be "brought up." Israel to the ancients was the creative faculties journeying to the Land of Canaan, or the upper brain, unused in the race to-day.

The child is yours by the law of attraction; you possessed the power to give it incarnating force. It is yours in the divinest sense. Whatever your babe becomes it is what it is because you made for it a center of attraction like itself; your obligation and responsibility *focus* there. It found a resting place beneath your heart. You hold it in a love embrace while energy defines form. It has come in response to your call; come to live its own life while you are achieving higher and higher planes of being; every moment of its existence is a joy bell in your life. Teach it? It has come to teach you. The dew of heaven is upon its brow. It is straight from the throne of truth. It is the answer to your cry for truth. It has brought you spiritual power. It is revelation; you did not create it. You gave *creation* opportunity. It did not come to have you "train it." In training the little messenger we have missed the message it brought, God's carrier-dove. Long before it nestled 'neath your heart you heard it call out of the blue of the infinite; love prisoned its song within you; the Holy Ghost descended unto you; you folded your white wings for rest; no other father, no other mother would do; it has waited the ages for you; its journey has ended. 'Neath your heart it forgets; but

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you? Ah, you remember—In those wonder days of love your soul in celestial light blended to listen to a sound; a soft wind blew upon your garden; its spices awoke; some one was calling, calling from the throne of love to you coming, coming, with the dew of Lebanon for your brows, and Love knew its own. For nine beautiful months your soul self and the Great One played and planned together. In divine recognition, you, listening, waited while the Father above and the father below vigils kept. At last, the Soul and you had builded a house, a sacred hour—The valley of the shadow of death—the everlasting arms—a rod and a staff—and—"Lo! I am with you always"—Folded against your heart, your babe, while a new name burst into shining for your brow: Mary, Mother of God. Mary, Bride of God. Mary, Queen of Heaven and of Earth—And God so loved the world——.

Your privilege is now hospitality. You cannot measure this soul by yourself. *The subjective child is as old as you are.* It is not a babe except in the objective experience of your plane of expression.

* * * * *

The world is approaching a crisis. America is the promise of the law, the hope of the perpetuity of the planet. There must come a time in the history of the world when the perpetuity of its *form* in Nature depends upon the wisdom and understanding of the human nature developed upon it. At that hour Atlantas rises tall or hides beneath the sea, and Nature must return for rebirth or be sustained by the power and understanding of the God man. The world is hastening again to the hour of its perpetuity or disintegration. Perhaps the Rev. Dwight Hillis did not realize the scientific significance of the recent utterance which has caused so much comment. "America," he said, "is God's last chance to save the world."

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Scientifically this is fact. Science must be the revelator of forces of nature which are connected with the perpetuity of the life of the planet; forces which only the Christ man may handle. Every birth at this hour is of the deepest significance. Ten thousand thousand of His hosts are hurrying earthward for the work of the coming era; they are listening, waiting, longing for the call of purity and love; waiting for the cry of love's longing to plough the mists and fogs of lust and license through to the throne of God. Truth's messengers are a-wing, peering into the soul of every man, searching the brow of every woman for a star. Nature's cry of agony in the midst of life's struggle to *be,* above the splinter and crash of disintegration, is, "Mothers—Fathers, for the Gods must come."

Take thou, O man, life's force
And speed it onward in its course.
Build thou Jerusalem the New.
Build thou "four square" and true;
Gates and pearls and streets of gold.
The River of Life which flows between
Love giveth thee to hold.
Time is heavy with thy blinded years;
Lay down Delilah's shears.
The world's begun again;
Gods are waiting to be men!

THE man who finds not God in his own heart will find him nowhere; and he who finds him there will find him everywhere. —*David Swing.*

To be famous depends upon some fortuities, to be rich depends upon birth or luck, to be intellectually eminent may depend on the appointment of Providence; but to be a man, in the sense of substance, depends solely on one's own noble ambition and determination to live in contact with God's open atmosphere of truth and right, from which all true manliness is inspired and fed.—*Thomas Starr King.*

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"THE ISLANDS OF THE BLEST."

BY ALMA AUSTIN.

"I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air.
I only know, I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care."

I had fallen into a deep and dreamless sleep which, for the time being, had freed me from the suffering which had racked my frame. Wakefulness was returning, and I was vaguely conscious that my agony was not returning with it. As every avenue of sensation became opened, I experienced a sense of delicious freedom from all material ties, and, as I looked about me, I was amazed to find myself floating in the air a few feet above my body, which was lying on the bed, and to which I seemed to be attached by a silvery thread or cord. The room was filled with people whom I recognized as my relatives and friends. Many were weeping bitterly, others were trying to comfort them, and some were praying. I spoke, but they did not seem to hear me. I cried aloud to them, but it was all in vain; and, as I felt myself floating slowly upwards, they gradually grew dimmer and dimmer to my sight, and soon faded entirely away. All this time I had been conscious of some one near me, and, as I turned, I found, at my side, an elderly man robed in garments of the purest white. He was tall and well proportioned, and had long, white hair, a flowing beard, keen, penetrating eyes, and rather massive features. He greeted me with a kindly smile, and, as I looked upon his noble countenance, I was filled with the deepest respect and most profound reverence. We stood for a moment in silence, and then I asked him: "Is this death?" He took me by the hand and said: "My child, thou art one of the privileged few. Come with me."

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We floated away together, and, drifting on and on, I seemed to become more alive to my new surroundings. At first I noticed the atmosphere, which was redolent of perfumes. The sweet aroma refreshed me, for I had not yet fully recovered from the effects of my earthly sufferings.

"I have never smelled anything so sweet," I said. "Surely this is no earthly fragrance?" "No, my child, we have left that little planet far behind us. The aroma which refreshes and invigorates thee is the aural essence of kind thoughts and loving deeds." "Is it possible," I cried, "that even our thoughts are recorded?"

" 'The vast universe of ether, through which the sun and planets move, is one immense library, on whose pages is written in eternal characters all the thoughts of men, all that man ever spoke, or woman ever whispered,' " he said.

On and on we drifted, and the vastness of my surroundings inspired me with the deepest awe.

"Hark!" said my guide. I listened, as the most majestic music came rolling upon our ears. Such warmth of tone! Such dignity of expression! Such sweet minor strains! Such heavenly harmony! My very soul was thrilled.

"The holy music which thou hear'st," said my guide, " is the music of the spheres. The heavenly spheres, by their swift-rolling motions, produce musical notes which unite in a celestial melody too refined for human ear."

Far in the distance, we could see a bright light which at first resembled a glorious sunset. As we floated on, I perceived that there were many lights, and my guide explained that we were approaching the "Islands of the Blest." Drawing nearer, I noticed that the islands were of various sizes, and abounded with bubbling, crystal streams of water, which, rolling through woodland dells, bounding over precipices, leaping down dizzy heights, dashing on the rocks below, broke into spray that, ris-

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ing on the balmy air, floated like perpetual showers to keep fresh and green the grasses and flowers that grew along the borders. The islands were flecked with foliage, which was especially dense around the margins of the limpid lakes, which reflected the blue tinge of the dome above. Tapering trees with their spiral leaves pointed upwards as if in conscious gratitude to the Giver of all Good, shaded the thousands of feathered songsters that poured forth their notes of praise. But what chiefly attracted me were the flowers. Flowers! flowers everywhere,—myriads of flowers, of all sizes, of all shapes, of all tints and of all perfumes! The velvety grasses of the Elysian fields were entwined with creeping ivy, clustering vines and myrtles, through which the gentle breezes breathed sweet harmonies. Mingling with these were the warbling notes of the birds in the trees. I turned to my companion, who read my thoughts at a glance.

"Yes," he said, "and so sensitive are the delicate productions of this divine realm, that the lilies and opening blossoms give forth Aeolian melodies, mingling and blending with the choral music of the birds."

The air was filled with vesper strains of soft, sweet music, and, as I listened, my vision grew more spiritual, and I beheld what, a few moments before, my eyes had been too gross to see. Men and women, garbed in luminous raiment of transcendent loveliness, were strolling hither and thither on the banks of the lakelet. Some were indulging in dreamy reveries, rocking gently in the pleasure-boats on the water. Others were conversing earnestly under beautifully carved arches and in the sweetly scented orange-groves. But the most beautiful sight of all was the throngs of little children; little rosebuds of innocence, bright and shining as the dew-drops, and numerous as the myriads of flowers.

"I notice that the children are clothed in gauzy textures of

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the purest white, while many of the men and women wear garments of various hues, why is this?" I asked my guide.

"The clothing corresponds to the character," he answered. "Dropping the earthly garment does not change moral character. Sin is deeper than the epidermis. A night's sleep does not transform the sinful into angels."

We then approached one of the many palatial mansions, which were the homes and schools of the throngs we had seen on the sward. The architecture more closely resembled that of the Greeks than any other with which human beings are familiar. Such simplicity, clearness of outline, perfect proportion, and such freedom expressed in every line! Everything was useful, as well as beautiful in all its parts. The marble pillars, the finely chiseled fountains, the magnificent sculpture were beyond the description of human tongue.

"Yonder I see many rows of stately columns supporting beautiful structures of colossal size," I exclaimed.

"They are places for meditation," he said. "They are the temples, where we congregate to worship God."

"Where is God?" I asked, "and where is Christ? Is this not Paradise?"

"My son, the seventh sphere is far above the first," he said.

"Then, have you never seen Christ?" I asked.

"In principle,—not in personality," he answered.

We passed again along the lakelet's shore, among the hosts of happy souls. A number of them were evidently preparing for a journey, and I asked my guide where they were going.

"They are a class of students," he replied, "who are going with their teachers to visit and explore some of the planets, for the purpose of study."

"What!" I cried, "do they study in Paradise?"

"Yes, my son, everyone, from the youngest to the oldest, teaches and is taught."

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"What are their chief pursuits?" I asked.

"Their chief studies," he answered, "are the principles of chemistry, mental telegraphy, poetry, fine arts, music and philosophy."

"Are there no languages included in the courses?" I asked—"not even Greek?"

"No, my child, there is only one language,—that of thought and facial expression."

I then noticed another group of radiant spirits,—chiefly children, who were clothed in snowy garments, and were carrying armfuls of flowers and singing joyously as they went.

"They are going to the earth," explained my guide.

"To celebrate a wedding festival?" I asked.

"No, my son, to welcome some new soul to Paradise."

"Why is it," I asked, "that so many go to welcome this new soul, when only one was there to meet and welcome me?"

"Because, my son, thou did'st not die," he answered. "Hast thou not noticed that magnetic, silvery cord, which binds thee to thy earthly body? Until that chain has been severed, no death has taken place. Thou hast, this day, experienced what is known as 'soul-flight,' and I have shown thee these sights that thou may'st be better fitted to comfort and aid thy fellowmen. Did I not tell thee that thou art one of the privileged few?" I looked at him in amazement and dismay.

"Must I," I cried, "must I return to the base, material world below, where gold—not virtue—is the aim, where thieves break through and steal, where moth and rust doth corrupt, where food must be eaten, where words must be spoken? Must I return to my acorn life?"

"Mortal life is only an incident,—a tremulous eddy in the cycling stream of time," he said. "Patience, my son,—not thy will, but His, be done. All these glories shall be thine, when thou art worthy—when—thou—art—worthy."

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While speaking thus, he was floating slowly away from me—waving his hand in farewell, and smiling the same tender smile as when I first saw him. I watched him until he seemed to disappear among the soft clouds, which flecked the sky. Then, when, in sorrow, I turned away, I found myself within four familiar walls, floating gradually toward a still form on a bed. Silence reigned, save for the stifled sobbing of a woman, kneeling at the bedside. A fair young girl was leaning over the silent form, gazing tenderly into the still face of the sleeper. Suddenly she drew back with a startled cry:—"Mother! Mother! He lives!"

ACCORDING to the depth from which you draw your life, such is the depth not only of your strenuous effort, but of your manners and presence.—*Emerson.*

WE see that we can only do a deed *to* God by doing that deed *for* him, only by offering ours as the hands with which it shall be done. Our human love for one another, and all our human help, is not less His for being ours.—*W. C. Gannett.*

CHEERFULNESS is not always spontaneous: it is greatly a matter of habit and bears cultivation. One who can contrive to bear a smiling face through a world where there are so many troubled hearts may unconsciously be a public benefactor.—*Miss Wells.*

O HUMAN soul! so long as thou canst so
Set up a mark of everlasting light
Above the howling senses' ebb and flow
To cheer thee, to right thee if thou roam,
Not with lost toil thou laborest.

—*Matthew Arnold.*

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DEEP THINGS IN THE HEALING ART.

BY H. L. HAUSAM.

Whatever else these first days of the twentieth century may be called they are certainly days of healing. History fails to disclose another time when the worshippers at the shrine of Therapeuta were so many, so diversified in kind or interests, or so faithful and hopeful. Theories of health and healing have multiplied without end. Every locality where man has established himself offers some panacea.

Health is a universal desire, and therefore a universal experiment and study. Schools of medicine and healing stretch the bow of hope to the world's ends. Their somber walls are bathed in the half-ironical smile of conquering fate, mysterious disease, and dark, inscrutable death. Allopathy, Homeopathy, Hydropathy, Osteopathy, Hypnotic, Magnetic, Faith, Mind, Christian Science and many other systems of cure offer visions of health to the broken, life to the dying, strength to the faltering.

Hope is the mirage that leads us on. Despair is the lash that drives us to another step in our bewildered search for health, but too often failure marks the end of the tortuous way with crumbling bones and a tear-stained grave. We hope, we struggle, we rejoice. We strike and miss the mark and bewail our disappointment with a crushed and bleeding heart, while the stream of life rushes on and the new-born and the dying mingle their voices forever.

Ever and again the atmosphere is electrified with cries of the long-sought panacea found, and the dream of the ages seems to be springing into blessed reality. The amen of hope mingles with the cry of pain, the sob of sorrow, the sigh of

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grief and the laugh of pleasure. Approbations and condemnations are emphasized by press, by gossip, by literature, by art, by science until the spirit of inquiry is so aroused it will not down. We demand of Disease: What art thou? and of Death: By whose authority? We ask, what is the healing art? Is there any positive defense against disease? Is there any escape from death? Why so many claims, so many promises? Is there a level of Truth through them all?

THE LEVEL OF TRUTH.

The impartial investigator must concede that there are at least apparent cures in every school of healing. Whether these are all or any of them real cures depends upon the meaning attached to the term "cure," and I will attempt to formulate a concise, fair, pathological definition as a basis for the discussions that follow, viz: Cure is the restoration of normalcy in the individual. This definition pre-supposes that health is normal and natural and that disease is abnormal and unnatural, all of which I think will be admitted by any fair-minded person. It also implies that mere harmony is not necessarily normalcy and, therefore, persons in apparent health may not be normal nor really in health.

To understand the meaning of the terms "normalcy" and "abnormalcy" as they are here employed, we must inquire somewhat into the nature and constitution of man, and upon this point I submit the following proposition: A living creature is a potentialized or focal point of conserved, infinite mental energy of mind, called God. This energy, when so potentialized in the living creature, of necessity preserves within itself the constitution that belongs to the whole to which it belongs; but the superficial cloak or intellect which is built up about it is subject, under certain conditions, to impressions received from or through the body.

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The animal organism is so constructed as to leave nerve termini at all exposed parts of the body, both inside and outside, and these nerves, being supplied with a fluid susceptible of being sensitized by the mind, communicate impressions, through certain centers with which they articulate, to the focal point, impressing the same upon the intellect or cloak of the ego. The great immensity of energy lying within and back of the individual or ego is never disturbed, and neither is it consciously used by any great number of persons at any time; but because most persons live in the surface, so to speak, of themselves, that is, in the intellect, they receive and are influenced by the impressions they receive through the nervous system.

All thought, life and power is motion, and the more superficial is the substance in which the motion occurs the more easily may it be disturbed and the more completely subject will the individual be to the influences that environ it. It follows, then, that the substance that has within itself the elements of imperturbability is normal, and the substance that possesses such a constitution as to be subject to impressions received from its environment may or may not be normal, depending upon such environment. I will, therefore, say that: Normalcy is the state of the infinite energy which is the source of all life and is in fact all life, and which we call God. Abnormalcy is the subversion of a certain superficial element built upon this perfect state. Normalcy is the state of God, and therefore of that in man which is of God. Abnormalcy is the condition of the superficial cloak created by the individual for himself, when this cloak is *not* dominated by the God-created part of the individual. Therefore, normalcy implies that God dominates, and abnormalcy implies that man dominates. Normalcy is deep, infinite and eternal. Abnormalcy is superficial, finite and temporary, and whenever normalcy is "restored" in an individual it means that the man-created part has been subjected to the God-created part.

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In treating upon the subject of healing we must take into account all systems, whether true or false, that afford either apparent or real relief from disease, and as it is patent to all who have any insight to higher thought and life that there is a clear distinction between systems that "heal" through restoration of harmony in the superficial mind and that restore normalcy, I will divide all pathological systems into two classes, viz: The one that supplants one abnormal condition with another of the same class, and the other that destroys abnormalcy by establishing normalcy.

Of the first mentioned class there are two methods:

First. By stimulating nerves that communicate through certain centers with certain superficial mental vibrations, inharmonious in disease, and causing these inharmonious vibrations to become harmonious.

Second. By superficial thought vibrations passing direct from one individual to another and by greater intensity of motion overcoming the more undesirable, less harmonious vibrations, and thereby restoring harmony.

The first method is the one employed by all schools that advocate drugs or material applications of any kind to the body, either inwardly or outwardly. It is the most common of all methods because it deals with the tangible, and the average patient therefore feels a greater confidence in it. This method is of necessity the least scientific of all because it is not possible to so understand the differentiation of the nerves and their correspondence in the superficial mind in such detail as to enable the demonstrator or doctor to make the right application of the right thing at the right place, and at the right time in the right amount with sufficient certainty. It will always be the least satisfactory, because, acting only upon the superficial mind, it can make no permanent cure, and in no case does it assist the patient to take even one step higher up in the plane of progress, which all real cures must do.

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The first method "cures" by stimulating vibrations in the superficial mind, creating another superficial abnormalcy, perhaps more pleasant, rather than by establishing a normalcy such as can only come from the one source—within. When the stimulant, in this method, is withdrawn there is nothing to prevent a relapse into the previous inharmony. This method is also unsatisfactory because it becomes less and less effective with use, and effects different persons differently and the same person differently at different times, depending upon the state of the mental impressionability.

The second method, which includes all forms of superficial mental suggestion, is but little more satisfactory than the first, since it is but little more certain and perhaps less safe, and leaves the patient insecure from relapse. Both methods displace one superficial mental condition, perhaps inharmonious, with another, perhaps harmonious, without developing the latent powers of the patient, which alone are the arbiters of permanent health. Both methods deal only with the superficial mind, and cause pain or pleasure to play upon the surface as the colors play upon the soap-bubble. Both are experimental, unscientific and indefinite, and do not possess the elements of a true pathological system for all time.

In the second class there is but one method, viz.: That of sinking the consciousness deep into the inner self, merging the superficial consciousness into the subconsciousness or superconsciousness, as I prefer to call it, and there creating vibrations beneath the superficial, inharmonious vibrations, which will, as they radiate toward the surface, restore normalcy throughout.

This method is scientific and successful in the larger sense, and must grow greater as the others grow less. There is no compromise between it and the two of the other class. This method proceeds from within outward, not only harmonizing

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but normalizing all vibrations as it advances toward the surface, leaving the individual more and more invulnerable against future attacks, with each successive cure.

All harmony is not normalcy but all normalcy is harmonious, and cures that are effected by play upon the superficial mind are dangerous because they produce harmony but not normalcy, and the harmony blinds the individual to the real cause of the disease and therefore robs him of the real lesson it should teach him.

This last method is the least understood of all methods, and will be accepted only by the spiritually enlightened. It can be employed only by those who seek Truth, because only such can enter the realm where all is purity, where all is harmony and where alone the healing power rests. It can be used only by the spiritually enlightened, because these only can see the relation between disease and Truth, and these alone understand the true meaning and purpose of suffering,—the lash in the hands of Truth to drive us toward perfection.

Upon the last method Paul must have relied when bitten by the viper, and upon this method the wonderful cures were performed by Jesus, who always specified sickness as sin, and by his disciples and the spiritually enlightened in all times.

It is plain, I think, that cures, at least apparent cures, are performed by all schools of healing. It is also plain, I think, how it is that a drug that will cure in one case will kill in another, and this when the patient is unaware, perhaps, of having taken the drug at all. Drugs taken inwardly affect the nerves that articulate with the stomach, dispatching impressions over these nerves, through their various centers, to the superficial mind. The result of these impressions may be harmonizing in the superficial mind vibrations or it may have the opposite effect, and may even stimulate such intense vibrations in this mind that the physical response is impossible and death ensues.

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The same results may follow the "direct suggestion" method of healing or any method that is able to affect the nerves in such a way as to restore harmony in the superficial mind from without, and cures may, therefore, be effected through the sight, as in a change of scenery; through the hearing, as with music; through the nerves, as in a change of climate; by drugs, magnetism, hypnotism and in many other ways, but only by the method of the second class described can normalcy be established, and therefore this is the only method that can effect a permanent cure.

Cures that come from without, through the avenue of the nerves, while they may effect temporary relief do rather increase the danger of future attacks because the superficial mind is by the process trained to receive external impressions and is correspondingly robbed of its power of resistance, and this explains why the "drug disease" is the most difficult of all to cure, and can be cured only by the third method described.

These explanations show why the same drug will not affect different persons alike, or the same person the same way at different times. It all depends upon the mental impressionability of the patient, and cure is thus proven to be a mental thing in every case. The superficial methods depend for their effect upon the sensitiveness of the superficial mind and upon the intensity and capacity of the superficial mental vibrations, and since these differ in different persons and are even variable in the same person at different times, it follows that the same treatment will have a variable effect. *Materia medica* and the systems of superficial suggestion practiced to-day are not scientific, and from the present outlook cannot become so.

When the individual has awakened into spiritual consciousness and thus has employed the deep vibrations of, and has widened the circuit of his vision into, that realm where the Eternal Calm prevails, then he becomes a master and "subdues

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and dominates the (his) earth" in very fact. It is then that he loses fear and consequently does not weaken at the sight or in the presence of danger or discord, and his protection becomes more and more absolute. Contagions and infections do not reach him because these, too, like drugs depend upon the possibility of affecting the superficial mind, and that cannot be accomplished against the deep, irresistible vibrations that proceed from the Infinite within.

Here, too, is the explanation of microbic action. These scavengers of the body are ever present blessings doing their bounded duty with exactness. Their multiplication is governed by the waste of the bodily tissues. When the body reflects certain inharmonious superficial vibrations there is an arrest of normal action in that part of the body, and in consequence there is decay and the scavengers increase as a matter of necessity. If the mental vibrations that are necessary to cause the rebuilding of the tissue are again set up the rebuilding will take place and naturally the microbes will disappear.

Such diseases cannot be cured by sweeping away the microbes. Proper mental vibrations is the prime necessity. These vibrations (superficially) may be induced by means of drugs possibly, or by climate, or electricity or other means, but certain it is that mental vibrations must bring cure if cure comes, and real cure, based upon normalcy, cannot come except of Spirit.

THE LINE DRAWN BETWEEN SUPERFICIAL AND SPIRITUAL OR SUBCONSCIOUSNESS.

Every living cell is vitalized by the mind, and as the mind has two phases so the energy of the cell will be varied as the particular phase of mind that produced it. The two phases of mind are known as superficial mind or intellect, and subconscious (superconscious) mind or Spirit.

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Intellect is the creation of the individual that possesses it, being built up as a cloak, so to speak, around the spirit. It is mortal, gross and incompetent, when judged from the standpoint of the spirit. It is wholly a matter of cultivation and growth, and its concepts are determined by the ambitions, desires and ideals held by its creator, hence its concepts are changeable and unreliable.

The spirit is God's creation and is immortal. It does not grow or develop and cannot be added to or taken from. It is unchangeable and invariable. The individual grows into or unfolds a consciousness of spirit; that is to say, his conscious (but not real) relation toward spirit changes as he moves up the plane, but his spirit remains ever the same. It is truth and therefore cannot change!

When, therefore, the bodily cells are vitalized by the superficial mind or intellect, they reflect the constitutional elements of the intellect, that is to say, they are subject to vicissitudes, changes and uncertainties, and the results of these. They register all the kalidescopic changes of this effervescent mind to a nicety. A body so vitalized is subject to all the prevailing epidemics and contagions, and has no defense against disease except its own weak ability to dodge and cringe and flee. It feels the influences of changes in the weather, food, water, clothing, associations and general environment, and responds to these in modified health.

All this is true because the intellect, dependent upon itself, is not founded in the truth and therefore does not possess the elements of truth or permanency. It is subject to change because it is open to proof and conviction on any phase of thought and has no divinity, immortality or reality in itself. "It is born of its father, the devil (ignorance)" and is "carnal mind," which Paul says, "is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be."

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But when the cells of the body are vitalized by the subconscious (superconscious) mind or spirit, they become reflections of the constitutional elements of spirit, which are harmony, permanency and truth.

Such a body will, therefore, be healthy with permanent health. It will not be subject to change because it itself is an effect and its cause is unchangeable. Such a body "is dead in the old Adam and alive in the new Adam." "It is crucified and risen again." In thus changing the source of our vitality "we die daily, putting on the new man," and the intellect becomes the servant of the spirit.

Disease always indicates that the diseased part is vitalized by the intellect, and health, permanent and real, cannot come except by devitalizing the cells of their present intellectual energy and revitalizing them with the energy of spirit, although apparent cure may come by changing the mode of intellectual activity, as already explained.

Since the cells are vitalized by intelligence in every case they are, of course, amenable to intelligence, and will respond to all demands to which intelligence will respond, therefore the bodily organs, or systems or parts of these may be spoken to and reasoned with and responses will be forthcoming. Hereupon rests the fact that the body may be possessed of "demons," and it is thus made plain why Jesus so addressed the patients' bodies that were brought to him for cure.

If the speaker be the intellect, the response will be uncertain and more or less indistinct, depending upon the will-power of the speaker, and too, this very will-power will be his final undoing, because it engenders the elements of resistance and disobedience.

But if the speaker be the spirit the response will be immediate and emphatic, and withal the cure will be a step toward real regeneration and salvation from the throes of ignorance and

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subsequent sense-plane experiences and attendant suffering. Such treatment is escapement from the real death and is a thrust at the vitals of the "last enemy." "It frees from the law of sin and death" because it establishes the individual in "Christ-Jesus," Truth.

Real health is of God, who is "God of the living (spirit) and not of the dead" (intellect), and is one of the first signs of a Christian life. "He (God, Truth) healeth all our diseases" and there is no other real Healer. "He is a very present help in time of trouble," and there is no other real help. "He giveth his children (spiritual) victory over their enemies" (intellect) and there is no other real victory. "He prepareth a table (necessities) before me (spirit) in the presence of mine enemies (intellect)" and there is no other provision of real necessities.

There is a conflict between the intellect and the spirit, after spiritual consciousness is awakened, that will continue until "the mortal shall take on immortality, and death be swallowed up in victory." This conflict was repeatedly referred to by Jesus. Giving voice to Truth he said: "I came not to send peace on earth (intellect) but the sword," symbol of destruction.

True cure is to become, in so much, spiritualized, since it is an entering into the province of truth. It is a growth into wisdom and conscious immortality, and there is no other way of reaching immortality as far as consciousness is concerned, except by leaving intellect and gaining the spirit. It is escapement from death, for Truth says: "If ye abide in me and I in you ye shall not see death," and "Blessed are they that die in the Lord," that is, they that rise out of intellect into Truth, through the crucifixion of the mortal self. Again Truth says: "I am the resurrection and the life."

The Christian "is about his Father's business" and is daily and hourly putting off the mortal and reflecting more and more

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of God in his life and health. His body is truly "the temple of the living God," because God, Spirit, vitalizes every cell of his body. This state makes the Christian's life one of "prayer without ceasing." He sees that Christianity is not a blind faith, or sentiment, but the most important, most arduous, most serious, most exacting training and discipline that he can undertake. It means self (intellectual) sacrifice even unto death. It means a willingness and determination to give up all for Christ, because "he that will not forsake father and mother or sister and brother and lands for my sake is not worthy of me."

In treating disease by the spiritual method the one who directs the treatment must speak with (spiritual) authority commanding the superficial mental vitality, the carnal mind vitality, the intellectual vitality (demons) to come out, and then revitalizing the cells with spiritual life. This requires pure spiritual consciousness and the most intense concentration of spiritual power. It is the reward of toil and suffering, and suffering can ever belong only to "those that came out of great tribulation and have washed their robes (bodies) white in the blood of the Lamb (Truth)."

The spiritually blind can hope for temporary relief at the best because being subject to intellect they are presided over by a merciless and ignorant master. They rightly say that "in life they are in the midst of death" and "the thing that I feared has come upon me," because they are in bondage to error.

Cure by the spiritual method not only destroys the disease but also the fear of its returning and the possibility of its returning. It puts the patient upon a higher and more spiritual plane and enables him to say knowingly, "I will fear no evil for Thou art with me."

Spiritual cure gives health in proportion to the degree of spiritual unfoldment attained, and also gives hope and peace and contentment everlasting.

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THE TRUE METHOD OF CREATION.

BY C. C. GIFFORD.

"God is a Spirit," saith the Christ. The finite cannot comprehend the Infinite, but this we may know, that God—the Divine—is Spirit—Life. Should not the realization that God is Spirit show us that *everything* of His creation must be spiritual in its essence? How could Spirit create matter!

Many of the profoundest philosophers of both ancient and modern times, having seen the impossibility of the material springing from the spiritual, have labored to prove that there is no matter. Indeed, so clear has this fact been to so many minds, and so well and forcibly presented has it been in all ages, that it seems most surprising that this declaration when made comparatively recently by the Christian Scientists should seem to have come upon people as something entirely new.

Among modern philosophers, Kant says, "Matter cannot be outside us in its quality of phenomenon, but merely as a thought within us, although that thought represents it through the external sense as existing outside us." Fichte says, "The transcendental philosopher must assume that everything which is, is only *for* an Ego; and whatsoever is for an Ego, can only be *through* the Ego." Hegel says, "Mind is the existent truth of matter—the truth that matter itself has no truth." And Emerson adds many testimonies to the truth that all the objects of what we call Nature, all the visible objects around us, are outbirths of man's mind. He says: "The intellect builds the universe and is the key to all it contains. . . . Every object in nature is a word to signify some fact in the mind. . . . To Be is the unsolved, unsolvable wonder. To Be, in

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its two connections of inward and outward, the Mind and Nature. . . . I believe the mind is the creator of the world, and is ever creating; that at last matter is dead mind; that mind makes the senses it sees with; that the genius of man is a continuation of the power that made him and that has not done making him."

All deep thinkers who have devoted themselves to the study of ontology have seemed to have wonderful glimpses of this truth, but they have all stopped short in confusion at about the same point. There has hung a veil before their vision, which, trusting to their mere exterior intuitions, instead of coming simply into that Presence where a more spiritual perception is given, and in their vain learning gropingly piling words upon words, Ossa upon Pelion, until lost in their involved speculations, they have been unable to lift.

The mistake of these philosophers, owing to the limitations imposed upon them by the prevailing state of belief—revelation being a progressive process—and that of the Christian Scientists seem to be identical; namely, that not being extraneous creations, entirely independent of man, brought into existence by some mere word or act of God, but emanations from the minds of men, externalizations of their thought, the things we perceive around us must be merely dreams, or illusions, and have no inherent reality.

When Kant says, "All objects of an experience possible to us, are nothing but phenomena, that is, mere representations which, such as they are represented, namely, as extended beings, or series of changes, have no independent existence outside our thoughts"; when Schopenhauer declares, that, after study, "It then becomes clear and certain to man that what he knows is not a sun and earth, but only an eye that sees a sun, a hand that feels an earth; that the world which surrounds him is there only as idea, *i.e.*, only in relation to some-

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thing else, the consciousness, which is himself"; and Mrs. Eddy adds, "Nothing we can say or believe regarding matter is true, except that matter is unreal, and is therefore a belief, which has its beginning and ending. . . . Matter will be finally proven to be nothing but a mortal belief, wholly inadequate to affect man through its supposed organic action or existence," they are not merely denying the existence of a *material* world, they are making all man's "cosmical concepts" mere phantasmagoria, all his beliefs mere hallucination. These Idealists, or Transcendentalists, in declaring every expression, or "representation" of man's thought *simply* "phenomenal," are maintaining that "the existence of man consists of nothing more than impressions and ideas, or of pure incorporeal spirit, which surveys everything in the same unsubstantial manner as the visions of a dream. Whereas, the further truth must be that as emanations from the Divine Mind through man's mind the objects surrounding man must partake of the quality of mind, and be as real on their own plane as the minds from which they emerge and which they represent. Yet, as appearances, representatives, they are mental, or spiritual, and not material substances.

The remarkable genius of Swedenborg has given his followers a doctrine of what he calls "Degrees," by which, he says, creation is continually going on. He states that, "All things which exist, exist out of discrete degrees and at the same time out of continuous degrees, or out of degrees of altitude and out of degrees of latitude." Continuous degrees, or degrees of latitude, being "increasings as from finer to grosser or from rarer to denser," and so forth, whereas discrete degrees, or degrees of altitude, include a rising to a higher plane, a new influx of life, or a new creation. A student of Swedenborg's wonderful philosophy writes:

"As the very life-force of Him, who, in the beginning can

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say, 'I Am That I Am,' Love robed in Wisdom goes forth to bring into existence something other than itself, that it may give of itself to something, some one. How the Divine Love, by means of the Divine Wisdom, creates from its own elemental substance that which shall be other than itself, is a subject which is manifestly too vast to be fully considered here. Yet the thought may be suggested that love, like heat, radiates from its source. It actually projects itself by its own centrifugal force toward that which is beyond, forming, so to say, an emanation or sphere which, radiating on and on, may be conceived of as proceeding, and yet becoming separate from its original Love-Source. And then by a law of gradations, now for the first time fully set forth in the New Church doctrine of 'Discrete Degrees,' these first emanations or spheres of love become the causes and centers of succeeding spheres, each more distinctly separated from its original source than the other, each becoming the cause of others still further removed, until by this self-imparted motion of Love going forth as living or primitive substance, planes of substance less living are formed, and succeeding these planes less and less living,—first, the spiritual with its descending degrees of life; until finally a plane is formed where this substance is no longer living, it no longer radiates, but is inert and at rest, and instead of having the power of action, has to be acted upon. And this substance at rest, this outmost or terminal sphere of that which in its beginning was creative Love—motionless, crass, pressed together—is the substance out of which the natural world is formed; a world which, from its sun, through its heat and light, its atmospheres, waters, terminates at last in the dense matters of the mineral kingdom as a base, which serves as a re-active plane from which life may now begin to tend upward."

This, doubtless, is all true, except in its conclusion that in

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the lowest plane of life, "this outmost or terminal sphere," "substance is no longer living," and dead matter becomes a reality. Swedenborg surely does not intend to say so. While he does say, that the Lord creates the spiritual world, with its atmosphere; then, "As the atmospheres decrease in descending, it follows that they become continually more compressed and inert, and at length in ultimates so compressed and inert that they are no longer atmospheres, but substances at rest, and in the natural world fixed, like those on earth which are called matter," it is evidently a misapprehension of his meaning to suppose that by "substances at rest" he intends to imply that those substances are any more material, or self-existent, than those of the higher or more interior spiritual worlds. He calls this outward and lowest manifestation of the Lord's life, or creation, "the natural world" and "the earth," because that is what we call it, and speaks of its substances as "those which are *called* matter," because he must adapt himself to his hearers. He says, in speaking of the objects of a higher plane than ours, which we have called the "spiritual world":

"What those things are which appear to the angels in the heavens, cannot be described in a few words: for the most part they are like things on the earth, but more perfect as to form, and of greater abundance, . . . and because they are varied according to the state of the interiors with them, therefore they are called Appearances; although the things which appear before the eyes of the angels in heaven, and are perceived by their senses, appear and are perceived as much to the life, as the things which are on the earth appear to men; yea, much more clearly, distinctly and perceptibly."

Now, if the things about the angels seem to them *more clear and real* than the things about us do to us, and yet are manifestations of, or outbirths from their minds, their interior life, why cannot we see that our surroundings on this plane of

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life, being outbirths of our minds, are just as real spiritual substances as those of the higher planes? If they are of mental origin, or radiations from mind, they must be, for the mind is spiritual. It is not "that there is no matter" because the things we have called material substances are *delusions,* but because what we have called material substance is really *spiritual* substance.

Why do we so strenuously object to believing that we are now wholly spiritual beings, living in a spiritual world? Because what we have been taught to consider our material senses —as if any sense or consciousness, any expression of Life, could possibly be anything but spiritual!—testify to a world outside of us, which therefore seems to be a creation independent of us. There is no doubt that to us the things around us appear to have an entirely fixed and self-contained existence, to be what we call "matter," but is it not true that the appearance is often a reversal of the fact? Would it not be safe to say, that the appearance *always* reverses the real Truth of Being? John Whitehead says:

"Why is it necessary to believe as true something which is opposed to what everyone feels and perceives by the senses? It is because the progressive development of man in spiritual life involves an unfolding of more interior, higher and nobler faculties as he advances in life. The senses are of use as a basis and foundation for the higher; but the higher truth rises above the appearances of the senses to see things as they are in themselves, and this often seems almost opposite to the perception of the senses; as is illustrated in the rising and setting of the sun, which is an appearance, but not a genuine truth. It is the same on the spiritual plane, as we rise in the perception of truth we see things as they really are, and then although we may afterward speak according to the appearance we really think according to the truth."

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Emerson says, "The world moves, and minds open." As our minds open, shall we not become willing to take a *truly* 'spiritual view of creation'? to leave behind us all the mistakes of the old material view, all the misconceptions of our much boasted natural science, with its sadly false theory of a material evolution?

As Emerson again says: "When, following the invisible steps of thought, we come to inquire, Whence is matter? and Whereto? many truths arise to us out of the recesses of consciousness. We learn that the highest is present to the soul of man—that spirit creates; that behind Nature, throughout Nature, spirit is present; one and not compound, it does not act upon us from without, that is, in space and time, but spiritually, or through ourselves; therefore, that spirit, that is, the Supreme Being, does not build up Nature around us but puts it forth through us, as the life of the tree puts forth new branches and leaves through the pores of the old. . . . Once inhale the upper air, being admitted to behold the absolute nature of justice and truth, and we learn that man has access to the entire mind of the Creator, is himself the creator in the finite. This view, which admonishes me where the sources of wisdom and power lie, and points to virtue as to

"the golden key
Which opes the palace of eternity,"

carries upon its face the highest certificate of truth, because it animates me to create my own world through the purification of my soul."

Of what use is it to look, as men have always looked, for a history of the beginning of creation, when we can know nothing of the beginning of the Infinite, and yet know that the outflowing of His life, the expression of His thought, forming first His sons, His children, and through them their surroundings—the outflowing of life being always downward, not up-

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ward—must have begun with His Being! Rationality tells us that as both the Infinite and what we call the finite exist in Eternity, neither can have had any traceable, or, for us, conceivable beginning, or will have any ending.

Acknowledging this, as we surely must when we awake, we shall see that the highest angels, with their radiating highest heaven, must have been first to live, then the next lower, and the next, until, in this lowest degree of God's spiritual creation his children were so far from the Center of Life that it became possible for them to turn away from the Light by which they were surrounded and make for themselves a darkness in which they slept and fell into a dream of a material creation and a half material life.

All the so-called proofs of the steps by which a natural creation are said to have been effected will be seen to be fallacies, when, in the orderly development or unfolding of our minds, we come to understand that, as one philosopher says, "The images of the visible world do not impinge upon the senses from without, but are generated, along with the very organs of the senses, from within, being all of them the effects of spiritual causes, or of causes existing in the mind, and that by corresponding as effects, to those causes, they represent them. . . . It is spiritual truth, and that only, which unfolds to man the real constitution of both the spiritual and the (so-called) natural worlds: and it does so by showing that they are equally states of life, which in succession are opened to his mind and to his senses."

It is no wonder that "we cannot know what matter is" has been the almost universal conclusion of lesser minds, when in all their speculations the leaders of thought have been determined to draw hard and fast lines between the different planes of God's creation, instead of seeing that it is all one work, governed by one Law, and all of one spiritual substance, differing

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only in degrees of spirituality, according as it receives more or less influx, or impulse, from the Creator—is more or less influenced by the love and life of Love and Life.

But as men's minds have opened and more spiritual thought has flowed out, the life of the world has increased and the boundary between the higher and the lower has lessened, as the continually increasing discoveries and inventions which testify to the presence and power of the Spirit are constantly proving. As Edward Everett Hale says, "It is in the changes in the spiritual life of man up to 1901 that you have the secret of that advance in vital power which accounts for the advance in physical resources."

And once more Emerson testifies: "The world,—this shadow of the soul, or *other me*—lies wide around. . . . It is a mischievous notion that we are come late into Nature; that the world was finished a long time ago. As the world was plastic and fluid in the hands of God, so it is even to so much of his attributes as we bring to it. To ignorance and sin, it is flint. They adapt themselves to it as they may; but in proportion as a man has anything in him divine, the firmament flows before him and takes his signet and form."

Sir William Thompson, Lord Kelvin, is reported as saying that, "if anyone would tell him what electricity is, he would tell him everything"; that is, explain every other mystery. The truth that electricity is a spiritual force does let a greater light into our minds than its manifestation or liberation does in our streets, and we begin to see that God is indeed not only in His heaven, but in every plane of His creation. Let us thank Him that in this opening age, in which He has promised to "make all things new," it is now becoming "lawful" to begin "to enter in" to the "mysteries of God."

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THE LITTLE THINGS.

BY HARRY T. FEE.

It is by little things we rise. From the seed the rose unfolds. For the shade of the oak we bless the acorn. An uttered word may scatter o'er a spirit balm beyond the reach of things of power, and sweeter than the rose's perfume. Life is made up of trifles. It is the little affairs that count. The smallest things have their unerring forces. The trifling elements of daily relation coöperate to mould great results. The little courtesies of daily intercourse are capable of tempering existence with grace and happiness where greater efforts fail. Not merely to the recipient, but to their inculcator comes the revelation of beauties in them, the subtilty of which fosters study, and the study of which is culture. There is beauty in the growth of a cabbage, as there is beauty in the development of a child. There is philosophy in the struggles of a beet plant as there is philosophy in the formation of character. And a mind accustomed to the study of these things, appreciative of them from the lowest to the highest, has, like the prophet in the wilderness, struck water from the rock, and found in the desert a fountain of joy.

Happiness cannot come from exterior things, but from self. What are the beauties of the most gorgeous palace to the soul racked with pain? while to the broad mind and deep heart the meanest thing in Nature's temple has its great proportion. It is from the inner being that happiness must spring; the inner being grown deep and broad and true in its association with the little things that beset its path. Their wisdom has stamped itself upon the soul. And by its rule and through its sequences we view the world.

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The petty affairs of life become petty. The individualism grows broad and tolerant. The principle of being is fitted to finer thought; and adverse fate and adverse environment are met with calm philosophy.

Natures by birth and environment and ancestry are touched with a measure of prejudice, of ignorance, of half knowledge. And the natures that have not weighed these children of selfishness in the balance are votaries of sorrow. Broad is the spirit whose daily life is conscious of the little things. Through them we reach the Creator and through them, in life and its processes, will we find revelations of truth.

Who in this existence shall say what is great? Only a measure of the countless standards emanating from individuals can be true. Only the measure common to the well-being of the human race. And the mind that holds that measure will find no individuality jarring upon it, will find its being bearing in peace its limitations, and the conditions that life may lay upon it yielding strength and sweetness.

The nature that measures the little things in thought and sees with broad vision their workings for good has sifted the wheat from the tares. It is this that is wisdom. It is breadth of soul—breadth of vision in beholding all things that make true life. A breadth that grows in very acquisition, until all things are plain; until all things answer the query of being. Man's actions and motives are unravelled to us, and as far as humanity is permitted, the mysteries and perplexities of life are fathomed.

THOSE who have most happiness think least about it. But in thinking about and in doing their duty happiness comes, because the heart and mind are occupied with earnest thought that touches at a thousand points the beautiful and sublime realities of the universe.—*Thackeray.*

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THE RADIO-ACTIVE PROPERTY OF THOUGHT.

BY AUGUSTA T. WEBSTER.

Never in the world's history have the investigations into scientific matters been prosecuted with so persistent and strenuous efforts as at the present day. The exact knowledge and abundant proof considered necessary to that which is designated science are brought to bear upon all of Nature's myriad products. The mind of man is focusing in powerful lenses the mineral, vegetable, animal kingdoms. He reaches out to distant worlds in his astronomical study, whilst he enlarges his senses and intensifies them many thousandfold by microscope and telescope. Ever and anon new aids are being brought him, and quite recently we were told that in Italy an instrument has been invented—the hydroscope—which enables human eyes to see what the ocean contains—to look upon the bed of the sea, to behold the beauties of the vegetation and the richness of the life.

In all the sciences savants are gradually, sometimes perhaps reluctantly, perceiving one underlying product, one energy, one purpose, one identity in that which at first glance appeared utterly diverse.

A former age made inaccessible chasms between the varied kingdoms in the physical world; to-day scientists begin to trace the same energy, which is life in all matter even in the metals. Teeming with suggestions is Professor Bose's book on the "Response in the Living and in the Non-Living," and his experiments have extraordinary interest, establishing, as they do, the "identity of response in matter." At the British Association Professor Schuster pointed out in a paper upon "Cosmical Radio-Activity" that "the fact that every phys-

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ical property hitherto discovered in one element had always been found to be shared by all suggested the possibility that radio-activity might be a common property of all matter."

Emerson foreshadowed this when he said: "Man is made of the same atoms as the world is, he shares the same impressions, predispositions and destiny. When his mind is illuminated, when his heart is kind, he throws himself joyfully into the sublime order, and does, with knowledge, what the stones do by structure. See what a cometary train of auxiliaries man carries with him, of animals, stones, gases and imponderable elements. Let us infer his ends from this pomp of means—the lightning which explodes and fashions planets, maker of planets and suns, is in him."

It seems to me that the principal cause of the *science* of *Thought* being in a more backward condition than are the other sciences is that man has sought to assign to it different laws from those of the material world—laws with exceptions *numberless,* laws which *varied,* which were, in fact, no laws. Fortunately it is beginning now to be recognized that thought has fixed, unalterable laws; that in the mental universe (mental plane) as in the physical universe *nothing occurs which is not according to law: that under the same conditions the same results will always be produced, no matter when and where these conditions occur; that the same cause must produce the same effect.*

In the mental realm one cannot, any more than in the vegetable kingdom, sow one seed and expect to reap a *crop* of a different kind.

So much of the misery of the world is caused by the want of the knowledge of the *immutable* laws of thought; hardly, perhaps, of an actual ignorance of those laws, but of a forgetfulness of them, of an inattention to them—an absorption in more tangible affairs. This is why I should strive to arrest

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your attention by using as an illustration what by its own intrinsic merit and also by the perhaps somewhat feverish public interest excited by it, will help you to remember the ethical precepts I wish to give you.

Too long have we been accustomed to regard *thought* as abstract, now we must endeavor to remember it is concrete, and we must, as we would a concrete subject, "analyze it into its constituent properties by successive abstractions whereby each in its turn must be viewed apart."

I would therefore ask you to note that the purpose of this article is not to acquaint you with Radium, but to aid you to approach the subject of Thought in a somewhat novel manner.

Twice I have visited the Radium as it shows itself near the main entrance of the Natural History Museum in South Kensington. My first acquaintance with it was as Radium Bromide, tiny grains of which look somewhat like dull gold—those lie in a little pin tray with glass above them—in the same case one sees pale green crystals of salt (*Barium Platinocyanide*). These become luminous as they approach the rays of radium compound, even if a marble slab (an inch thick) or a pile of pence be placed between.

There are also to be seen blocks of Pitchblende, which looks somewhat like coal of a not very good quality. How little one could think that from it the "miracle of radium" could be extracted!

To understand something further of this mineral sovereign I next entered the small wooden hut erected to its honor, which is screened with heavy, green curtains. First, after my eyes had become accustomed to the darkness, I peeped in the *Spintharíscope,* a brass tube closed at one end by a screen which is coated with crystals of hexagonal sulphate of zinc, while in front of the screen is mounted a speck of Radium—and there I saw the minute flash of light produced by the proximity of

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these substances and made visible to the eye by a magnifying lens.

Next, by means of a slide which carries a few grains of radium bromide and which become luminous when moved upon crystals of barium platinocyanide, I noted the consequent luminosity. Lastly, upon lifting a velvet pad, I read the sovereign's name—*Radium*—by the light of its own emission.

Radium has the power to emit *constantly* and without apparent diminution three kinds of rays, one kind similar to the Röntgen rays, of very great penetrating power, but the most important are regarded as emanations of extremely minute material—particles supposed to be constituents of atoms of radium. Of these, some "electrons" are negatively electrified and are attracted or repelled by a magnet—can penetrate moderately thick plates of wood and even of metal. Others have greater mass than the electrons and are positively electrified—do not attract or repel by the magnet, nor can they penetrate wood or metal.

The force of this innocent, inert looking matter is extraordinary. One gram (which you will remember is the twenty-fourth part of an ounce) would be capable of raising 500 tons a mile high. One gram of the best fuel only yields 34,000 heat units, or only one thirty-thousandth part of the output of radium, which evolves one thousand million heat units to the gram. Thus we learn that Radium is 300,000,000 times more active than the most active common material yet experimented with.

"An atom of radium could certainly produce an emanation that was something like a gas, which escaped and carried with it wonderful properties; but the atom, the thing which could not be divided, remained and retained its weight.

"It did not lose its power of creating heat even at the extreme cold of liquid air, while at the greater degree of cold of

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liquid hydrogen its activity was found to be actually greater.

"A piece of radium is not perceptibly warm if exposed so that the heat can escape as fast as generated, it can then only be a trifle warmer than its surroundings; but when properly packed in a heat-insulating enclosure it can keep itself five degrees Fahrenheit above the temperature of any other substance enclosed in a similar manner; or, when submerged in liquid air, it can boil away that liquid faster than can a similar weight of anything else. Everything else, indeed, would rapidly get cooled down to the liquid air temperature, and then cease to have any further effect; but radium, by reason of its heat-generating power, will go on evaporating the liquid continually, in spite of its surface having been reduced to the liquid air temperature. But it is clear that this emission of heat is a necessary consequence of the vigorous atomic bombardment—at least, if it can be shown that the emission is due to some process occurring inside the atom itself—and not to any subsidiary or surrounding influences. Now that is just one of the features which is most conspicuous. Tested by any of the methods known, the radio-activity of radium appears to be constant and inalienable. Its *power never deserts* it. Whichever of its known chemical compounds be employed, the element itself in each is equally effective. Nothing that can be done to it destroys its radio-activity, nor even appears to diminish or increase it."

For countless ages the dark, dull pitchblende has lain unheeded—useless, profitless has it been considered. To-day a gem of extraordinary worth has been found therein, and the attitude of mankind to pitchblende has radically altered.

The mind of man may be likened to pitchblende. A new gem—the gem of thought—has within comparatively recent years been discovered—not in its crude *ore* state, mixed as with the material substances of creeds, dogmas, delusions,

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fallacies; but chemically changed, brilliant with triple rays constantly emitted. The mind of a man ignorant, untrained, is as pitchblende; the mind of a seer, a saint, is luminous as the Radium.

The luminosity of thought is worthy of consideration. One sees it in a faint glow upon the face of a mother as her love goes out, or around the great thinker as his ideas shoot forth. The medieval artists delineated a great truth when they painted the luminous halo around Christ and around the saints. What causes the light of the radium no man can tell. No more can man tell what causes the light which gleams up from within till it makes luminous the face, but this much we know, this light is for all eternity, it is the light of Love, of Joy, of Peace, and emanates from man unintermittently, undiminishably—nay, more, it glows stronger and ever stronger as he ponders over it and desires its presence. These rays may be potent as the X-rays, they may see through substances formerly believed incapable of receiving light, they may penetrate the hardest heart, the most obdurate being—they may carry the blessings of light to the dark corners of a human race and re-create and revive. Curative, potently curative, is their rays—disease and sickness shall they suck up as does the sun's rays the stagnant pool.

The rays of thought may be negatively charged—they may be dependent on changing circumstances or relation of events, they may be affected by any or by all of their surroundings, they may be as subtly influenced as a needle on a pivot quivering in every direction, or they may be *positive*, absolute, fixed, immovable, secure.

As does radium so does the mind act according to fixed, undeviating, unchangeable laws. It never acts erratically. You may wonder at this statement. It seems paradoxical when we glance round at the erratic acts of men and know them to be

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the outcome of thoughts. Nevertheless it is true, because each thought after it is conceived and, as it were, jerked forth from the originator of it, has its appointed course, its own orbit, none other can it take. Its path through the mental atmosphere is as undeviating as that of a star, and ever as it journeys onward on its course does it emit minute particles of good or evil. The "pitching off" of thought atoms thus blesses or curses the world.

Man excels the radium, or, perhaps, I had rather said differs from it, in that he is capable of producing what kind of ray he will. Do we not see him emitting anger, covetousness, hate, fiery dragons seeking to devour? May he not emit rays of beneficence, of good, of love? Or shall I boldly say no man can, in spite of no matter how much arrant seeming, emit *lasting* rays other than of perpetual good? The rays of evil are ephemeral, short-lived, they feed upon themselves and the very intensity of their energy consumes them and they die in the flames of their own made hell. The indestructible emanations from the mind of man are *good,* all good, perfect good. The transitory giving out of evil, triply intensified, is but the part of the pitchblende we do not yet comprehend. We shall understand it by patient, wise passivity, resting meanwhile in the firm trust that *all* which is, is good, *how* good, for what good we as yet understand not, but deep down in our being whispers the spirit of truth, *good* alone is permanent, is eternal; evil is transitory.

This thought will make luminous the faces of those who realize it, and it will also make them jealously careful not to add to the lurid glare of the evil; although they know its eventual annihilation will be certain, they also know that many a fair, tender plant may be made to suffer greatly by the poisonous fumes which evil thoughts give forth.

Did you note how radium bravely outlived even the cruelest

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treatment? So may man if he lives in the consciousness of the intrinsic value of the soul within him. Sorrow, trouble but brings into more active play the movements of his soul. Its power—the power of thought—*never* deserts him. The atomic bombardment of thought continues uninterruptedly, and the light it sends out *must* come into contact with complementary substances which will produce the luminosity of good.

Matter is capable of being liquefied and made gaseous. So is thought. In its crude state it is solid—heavy to move, little capable of being acted upon or of acting upon others. But make thought liquid with emotion, let, as it were, the flames of the astral plane refine it, and its power is greatly intensified, added to considerably. Make it gaseous by the still higher alchemy of moral virtues and rarefied by the ineffable spirit, and its properties become subtly potent, grandly creative.

Many ingenious contrivances are adopted to keep gases from escaping. We too must devise means by concentration and the wise use of will to hold captive the thoughts we generate. We must pack them in specially prepared enclosures that they may be in readiness for use at our command. Spirit is the boundless, infinite energy; illimitable, inexhaustible—the source of the radio-activity of man. *Will* is the electric force, the power which restrains and coerces into orbits the complex aggregation which we term thought. Spirit is the source—Mind is the installation—the storage. Thought is the manifestation of that energy, that substance which mind extracts from the incomprehensible, beneficent something we name Spirit.

"Man's experience inclines him to behold the procession of facts you call the world, as flowing perpetually outward from an invisible, unsounded center in himself, center, alike of him and of them, and necessitating him to regard all things as having a subjective or relative existence, relative to that aforesaid Unknown Center of him."

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I would urge you to enter the Silence and there with pious serenity and earnestness image yourself as an atom indestructible, eternal, raying forth light to cheer, to help, to invigorate, daily adding to the luminosity of your soul, daily becoming stronger, more intense, more potent. Think of yourself as emitting, flinging off without cessation "electrons" subtly susceptible to the surrounding atmosphere, and be you careful that you attract the good and repel the evil, and firmly grasp the thought that the most powerful rays you can emit are the positive rays of confidence and firm trust in the power of the All Good. Let these fly from you at an immense and ever-increasing speed, peopling the air with loving messengers of glad tidings to all mankind.

So wisely did God plan his laws for the betterment of mankind that it is not within His power to prevent a man from being punished to the full extent, nor can He cause him to be punished one whit more than is justly due him.—*H. C. Morse.*

THIS is the law of benefits between men: the one ought to forget at once what he has given, and the other ought never to forget what he has received.—*Seneca.*

MAKE yourself a necessity to the world by what you contribute in the way of personal comfort, by what you are in embodying before men all that is gentle, generous, and pure.—*M. Dana.*

THE best things are nearest,—breath in your nostrils, light in your eyes, flowers at your feet, duties at your hand, the path of God just before you. Then do not grasp at the stars, but do life's plain, common work as it comes, certain that daily duties and daily bread are the sweetest things of life.—*Impressions.*

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CAN MUSIC BE INJURIOUS?

BY LUCIEN BAINBRIDGE CRIST.

The majority of people will answer, without giving a moment's thought to the subject, No! Injury from music is made possible by the fact that in this sphere, in this carnal existence, man cannot establish the proper relations between it and himself. Music is, like the soul, but another branch of the God-tree. It essentially belongs to the spiritual world; but every soul, after entering this one, very clearly catches a few vibrations of the divine melody and involuntarily places itself in such an attitude toward the spiritual world as will enable it to draw from the inexhaustible supply; which gives according to the demands and spiritual capacity of the asker. How much greater are the later works of all composers than their earlier ones!

All mortals hear music through an ear trumpet, and a poor one at that. There is a resemblance existing between poets and musicians in that they both drain from the great spiritual storehouse of poetry and music, which arts are one in their original and natural state. As we know them, they are but mortal translations, distorted, moulded and divided to suit man. Thought in poetry corresponds to melody in music; choice of words to harmony; and thoughts which are to be "read between the lines" to contrapuntal designs. In poetry, the thoughts of the writer are conveyed directly to the reader's mind by means of words; but melody does not convey the exact thoughts of the composers, for which reason the listener must clothe all that he hears with his own thoughts. He who possesses music in his soul, possesses a light, by means of whose

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rays he is enabled to discover new objects that lie scattered about him; in other words, his mind is more receptive, more capable of seizing great thoughts which would otherwise have escaped his notice. But alas! too often he holds the light so near his eyes that his vision is blasted. Thus the only reason that music is beneficial to man is likewise the cause of its injury to him. "Their violence of direction in some degree disqualifies them to think truly." Many musicians, or even men who can truly appreciate great music, become veritable electrometers; their emotions are elated or depressed by the slightest current; they become so highly imaginative that their state of mind falls not short of insanity, and they are really unfit to cope with the world.

There are always more religious and musical fanatics than any other kind. If music and poetry could but coalesce, thus bringing the element of specific thought, belonging to poetry, into intimate relation with music, the effect would be far more natural and beneficial. Music is preternatural; as we know it, it is more so than poetry; has less limitations; comès fresher from the higher world, and whenever man seeks too far into spiritual realms, he is in danger of being dazzled and having his mind unbalanced by the strangeness and splendor of it all.

There can never be found a preventive for fanaticism. "Everything is noxious, if unmixed, and, to carry the danger to the edge of ruin, nature causes each man's peculiarity to superabound." We find a touch of insanity in nearly all highly emotional persons, and nothing exerts so powerful an influence upon the emotions as music. Men require a certain amount of realism to be mixed with their idealism; not the kind that faces men who are poverty stricken, or have to live from "hand to mouth," but that which should exist naturally in all men: the realism of the grandly simple, of a philosopher, of the mighty, of a god,—without which man is Dædalus.

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Modern music is becoming more and more emotional; what is to be done? Nothing. It is perfectly natural that some should be injured by music as some are by religion. No one so much as considers dispensing with or altering religion, though they know it to be the cause of many fanaticisms, which in numerous instances have resulted disastrously. Fortunately musical fanatics, though a nuisance, injure none but themselves; for the reason that music does not concern itself with questions of public or national importance, and always interests the man so much with himself and his imagined wealth of knowledge, that he feels but little interest in outside affairs. So long as soul is encumbered with body, it cannot truly comprehend music; but release it and immediately the air becomes music; it breathes it and it flows throughout all its channels—no longer thought precipitated as sound, but thought precipitated from the hand of God as music.

TO-DAY.

Why grieve o'er errors of the past?
  Need such our future sway?
The past don't make us right or wrong.
  'Tis what we are—To-day!

Old "Yesterday" has lived its life.
  Why linger 'mid its sorrow?
It bears no part in future joy.
  Forget it for—To-morrow.

'Tis grand "To-DAY" must rule supreme.
  Away with care and sorrow.
The joy of living right—To-DAY,
  Will make us glad—To-morrow.

—Jesse E. Campbell.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

THE NEW THOUGHT SUMMER SCHOOL.

THE summer season is pre-eminently one of growth. Perhaps as a whole we study more in the fall and winter seasons, but the knowledge acquired during those seasons remains often unassimilated during the strenuous effort made to acquire it. The assimilation or realization more often comes when the mind is tranquil and at rest. And while we seldom study as hard during the summer months yet those months disclose the fruitage of the previous months of effort. When we come close to Nature and feel her heart beats in the song of the bird, the blossoming of the flower and the green of the grass, with the clear, blue sky overhead, life and all that it means takes on a more vital interest than it did in the hurry and the rush and noise of the city life. In the city life we were acquiring knowledge and in the country life we are developing wisdom. Knowledge is to know; wisdom is to be. *To know and to be are the great requisites of life.* People who live in the city feel the necessity of getting away from the city life during the summer months; some without other desire than to remove from an environment that has become irksome to them, for they feel that any change is better than none. And too often they leave their comfortable homes without aim or object, and instead of the summer months being a period of rest and recreation they return to their homes depleted and worn out. There should be some purpose in everything that we do in life. Leave out the purpose and life becomes meaningless. A great many people are so engrossed with their various

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duties during the other months of the year that they feel that if they can only rest they will be content, but after a week or two of such rest the monotony of this life becomes unbearable, and instead of being rested they become restless. Something to interest the mind is necessary. A certain amount of work both physical and mental is beneficial, and in order to get the most good from a summer vacation one should seek for both mental stimulus and physical exercise. Summer Schools to quite a degree provide both. It was with this object in view that the New Thought Summer School at Oscawana-on-Hudson was founded, and it aims to give both spiritual and physical aid through lectures on the spiritual, social and economic side of life, and to instill into the minds of the people who go there higher ideals of life; and through its beautiful walks and drives and other outings give all the physical exercise necessary to a strong, healthy body.

The Summer School is not adapted to people who would come for the sole object of mental development where the only thing to do would be to listen to lectures from early morning until late at night. Mental dyspepsia is as much to be avoided as physical. Neither is the school adapted to people who would come there for purely physical recreation and enjoyment. Its primary design is to unite the spiritual, mental and physical in a thoroughly harmonious way, so that one's summer life may partake of all. It is the desire of the managers that the people who come there will bring with them a hopeful, optimistic spirit. The fault-finding and the critical will find other places more congenial. If people cannot come with the desire to do good and to get good, they had much better stay away. We say this in the spirit of frankness, as we have no desire to build up a Summer School that will not truly represent what the New Thought stands for. If we interpret the New Thought aright it stands for peace and good will, for health and hap-

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piness, for hope and harmony, for the rounding out and development of character, for a knowledge of God as expressed in and through all things. If our Summer School cannot stand for this then it would be far better that it should cease to be. And so we would ask all who come to Oscawana this summer to come in the spirit of the New Thought, and to feel that the success of the school depends upon each one living the New Thought, and then we will have a season filled with the joy of right living, and the summer will have been spent in a thoroughly profitable way.

The Noon-Day Club, of New York City (Miss G. I. S. Andrews, President), has issued the following notice: "At the Annual Meeting of the Noon-Day Club, held on April 16, 1904, it was resolved that the Club take the initiative in calling together representatives of the New Thought Movement with the object of forming a local New Thought Federation for the mutual benefit and advantage of its members. A preliminary meeting for this purpose will be held at the Noon-Day Club, 54 West Thirty-seventh Street, on Monday evening, May 23, 1904, at 8.30 o'clock. You are cordially invited to attend." At this meeting suggestions will be made looking to the formation of a local federation, with regular meetings to begin in October, as a means of bringing about a larger measure of coöperation among local New Thought people. There is a growing sentiment in favor of united action along this line, and as this movement offers such an opportunity it should meet with the approval and enthusiastic support of all advocates and practitioners of Unity. The Club announces through the advertising columns of MIND that their house will be kept open all summer, and that rooms may be had by visitors to New York. In connection with this organization we should like to say a

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word about its President. Miss G. I. S. Andrews is, in point of service, one of the oldest teachers of New Thought resident in New York City. She numbers her friends and pupils by the hundreds and is a power for good in the land.

Among our contributions this month one of the most notable is the poem, "The Stoic," by Louis K. Anspacher, Ph.D. Desiring to call the attention of our readers to it more particularly we venture on a short analysis of this work. The poem is divided into three parts. In the first, the Stoic, by means of his contemplative reason, attempts to argue himself into a belief in the immateriality of pain or anguish. He claims to be remote from the emotional stress of life. He dwells upon a "hermit height of snow, where silence broods in a dim long ago." The tempest of existence cannot reach him; he is above it.

He maintains, with apparent assurance, that his individual being is composed of two elements: the one, spiritual, the other corporeal. The former, his soul, is Godlike, indeed a fragment of God, or of the all-pervading divine essence; and grief or pain can never affect it, for it is perfect and complete. That part of him is above the "harlot nod of Fortune's favor," and beyond earth's "fretful dial of anxious days." The other part of his being, his physical body, is under the control of physical nature and responds to natural laws, and therefore nature brings sufficient to refresh and sustain it. His corporeal existence desires what it needs and earth gives. Both parts of his being, the spiritual and the physical, are consequently complete, and so the Stoic rests firmly in his conviction that pain and anguish are inconsiderable, immaterial, and for the most part, illusory. He has argued away their importance.

In the second part of the poem a great and importunate joy comes to him. The tragedy of the climax develops from the

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destructive analysis by which he vivisects his pleasures in the same way as in the first part he analyzes away his pain. He "plucks the petals from a glowing rose, and looks for beauty in the withering spoils." His constant reflections upon the futility of pleasures and pains have made him too conscious to enjoy a simple emotion. His habit of mind fates him to subtilize his emotions—both painful and pleasurable—and his unhappiness lies in the fact that he wishes to destroy the one and yet persuade himself of the reality of the other.

The last division of the poem represents his hapless attempt to regain his lost calm. He recognizes that for his philosophy of emotional negation, grief is not so difficult to suffer as joy. He prays: "Oh, Grief, come thou in any other guise but joy, and I shall try to bear thee well," or "be a past felicity, regrets are far more easily borne," or "if thou be a joy, then sudden catch me unawares." He desires once again the unstudied emotional naïveté, and wishes to be free from his dreadful malady of thought.

On the second of May the Alliance Publishing Company moved from the Windsor Arcade, 569 Fifth Avenue, where its offices had been for the past three years. The Book Department of the company will be located at Oscawana-on-Hudson, N.Y., and MIND will, for the present, have offices at 11 East Thirty-second Street, New York City. All orders for books, etc., should be sent to Oscawana-on-Hudson, N.Y., while communications relating to the magazine should be sent to our New York City office.

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THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

Conducted by

FLORENCE PELTIER.

FOR THE PARENTS.

ONE.

My Eleanor, a child of three,
Climbed one morning to my knee.
Gazing steadfast in my eyes
She smiled, and said with glad surprise,
"Dearest Daddy, in there I see
Two little babies just like me."
That night of her I fondly dreamed,
Her dear eyes looked, and then it seemed
That she could see our bodies through,
And said, "Now, Father, I know you
Have within a severed heart
Of which mine's a missing part."
She looked again and slightly frowned,
The other part she had not found,
Then turning saw my dear one near,
She who brought her to me here.
And whispered "Mother has the part

*Will contributors to the Family Circle kindly send their manuscripts to Mrs. Florence Peltier Pope, 547 Columbus Avenue, Boston, Mass.

*Will "E. N. D." please send her full name and address to the editor of The Family Circle?

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Which with mine completes your heart."
I dreamed again; she knew the all
Of life, its secrets great and small.
Her inner self looked into mine—
That part of each which is divine—
Then speaking, told, "Thy living Soul
And ours are parts of the great Whole."

FREDERIC GILLMUR.

TOM'S POINT OF VIEW.

I'm Tom. When Pa gets mad, he calls me "Thomas!" in a big voice. When I was a little fellow it used to make me jump. They all wondered why I was sick and "pindling" all the time. I guess *they'd* be sick and "pindling" if somebody yelled at 'em every time they stirred or said anything.

Ma said Pa didn't mean anything, only he wanted me to keep still and said he was "nervous." Nervous! Wish they'd called *me* "nervous" when I got mad. It didn't help *me* much if Pa was "only nervous." I can feel the cold shivers running down back now, the way they used to, when Pa said, "Thomas!" and looked at me as if he would like to "annihilate me with a glance." (That's an expression we had in our English at school. It fits in well here.) I don't have any shivers now, though. Not on your life! If he gets "nervous" and "raises his voice," I just look at him as calm and cool as a cucumber, and seein' I'm fifteen and just about his size—in pretty good football practise, too—why, he calms down, sometimes quite suddenly.

Now, I'm fond o' Pa myself, when he's agreeable.. We went off sailing together a lot last summer and he's first-rate company when he's a mind to be; but I don't see how *any* kid can

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help bein' sick and pindlin' when his pa's all the time getting "nervous" with him.

Pa's "nervousness" cost him a lot o' money, if he only knew it. They were all the time takin' me to this doctor or the other for this thing or that and it seemed as if most everything I had was chronic—just like Pa's "nervousness."

I heard Ma talking one day (she didn't know I was 'round) and she said men that had no patience with children and expected boys to be men before they were ten years old had no business to have children; and I declare, I agree with her. How can a *kid* be a *man*. He'll grow into one if you give him time, of course. He may not be a perfect kid and he may not be a perfect man, but even then he won't be so very different from the rest of the folks as I see 'em. Besides, boys *mean* lots better than they do. I know *that*, and I tell you what *I* think. I think that if a boy's pa could just remember how it *feels to be a boy*, he'd know it wasn't so easy to sit awful still and never move your hands and feet and never touch anything and never ask questions. How's a fellow ever going to learn about things, I'd like to know, if he doesn't handle 'em and how's he ever going to know anything, if he never asks questions?

No, sir! I'll never make the cold shivers run down *my* kids' backbones by yellin' at 'em; nor scare 'em to death by lookin' at 'em as if I'd like to eat 'em; nor make 'em feel ugly by spankin' 'em. I want 'em to be well, so I'm going to have a grand good time with 'em and give them a good time. I'm sure I'll not forget how *I* felt when *I* was a kid; and if I find myself gettin' "nervous," I'll talk it over with my wife and see if there ain't some kind of treatment that'll help "nervousness."

If the kids ask me to do some little thing for 'em I'll do it right off quick and not keep 'em waiting a year; and then they'll want to do things right off quick for me. Oh, I tell you that's the way to manage kids! And I'll be jolly and then there

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won't be any doctors' bills, and we can spend that much money to give us all a jolly good time and make us all glad we're here.

No, sir! I don't believe a man that gets "nervous" has any right to kids of his own.

THOMAS JEFFERSON JONES.
per M. H.

THE first duty of a child is to obey its father and mother, as the first duty of a citizen is to obey the laws of his state. And this duty is so strict that I believe the only limits to it are those fixed by Isaac and Iphigenia. On the other hand, the father and mother have also a fixed duty to the child—not to provoke it to wrath. I have never heard this text explained to fathers and mothers from the pulpit, which is curious. For it appears to me that God will expect the parents to understand their duty to their children better even than the children can be expected to know their duty to their parents.—*Ruskin.*

EXAMPLE is more forcible than precept. People look at me six days in the week, to see what I mean on the seventh.—*Cecil.*

IF thou desire to see thy child virtuous, let him not see his father's vices; thou canst not rebuke that in children that they behold in thee; till reason be ripe, examples direct more than precepts; such as thy behavior is before thy children's faces, such commonly is theirs behind their parents' back.—*Quarles.*

THERE is a transcendent power in example. We reform others unconsciously when we walk uprightly.—*Madame Swetchine.*

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FOR THE CHILDREN.

GLADNESS.

I'm so glad that the grass is green
And Springtime's here at last—
That robins whistle in the tree
Instead of wintry blast.

I'm so glad the violets bloom
And roses scent the air.
I'm so glad that God is Love
And love is everywhere.

—E. N. D.

HOW THE WRENS WENT TO HOUSEKEEPING.

He brought her here, a bride, and never in all the world was there such a proud little groom. They met in the South where each of their respective families had gone to spend the winter, for no family of any prestige whatever would think of remaining North through the long cold winter! When the first signs of Spring came, the wrens began discussing their Northern homes and fixing an early date for migration.

Now, there was one young wren who did not join in these discussions. He had no mate and why should he go North in search of a home? He could not, as every one knows, keep house by himself; so his heart was very sad. He did not appreciate his good points. To him, his coat seemed rusty, not nearly so smooth and attractive as those of his fellow-wrens; and, as for his voice, he had no confidence in it at all—never thought of singing even the simplest tune in public. He wished

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very much to sing, but alas, he was afraid he would flat on the high notes and disgrace himself and family!

Dear knows how long he would have brooded over these imaginative failures if it had not been for a little Miss Wren who admired him very much and determined to put an end to his melancholy.

She flitted above him, below him and around him and twittered so sweetly that he began to grow happy and sang in spite of himself. Of course she encouraged him and—well, it was no time at all until they had made each other all kinds of promises and were planning to spend their honeymoon in the North.

In fact, they couldn't and wouldn't wait for the slow movement of the other birds. He brought her back to his old home just as quickly as they could come. No wonder he was proud of her; to him, she was the sweetest little mate on this green earth. He selected for her the prettiest home a bird could have. It was a little rustic house fastened high in the thickest of a coral honeysuckle vine, and it was so complete that there was even a front porch.

There was no mention of rent, so they took possession at once. Then began the building of their nest. He selected and carried the large sticks, so that it might have a good foundation. At first it looked very rude, and no doubt she thought him a poor architect; but after a while it became very shapely. She finished the inside herself. It was lined with something soft, interwoven with hair, for she knew that if there were ever any little birds in their home that it must be very warm and soft.

After the nest was complete it seemed as if they never could get through admiring it. The little bride would flit in and out, sometimes lighting on the porch, and twittered so sweetly that the whole neighborhood knew just how happy she was.

After a while it was noticed that she was very busy with her

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housekeeping and could hardly find time to go out with him at all. But he was a very domestic little groom and never left her excepting to go to the market, and when he returned he always brought her a nice fat worm, and stood in the doorway peering into the nest, for it held the tiniest, dearest, speckled eggs imaginable. One could hardly blame the bride for guarding them carefully.

He was so happy that day after day he sat on the porch or in the vines just over the house, and sang until it seemed that his little throat would burst. Some of the older birds, especially the bachelors, said he was very silly to make such a display of his happiness; but every one knows they were simply envious.

One morning early in June there was such a commotion in the small dwelling that the very honeysuckle blossoms seemed excited, too, and no wonder; for the nest was as full of little birds as it could be. Very tiny birds they were, excepting their mouths that were very large indeed and almost always open.

Before the sun was fairly up, that June morning, both wrens were seen holding a consultation on their front porch, and, soon after (though one can hardly believe it), they both flew away in opposite directions, leaving the babies entirely alone; but the little mother just went to the very nearest market and came back in five minutes with a little bug in her bill. But that was only enough for one baby, and she had to go right back after more, and meantime the father came and went, too, always bringing with him some dainty morsel.

In truth, they were kept busy all day long providing for their family. But it did not seem like work to them, for it was the labor of love.

With such constant attention from both parents, the little birds grew so fast that the nest was soon very crowded, and finally, one after another, they came out to look at the world,

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and were taught to fly—just a little way at first, until their wings grew stronger. No accident happened to them, and it was really but a short while before they were all finding bugs and worms for themselves. It was a great relief to the mother and father to have them turn out well, and they both were so free that they twittered and sang among the vines without a care in the world.

After a pleasant vacation of several weeks, the little mother wren began making the nest tidy, and was busy inside of the house most of the time. The weather was getting very warm, and she was not in quite as good spirits as when she began housekeeping in the Spring, though her little mate was just as much of a lover as ever.

One day, when he sat singing to her, she actually came out of the house and scolded him until he flew away quite broken-hearted. Just at that time Mrs. Jay was perched on a tree near them, listening to every word they said, and of course in no time the whole neighborhood knew they had quarreled.

The Jay family, though they do wear a beautiful blue coat, are very disagreeable birds, and as for Mrs. Jay, she is known to be one of the greatest gossips in all the country. So the news of the little tiff (for it was nothing more) spread quite fast.

Of course young Mrs. Wren ought not to have been fretted by his singing, but she was so warm, not a breath of air could reach her and then there were more little eggs in the nest that she could not leave. No wonder his jolly tune from out the cool green vines provoked her!

She was really a good little mate, and faithful to duty and when once more the nest was full of little birds, the mother and father were very happy and went out again and brought back the choicest bugs and worms that could be found. Together they raised the family and had every cause to be proud of it.

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When the cool Autumn days came, the wrens gathered the young birds around them and prepared for their Southern flight; but more than once the bride and groom, for they were still happy lovers, sighed over the thought of leaving their dear little house among the honeysuckle vines.

GRACE ADA BLANCHARD.

A LESSON FOR EACH WEEK IN THE MONTH.

LESSON XIII.

I have learned that everything is in motion; that light, sound, heat and cold are only different modes and rates of motion or vibration, which is energy or force.

Sometimes I can see motion, but often I cannot, though I *know* that the object I am looking at is made up of atoms and that every one of these atoms is in motion. There are forces, like the wind and electricity, that are very powerful and move with great rapidity, though I cannot see them at all. I only know that there are such forces, because I see trees and clouds tossed about by the wind and I can send messages around the world by electricity.

I have learned that every atom of my body is in motion and that different parts of my body are made up of different sorts of atoms, and that these atoms do not all vibrate at the same rate; that vibrations outside of my body can have an influence on my body, causing it pain or pleasure, or they can even destroy it.

I know that I have a sort of telegraph system in my body that carries to my mind sound, light, heat, cold, pain, pleasure; and, if it were not for this telegraph system of nerves and brain, I could not see or hear or taste or feel or know anything at all. Thus, the brain is the machine through which my mind acts, and mind is force.

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If my mind puts into my brain the thought that I want to run, the brain sends the message to the nerves in my legs, the nerves in the legs telegraph to the muscles and tendons they control, and then I can run.

Now, as I have found out that everything in the universe is made up of force, and that force is motion, then I must conclude that my mind is motion, too.

Lesson XIV.

The atoms that make up iron move very slowly. The atoms of red-hot coals vibrate with very great rapidity. If I put one end of an iron poker in the red-hot coals, the rapid moving of the fiery atoms disturbs the slow-moving atoms in the iron and changes the vibrations in the atoms of iron, that are close to the red-hot coals, to quicker motion; while the atoms of iron that are not in direct contact with the fire are made to move more quickly, after some time, because they come in contact with the atoms that have been made to change their vibrations by being close to the coals; and thus, in time, even the atoms at the other end of the poker, and so furthest away from the fire, are moving so quickly that I can no longer hold even that end of the poker that felt cold to my hand, before I placed the opposite end in the fire, for now it feels very hot and burns me. Why is this? Because, at first, the rate of vibration of the atoms of my hand was considerably quicker than the rate of vibration in the poker; but, after the poker was placed in the fire, the motion of its atoms finally became so much more rapid than that in my hand that the force disturbed the natural rate of motion in my hand and caused me pain. The more rapidly atoms move, the greater the heat; the more slowly, the colder.

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Lesson XV.

Not only quick-moving atoms, but slow-moving atoms can affect the vibration of atoms with which they come in contact.

Thus, I have learned that when two forms of motion come in contact, the rate of vibration may be changed in one or both forces.

My mind is motion; but it has not just one mode of motion, like heat, or cold, or light, or sound. It can have any rate of vibration it chooses, when I learn to control it by means of my will.

When vibrations outside of my body upset the regularity of the motion of the atoms in my body, I can so control the mind that it will send over my nerves a form of motion that will make the atoms of my body go back to their proper vibration, in spite of the outside force. Thus, I will learn to endure, or rather not to mind, heat and cold that seemed unpleasant before I learned how to control my feelings.

The Bible tells of men who walked through a fiery furnace and came out unhurt. There have been martyrs tied to the stake and burnt up; but the fire did not hurt them, and they sang praises to God so long as there was a breath of life left in them. Why was this? It was because their minds sent out such a powerful force that it controlled the atoms that go to make up the nerves and so their bodies felt no pain. But the mind could not have done so wonderful a thing without the aid of the Holy Spirit.

Lesson XVI.

There are two kinds of vibration: one belongs to the light, the other to the dark; one causes music or harmony, the other, unpleasant sounds or discord; one brings comfort and happi-

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ness, the other, pain and sorrow; one makes good and beautiful thoughts, the other, bad and ugly thoughts.

When I am angry the vibration of my mind is inharmonious, and it telegraphs discord along all the nerves in my body and they send out discord to the atoms and put them into confusion. My face grows red, my eyes flash, and sometimes the atoms get to moving so violently it makes me ill. I forget the Truth —that I am God's child—and say and do wrong things. I have forgotten to listen to the still, small Voice. But it never ceases calling to me, and, in the midst of my anger, I will hear it; and if I heed it I will soon remember I am love, and the atoms of my mind begin to get in tune and to send harmonious messages along my nerves, and they, in turn, set in tune the atoms they control. The red goes from my face, I smile instead of frown, and I am ashamed that I forgot. But sometimes parts of the body will not get back in tune right away, and that part of me will be in pain.

So I find it well ever to keep my thoughts in tune. Sometimes it is hard to do this; but if I am always on the watch and constantly trying, it becomes easier each day, and thus I am happy and strong; for when my mind is in tune I do not feel anger, or jealousy, or other dark things, nor do I suffer in my body from these things. F. P.

BETTY BLUE EYES.

Little Betty Blue Eyes lay watching her sheep
  Jump over the high garden-wall;
On her fat little fingers she counted each one,
  As over they went, big and small.
"There goes number one," she merrily cried,
  "Number two—oh, what a big jump!
And three—poor dear little lambkin—I'm sure
  He must have come down with a thump.

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"Now, four—I wish they would hurry up more—
Five, six. How slowly they come!
Seven, eight, nine, ten (the next is eleven—
I'll begin again with my thumb).
Seven, eight, nine, ten! Oh, they are so slow!
O sheep, won't you jump over fast?
I can't see the wall and in the gray sky
The daylight is over and past.

" 'Leven, ten—O dear! what was it I said?
A star's peeping down from the sky—
No! No! It's a sheep, and he's looking at me;
Little star-sheep, I spy! I spy!
Eight—ten—nine—one—little star-sheep, I'll come,
From the meadows I hear you call.
I'm tired of counting and watching my sheep
Jump over the high garden-wall."

So Betty Blue Eyes sailed away to dream skies,
Where the star-sheep frolic and play
But found all her flock by the high garden-wall
When she came back again next day.
For the wall was the rail of her little white bed,
Her sheep, make-believe ones—that's all;
But the sheep in the sky, each evening they come
And to all sleepy children they call.

LILLA THOMAS ELDER.

A HERO OF THE BIRKENHEAD.

She was a poor old woman who lived in a little fisherman's cottage near Travershead. People said she was a little foolish and that trouble had turned her head; for in the warm, bright summer days she would sit from quite early in the morning till

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twilight on a bench by the cottage door looking out over the sea and muttering to herself. She wore an old green petticoat, stitched all over in red like a bedspread, in figures of large parrots, sitting on the branches of very small trees; she wore a waist of yellow cretonne, covered with bright red roses, and a very peculiar bonnet, not unlike a coal-scuttle, with large rosettes of blue and yellow ribbon on either side. It was her dress that made people think she was foolish when they saw her in the streets of Traverstown.

The children used to go past the cottage sometimes in their walks with their nurses and stare at her as she sat in a chair in the sunshine outside the door. They thought her a rather stupid-looking old woman, quite ugly and not worth looking at, until something happened one day which gave the children quite a new and horrible interest in her. One of their number, little Martin Maxwell, stamped his foot and said he would not come from the beach, when his nurse called him, and so at last she told him that if he did not come with her right away that the old woman on the cliffs, who was a witch, would come and steal him—that she had lots of naughty little boys locked up in her house, and that the reason she always sat at the door was because she never allowed any little boy who once went in there ever to come out again. You may be sure Martin told this to all the other children next day and that it made a very terrible impression on them. They no longer enjoyed their plays on the beach, because the moment they were left alone they were always afraid of the old woman coming suddenly upon them and stealing them away, and so, after a while, they no longer obeyed or did anything else that was good through love, but because they were afraid if they did not the old woman would come and carry them away to her house on the cliffs. It was about this time that little Martin Maxwell's mamma read to him for the first time the story of "Jack, the Giant Killer." Martin

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thought that he really had never heard of any one quite so brave, and wondered if there were not some giant near by that he could go out and kill. All of a sudden he thought of the old woman. No! There wasn't any giant for him to kill, but there was a witch, who stole little children; and after he had killed her he would rescue all the little boys and girls, whom she had shut up in her house.

The next morning he waited until he saw his nurse very much taken up in gossiping with some other nurses, and then ran as fast as his short legs would carry him in the direction of the cliffs. The old woman was out rather early that morning, as the day was so lovely, and was sitting as usual looking out over the sea, which sparkled and glistened under the burden of golden sunbeams. They brought no light to her eyes though, no joy to her poor old heart, for she was always thinking of her boy, who before he was twenty had left her to become a soldier.

She was thinking of him so much this morning that she did not see one of the furze bushes near the edge of the cliff suddenly grasped by a sturdy little hand or a small face peep half frightened from behind it. It was Martin, the Witch Killer. Now he had come so far he wanted very much to go back. He did not feel at all like Jack, the Giant Killer. But then there sat the cruel witch and if he could only get up courage to kill her he could rescue all the little boys and girls she had stolen. He had picked up a stout, short stick on the shore, thinking he might need it as a weapon.

Strengthened at last by the thought of brave Jack and the poor imprisoned boys, he advanced with a beating heart. Still she did not see him. Suddenly between her and the sea and sky, just as her own boy used to be in the days when he was small enough for her to take up in her arms, stood a little lad, his yellow curls all blown by the wind, his blue eyes half filled

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with tears of fright, while he grasped a stick which had half fallen to the ground. Tears of joy started to her eyes. She stretched her arms out, and said in a trembling voice:

"Won't you come to me, my darling?"

And the first thing Martin knew he was on her lap and she was hugging him very tightly, while the long pent up tears flowed unrestrained down her furrowed cheeks. He had quite forgotten he had come there to kill her. The stick with which he was going to fight for the cause of the little boys on the other side of the door lay on the ground forgotten. He wondered what made her cry so, and at last put up his hand and stroked her cheek.

"Don't cry," he said kindly, "I won't hurt you. I thought you were a witch, you know; but I didn't know witches took little boys up in their laps and kissed them."

The old woman seemed hardly to understand, for she only hugged him closer. Once again she seeemed to be clasping her own little boy to her heart.

"The reason I love you, dear," she said at last, "is a 'cause you look like my ain lad used to look years ago, afore he went to sea and ne'er came back."

"Well, you don't mind much," said Martin, "do you? Nurse says your house is full of little boys and girls."

The old woman shook her head. "Never a sound o' a boy's voice has been heard in yon since the sound of my ain boy's voice died away in his last 'good bye.'"

"Where did he go?" asked Martin.

"Across yon," she answered, pointing to the sea and the distant line where the sky and ocean meet.

"And he didn't come back at all?" asked Martin.

"Oh, no, he went down aboard ship years ago. I forget how many. Ye's heard of the wreck o' the Birkenhead, surely?"

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"No, I haven't" answered Martin, rather awed, "tell me about it, won't you?"

"Well, it was just such a night as last night was, that the Birkenhead went down near the Cape o' Good Hope. It were a troopship and my boy were one of the soldiers, and on the deck of that wrecked vessel stood a company of brave lads as didn't move an inch until the women and children and weak and helpless had left in the lifeboats; and then their colonel told 'em to stand stiddy in ranks as if they were going out to battle. So there they stood with faces a straight forward towards Good Hope, with thoughts o' home and of those they were leaving well-nigh a breakin' their hearts, but still quiet, arm to arm, shoulder to shoulder, with the band a-playin' 'Glory to Thee, My God, this Night,' and their faces steady afore 'em, them brave soldiers sank down into the sea and my boy was one of those."

"Oh," exclaimed little Martin, clapping his hands together, "those men were even braver than Jack, the Giant Killer. Did you ever know him?"

The old woman stared. "I never heard o' him. What did he do?"

"Oh, he only killed a giant," said Martin feeling Jack's exploits very small all of a sudden.

"Your little boy sank right down into the sea," he went on gently, "but then you'll see him again, you know, because there won't be any more sea some day. I heard that in church one Sunday. I suppose it will all dry up and then everyone will find everything they ever lost, so you musn't mind."

The old woman said nothing, she only lifted her eyes above the horizon line from the sea to the sky.

"I ran away from my nurse," said Martin suddenly, "so I suppose I must go home now, but I'll come and see you again soon."

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"She's a dear old thing," he thought, "and I'll give her my new tin engine and my spotted marbles to make up for wanting to kill her, and when I hear about witches again, I'll think they're something real nice when you know what they are made of."

EMILY MALBONE MORGAN.

WINNIE WEAVER'S WORK.

Winnie Weaver's home was a large, sunny farmhouse. She never saw her mother, and knew nothing of any other home than this one where she suddenly waked up one morning not long ago. She had plenty of company, but they all seemed busy, very busy, all of the time. Little Winnie could hear the soft rustling of their work, but that was all; for nobody talked here in this busy home. How quiet it all was! How she wished that she, too, might have such beautiful work to do!

Pretty soon Miss Mary came and put Winnie into a snug little room trimmed with dainty green leaves.

"Now," thought Winnie, "I shall learn how to weave like the rest of them."

But she was too small and weak and she didn't know how to go to work.

"Never mind," she said, "I'll grow."

So she grew and grew and wished very much that she could weave.

Miss Mary gave her fresh leaves for her room every morning, and some of the busy workers round her finished their tasks and went to rest.

"I'm getting ready," thought Winnie, as she felt herself growing stronger every day, "I'm getting ready. I'll wait."

One day she noticed the neatest little spinning-frame in her room.

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"I believe I'll try," said she; "who knows but that I am ready now to learn to spin? I've tried my best to get ready."

So up she climbed into the spinning-frame. She began to fasten wonderfully fine silky threads around the frame as far up as she could reach. Oh, what fun it was to peep out between them and to think she was doing something worth while at last!

She was too busy even to eat, and Winnie had been very fond of eating.

A fly came buzzing along and stopped to rest.

"What an ugly thing that weaver is!" he said, "I wonder if she knows that she'll bury herself in that fine work of hers some day, and that will be the end of her." But Winnie did not care. She was busy.

Soon it grew dark, but still she worked on. By-and-by she grew weak and sleepy. She curled herself up in the middle of her beautiful work, *so* tired, and wondered whether the fly were right, after all, and if this would be the last of her.

She slept a long time. When she woke, she had forgotten all about her work, and so she pushed her way out of the middle of it in a great hurry.

"Why," said the fly as he buzzed about the room, "Can this be the same ugly weaver that was working so hard just a little while ago!"

But Winnie did not hear him; *she* could fly now. Her work was done. And Miss Mary came and carried off the beautiful cocoon that little Winnie Weaver had made.

ANNA PATERSON.

"There's not a yellow dandelion
Returning with the Spring,
But it can boast a golden crown
As bright as any king."

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MISCELLANEOUS

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower!

How skilfully she builds her cell!
How neat she spreads the wax!
And labors hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labor or of skill,
I would be busy, too;

. . . . . .

In books or work or healthful play,
Let my first years be passed;
That I may give for every day,
Some good account at last.

—*Isaac Watts.*

The wiser men are the less they talk about "cannot." That is a very rash, dangerous word—that "cannot."—*Charles Kingsley.*

Motherhood is priced
Of God, at price no man may dare
To lessen, or misunderstand.

—*Helen Hunt Jackson.*

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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

TRISTAN AND ISOLDE, a Tragedy. By Louis Kaufman Anspacher. Price $2.00. Published by Brentano's, New York.

The style of the drama is heroic and exalted, and clearly manifests the author's training in the classical Greek and Elizabethan masterpieces. He has taken these for his models and has chosen wisely. The plot is simple and direct, moving forward toward the dénouement with an overwhelming rapidity. All the incidents of the tragedy are condensed into the period of a single night; and this by itself displays effective construction. The acts move forward with a stately march and are unified in their progression.

Mr. Anspacher's conception and presentation of characters is deeply psychological and artistic. Isolde is conceived as the elemental Celtic woman. She says to Tristan:

> "Let me be islanded in thine embrace;
> And let the ocean of humanity
> Reel and stagger in a waste beyond."

This is love alone and the world well lost. She has hated Tristan,

> "Yet was all my fiery hate,
> The frenzy of my malice turned to love,
> Intense, a pendular extreme swung full
> To the utmost swing; for I must love thee, knight,
> As once I hated thee, fervent and fierce;
> No placid middle course betwixt extremes."

King Mark is the Arthurian Christ-like character, every inch a noble King.

> "A king should be his people in one man,
> I've tried to be; but am their griefs alone,
> And nothing of their joys."

Tristan is

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"The sorrow doomed man, in sorrow born,
To sorrow dedicate."

And essentially the lover.

"I would abide with thee eternally
Share every breath with thee and die with thee,
To moulder with thee till our dust embraced,
And rise with thee to glory 'mid the stars."

The distinctions in character are exquisitely made, and in a thoroughly dramatic manner; because they spring from incidents that pass before the eyes of the spectator.

The author keeps the dramatic and psychological interest alive from the beginning to the end by a constant series of will-clashings; and when Tristan's will faints because of his wound, and sinks before the *fait accompli,* the reversive psychology in which he goes over the culminating moments of the former acts in the pathetic confusion of delirium is tragically conceived, and moving enough to wring any heart that is made of penetrable stuff.

The sub-plots are arranged with tact and proportion. They are subordinated in perspective with a proper sense of their importance; and the minor humorous characters are effective in relieving the tension of the serious situations.

Mr. Anspacher, apart from being a dramatist is essentially a poet, and a poet of very rare quality. The musical cadence of his line, the melodious diction of his phrase, and the stately dignity of his technique easily assert the master. His line is dramatic and deliverable.

The first thing that impresses the reader is his mental and poetical energy; and the drama is full of passages of great dramatic force and beauty of language. His poetic as well as his dramatic ideals are the best, and his work throughout possesses a sustained nobility; such as is always in the minds of English readers associated with Tennyson.

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Finally, Mr. Anspacher as a poet has something to say, and says it well; and as a dramatist, he has a duty and a promise; and we look to its noble fulfillment.

JOY PHILOSOPHY. By Elizabeth Towne. Price $1. 75 pages. Published by Sydney Flower, 27 East Twenty-second Street, New York.

Mrs. Elizabeth Towne, who seems always filled with the atmosphere of the spirit of optimism, has given the New Thought world another book entitled: "Joy Philosophy." In the closing words of the preface of the book she says:

"This book is written to help awake your faith in the fuller intelligence which works subconsciously in us all; and to help arouse within you the joy of living in consciousness with your Limitless Self, which is my Self too. Health, happiness and success to you, my readers."

Any writer who succeeds in doing this is one of the world's benefactors. The book is filled with the sincere convictions of the writer and is replete with a philosophy that is eminently helpful if understood and practised. I can do no better than to quote her position in reference to the use of the words "I can" and "I will."

"'I can' and 'I will' are words of power. Say them softly to yourself—say 'I will' and note the freedom with which the sound leaves your lips and throat, which are never closed on the word. The sound pours freely forth to vibrate the ethers. Now say 'can't' and note the effect; the *t* sound can only be made by inhibiting the vowel sound—by cutting off the flow of sound. The use of these words has the same effect on the solar plexus—the *will-words* allow a free flow of soul-power; whilst the *can't-words* shut off your soul power. *Will-words* open the solar plexus to radiate power to all your being; whilst can't-words check the flow of power—just as your tongue checks the *a-sound* with the tight *t*.

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" Say 'will' with a will, and you can actually feel power radiate through your entire body; that is, if you say it freely; but if you say it behind gritted teeth it has nearly the same effect as the *t*-sound. The clenched teeth mean a clenched solar plexus, and an inhibition of soul-power."

People who buy this book will undoubtedly get more than their money's worth from it.

HOW TO LIVE FOREVER. By Harry Gaze. Price $1.25. 205 pages. Stockham Publishing Company, Chicago, Ill.

While we believe with the author of this book that we do live forever, nevertheless we believe that man was made for the universe and that in our Father's house are many mansions. For that reason we do not accept the theory put forward by the author of this book and many others that immortality of the body is even desirable on this plane. Nevertheless, in reading this book we find much to approve and much, too, that will prove of the greatest benefit to people who will try to make a practical use of it. It will certainly insure greater health and happiness in the here and now, and for that reason we think it a good book to recommend because of the numerous helpful suggestions. The book is bound in green and gold and makes a very handsome volume.

PRIMARY LESSONS IN CHRISTIAN LIVING AND HEALING. By Annie Rix Militz. Price $1.00. 176 pages. Published by The Absolute Press, Brooklyn, New York.

One of the handsomest books that has come to us for many a long day is Annie Rix Militz's "Primary Lessons in Christian Living and Healing." The book is beautifully bound and printed on fine paper with clear type. It is really a work of art. Besides that it is filled with innumerable good things that make for health and righteous living. It is only fair to say that if the student will make a study of this work and put it into

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effectual practise he will receive immeasurable benefit. We quote a couple of paragraphs to show how interesting and instructive the book is: ..

"All healing is from God, whether the means used have been the relics of superstition or the skill of the most advanced practitioner in medical arts. We shall learn that the material means and other methods in which there is no recognition of God were but an interference, and cause the health to seem temporal instead of eternal, as it should be.

"If we look into the secret causes of the success of worldly doctors and nurses we shall find them to be either love or faith, and generally both. The physician who grows old in a practise that is an honor to him is, deep down in his heart, an earnest lover of his fellow-beings, one whose love has caused him to make many a sacrifice of his own comfort and pleasure, and often to give faithful service where he knew there was no money to pay him. Happy is that physician if he discovers the true power that has been back of his work. Other successful physicians, though seeming to have little love, have great faith —faith in their method, their school, themselves. So it is with spiritual healers—love and faith are the two principal elements of success in their practise. But in order to continue in love and faith one must have understanding. Then love will not grow cold in the presence of ingratitude, nor faith wax dim before appearances of failure."

FEEL yourself strong in the mighty torrent—the symbol of good deeds; feel yourself calm under the vaults of heaven—symbols of sublimity;—feel yourself beautiful as the tender moss or the blue-eyed gentian—fit symbols of purity, of perfection;—feel yourself light-hearted as the fuzzy down which blows from thistle tops—glad symbol of hope;—feel yourself great ,firm and steadfast as the mountain at whose base you stand—grand symbol of poise of calm restful certainty.—*Augusta T. Webster.*

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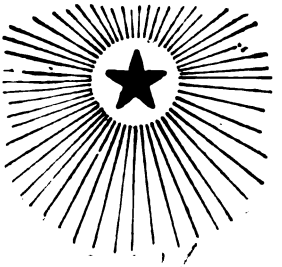

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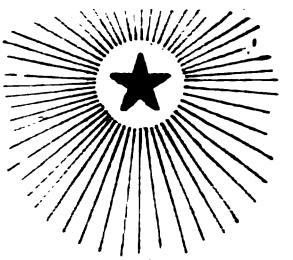

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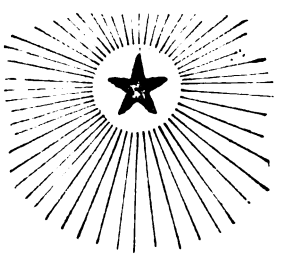
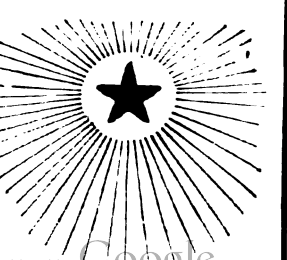
You may be interested to know, in advance, about the Contents; here are the titles of the various chapters:

THE SECRET OF POWER, THREE PLANES OF DEVELOPMENT, THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE, THE PURPOSE OF LIFE, THE MISTAKES OF LIFE, FINDING ONE'S SELF, HOW TO CONSERVE FORCE, FAITH IN CHARACTER BUILDING, HOPE IN CHARACTER BUILDING, LOVE IN CHARACTER BUILDING, PRAYER, BREATH, SUCCESS, THE EQUALITY OF THE SEXES, MARRIAGE, THE RIGHTS OF CHILDREN, IMMORTALITY, DOMINION AND POWER.





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